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**"Oh, you have grown taller"
— see page 2**



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

• "I am delighted to see you," the Queen Mother told her grandson, Prince Charles — and commented that he had grown taller, too. They were reunited at the Fairbairn RAAF base when the Queen Mother arrived in Canberra. Later they toured the Snowy Mountains together. While the Prince was in Canberra, Buckingham Palace announced he will spend another term at Timbertop, returning to Gordonstoun, Scotland, in September. The cover and pictures on pages 10 and 11 are by staff photographer Ron Berg.

The Weekly Round

IN a recent interview, India's Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi (The Woman Who Is India," pages 14, 15), told how the children's organisation she formed as a 12-year-old became known as the Monkey Brigade.

These thousands of children worked for the Congress Party — writing notices, addressing envelopes, cooking, carrying messages when adults couldn't get through a police guard.

Mrs. Gandhi said she formed the brigade in a fit of temper.

"I wanted to be a member of the Congress Party, but they turned me down," she said. "They said I would have to be 18 or 21. I was angry and said, 'I'll have an organisation of my own.'"

"The name comes from an old epic story known all over India. It's about the Rama, who is exiled. His wife is abducted by the King of Ceylon and the Rama decides to wage war to bring her back.

"But he is without an army and weapons. Except for his brother, he is alone. The King of the Monkeys comes to his aid and summons all the monkeys together.

"They build a bridge over the water that separates Ceylon from India. And you can actually see large rocks in the sea, which, according to legend, the monkeys put there.

"In much the same manner, excluding the bridge-building, we formed this brigade of children, and so we became known as the Monkey Brigade."

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AVAILABLE FROM YOUR CHEMIST

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1966

Queen Mother steps out in walking-shoes

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

● Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, made one concession to the rugged Snowy Mountains country when she toured the area with Prince Charles. She discarded her toe-peepers for sturdy, but still high-heeled, white walking-shoes. At every stop she and her grandson made, the men of the Snowy gave them a warm welcome. For Prince Charles there was the excitement of catching a 1lb. trout in the Snowy River. In true fisherman fashion, he ate his catch for breakfast in his cottage at Island Bend.

— Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON



PRESENTED
TO PRINCE

● Prince Charles meets construction men at Jindabyne Viewing Point. Above, from left, Bob Dreise, Tom Duffey, Rudolf Zele. Below: With Mr. K. E. Andrews (left), Chief Engineer Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Authority.



● In walking-shoes, the Queen Mother with Mr. Howard Denn, Associate Commissioner Snowy Mountains Authority, and workers at Murray I. Pipeline.

● Indoors (right) at Tumut I Power Station with Mr. Cyril Parris, Executive Engineer Snowy Mountains Authority. She is back in favored toe-peepers.

● Outdoors and in her walking-shoes (below), the Queen Mother meets Geehi Dam workers presented by Mr. R. Paton, Resident Engineer of the dam.



SCHOOL'S IN



● In the schoolhouse, teacher Miss Nina Smith admires six-year-old Kerry Bullen's "working clothes." Kerry wears this costume when she does her rope act. She also rides an elephant.

Teacher Miss Nina Smith, an Englishwoman with a spirit of adventure, is fulfilling a lifelong ambition.

By KAY KEAVNEY

● Two elephants wearing what the fashion experts describe as head-hugging hats sauntered past the schoolhouse. An Easter bunny, six feet tall and munching a giant-sized red apple, strolled by.

"PAY attention to your work," Miss Smith told the children in the schoolhouse.

And the six little Australians chorused obediently, "Yes, Miss Smith."

Six small heads bent over six books. Six pencils flew.

The world outside beckoned with a hundred sights and sounds. Animals chattered and grumbled to each other.

A hundred yards away, to the thud of mallets and the muted shouts of men, the Big Top rose majestically into the pale blue sky.

Only the day before, Bullen's Circus had come—not to town, but to Roselands, an immense shopping and community centre in the Sydney suburb of Wiley Park.

The bonfire-red schoolhouse had come, too, as a caravan, part of the long train of caravans and trucks which roll unceasingly over the face of this continent.

Now it stood, with sturdy dignity, in a wide, loose ring of canvas, while the circus took shape around it.

Six eager pupils

At the school hour, the six school-age children of the four Bullen brothers had left their personal caravans and had come trooping up the schoolhouse steps with their six schoolbags and shining morning faces.

Miss Nina Smith, their teacher, was waiting, as elegant and unruffled as if she had spent the night in an English vicarage instead of a caravan into which llamas and monkeys are wont to poke their inquisitive noses.

"Good morning, Miss Smith," the children had cried, and six smiles warmed the morning.

No one could guess that these six, from the eldest, Mark (10), to the youngest, Kerry (just 6, and the only girl), lead double lives, as

schoolchildren and performers.

"They all appear in the Opening Grand Parade," Miss Smith told me in her clear English voice. "And they are very much part of the life of the circus."

"Mark works with ponies, a spotted dog called Rufus, and a monkey called Mitzi, and he has a very funny act with a Shetland called Annie."

"Kerry rides an elephant, and is an expert on 'the ropes.'"

"Geoffrey (8) is working up a 'perch act' with his father and uncle, and a bar act with the Pedro Brothers from Brazil. But what he really wants to do is train lions!"

"Wayne (7) wants to be a singing star, and Brenton (7) and Phillip (6) have the makings of fine acrobats."

"All of them practise outside the school hours."

"As you can see, in school we work under similar conditions to the normal primary school."

(If not better, I thought, looking around the beautifully appointed caravan. What primary schoolchild wouldn't give his ears to go to school in a circus!)

"In school," continued Miss Smith, "we follow the normal curriculum of the relevant ages, and we always manage to cover the work."



"We receive correspondence-school lessons wherever we go, and lots of reading material from the correspondence-school library."

"I give each child individual tuition."

"But all that travelling," I marvelled.

"It can be turned to advantage," said Miss Smith. "Wherever we go, we take

time off to visit the interesting places and learn something about them."

"We also visit schools whenever we can."

Then a strict rule was broken: an hour's holiday was declared so that photographer Ron Berg could take pictures of the six little Bullens in their "working clothes."



● Out of school, cousins Phillip (6) and Wayne (7) lend a helping hand in the Big Top. When they grow up, Phillip wants to be a singer, and Wayne's ambition is to be an acrobat. Already both boys show talent in these directions.



● "Well, howdy . . ." said the young dudes as they lined up in their cowboy outfits for staff photographer Ron Berg. From left, Geoffrey, Wayne, Brenton, Phillip, and Mark with his Shetland pony, Annie.

AT THE CIRCUS

... while the outside world beckons with a hundred exciting sights and sounds

● Two elephants and six little Bullens (children of the four Bullen brothers) are absorbed in what teacher Miss Nina Smith is saying. The "official" pupils are, back row, from left, Wayne, Mark, Brenton, Geoffrey; front row, Kerry and Phillip. In the background is the school-house, a red caravan.

Norfolk family had got all sorts of offbeat jobs by answering ads.

"One of these days," she laughed, "classified ads will get me into bother!"

In England, among other things, she'd run a commercial school, been a detective, a reporter, and a probation officer.

After which ("in answer to an ad") she went to Italy — to teach English to Italian sailors!

Then, about ten years ago, she crossed the seas to Tasmania, to teach at a commercial school ("in answer to an ad").

Since then she has seen more of Australia than most Australians.

Her family were always writing along the lines of, "Really, Nina, don't you think it's time you came home?"

Departure delayed

Seven months ago, teaching in North Queensland, she wrote to her family that she really was coming home.

"Then, of course, I saw that ad—just two lines—and I got this job and wrote a P.S. to my poor family: 'Cannot come home, have joined travelling circus.'"

"I really can't tell you," she said laughing, "what my family had to say to that!"

In seven months she's travelled all over Queensland and N.S.W. with the circus ("I've seen the drought and its ravages with my own eyes"), down the long road to Adelaide, and over the long roads to Sydney; learnt to live in a tiny caravan; grown accustomed to the mournful night cries of hyenas — and to finding goats snoozing on her bed; become an expert packer at a moment's notice — and learnt to buy only objects which do not break.

"And I've loved it, all of it," she concluded. "In fact, I've fulfilled a lifelong ambition to travel with a circus."

Then the children were back, and the bonfire-red schoolhouse was full of laughter.

They bore Miss Smith off to pose with them for our pictures, each one wanting to take her arm.

And I was sure that it would be a long time before Miss Smith returned meekly to the bosom of her family.



They ran off to their caravans to dress up, as excitedly as any other children, promising to be back in precisely 15 minutes. (Which they were.)

"They're an absolute joy to teach," Miss Smith told me. "They're intelligent and quick-witted, completely co-operative, and they love to learn."

"You see, though the circus life is so free-and-easy, it calls for all sorts of qualities, the good temper when things go wrong, resourcefulness, and the ability to live happily together."

"All this comes to them so naturally. They help one another, their young brothers and sisters, and the other circus children."

"When I first came here, I was terrified when they climbed and fell down. Not any more, though."

"It seems as if they were born to climb without fear. They were born to the circus life, and they want nothing else."

[Later I confirmed this. I asked the children, "When you watch, say, doctors like Ben Casey on television,

don't you ever wish you could be—?" They broke in on me enthusiastically: "We never miss 'The Greatest Show on Earth!'"

The behatted elephants were now practising a cakewalk within sight of the caravan.

"Of course," Miss Smith conceded, "the children have a lot to distract them. But I manage to keep them interested, and I've never, in seven months, heard a grumble."

"How did you get the job?" I asked. "Tell me about yourself."

Answered an ad

Miss Smith looked astonished. "Gracious, no," she said. "Let's talk about the children. I'm not in the least interested."

An English lady touring with an Australian circus not interested? I extracted more information like drawing a tooth.

Miss Smith got the job by answering a classified advertisement. In fact, this eldest daughter of a conservative



● While she is practising her rope act, Kerry is watched by Geoffrey, Mark, Phillip, Craig (2), Wayne, and Brenton. The schoolchildren lead "double lives" as students and performers, and love circus life.



● It's back to school in the caravan for Mark, Geoffrey, Kerry, Phillip, Brenton, and Wayne, with Miss Smith checking them in. Although the children have a lot to distract them, they settle down to work.



Natural beauty of the South Seas



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Cruise the South Pacific and take in all its highlights... two days in fascinating TAHITI... a day at beautiful BORA BORA... one day in Pago Pago in the Samoas. Two days in Suva for a duty-free shopping spree and a day in delightful Lautoka. (29 days.)

Holiday Cruise — In the Sun circuit.

Sails from Melbourne, Aug. 31st, and Sydney, Sept. 2nd.

A round cruise of the South-West Pacific calling along the Australian east coast... then to French Noumea for two days. A one-day call at Lautoka and two days in Suva for sightseeing and shopping. Returning to Sydney and Melbourne via Auckland. (17 days. Sydney-Sydney.)

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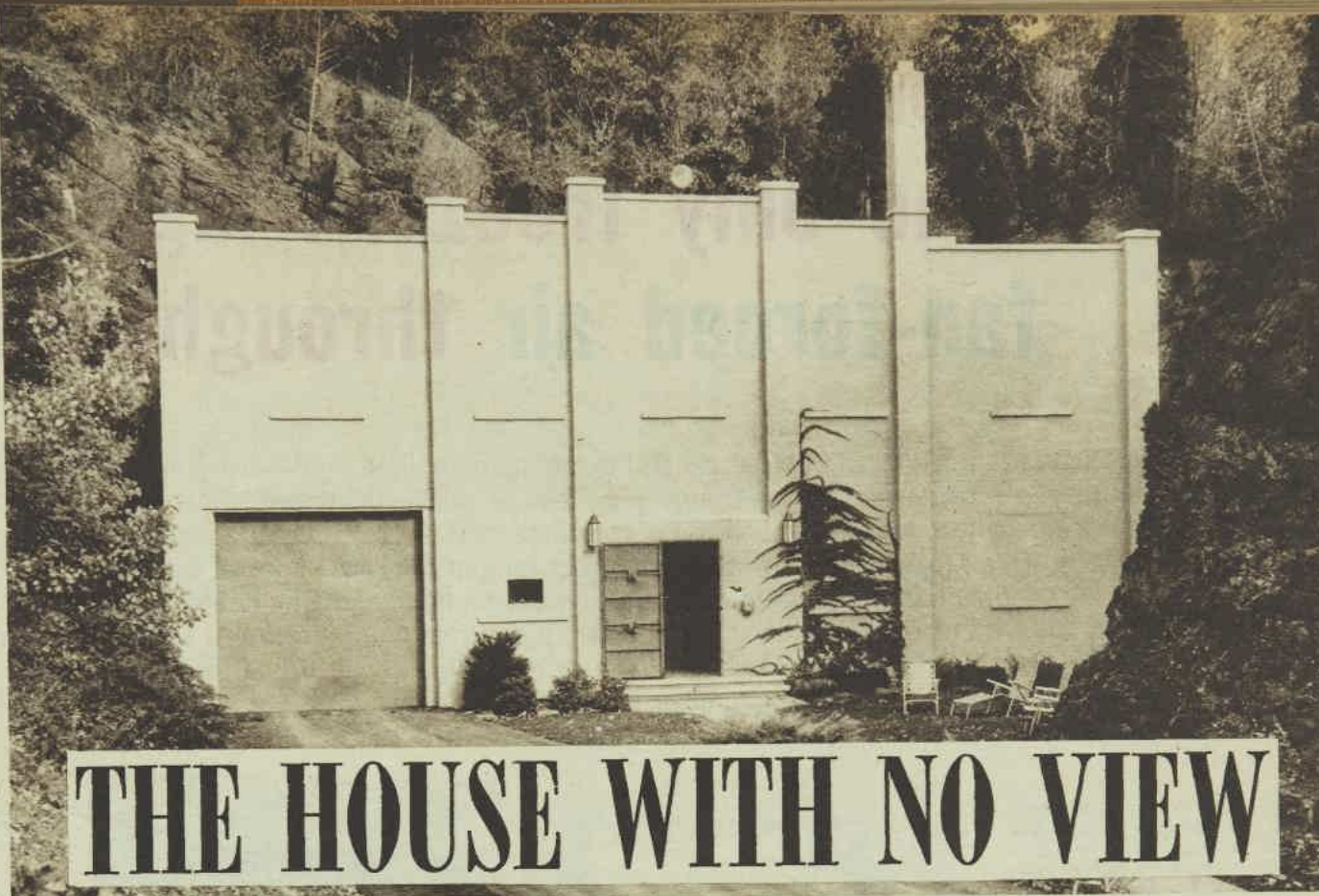


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CL9-66

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1966

● In the event of nuclear war on New York, a chosen few hundred can survive in a house built in a deep cavern.



THE HOUSE WITH NO VIEW

● Entrance to the survival village at Iron Mountain, Hudson, New York.

By **ROBERT FELDMAN**, of our New York staff.

THE Early American maple lounge room was right out of a decorator's showroom. From the modern kitchen wafted the aroma of beefsteaks cooking on a barbecue grill.

But no one lived there. It was a house designed for the "living dead"—survivors, in any, of a nuclear attack on New York City.

I had driven 115 miles from New York to Iron Mountain, at Hudson, New York, where an elite, hand-picked few hundred would gather, burrowing under the eaves of an extinct civilisation.

It is a bleak world of fluorescent lighting, endless chess games, and dried survival rations. The beefsteaks I had for lunch were "frozen-dried" for long storage, and tasted like it.

In the chintzy Shell Oil Company bunker, I tentatively lifted a curtain. There

was only the blank, cinder-block wall.

Someone suggested putting landscape paintings where windows normally should be. But that could be even more depressing.

The Shell bunker is one of several in an elaborate village built in an old cavern, shielded from the outside environment by 150ft. of rock and ore. A lead mine would make a better radiation shield, but iron gives better blast protection.

In any case, those who arrive at the mine entrance before the 28-ton steel vault door is slammed shut will have little to fear from radiation.

Iron Mountain's bunkers are designed, not so much to protect people, as to save business firms and their records.

Three companies are the major leaseholders in the

cavern: The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company, and the Shell Corporation.

However, people will be needed to run the companies from these "alternate headquarters," and Standard Oil has provided accommodation for 200, Shell for 16, and Manufacturers Hanover for 24.

The "Wall Street Journal" reported recently that more than 500 of America's top corporations have set up underground "alternate headquarters" in various parts of the country, from which they can be directed if there is a nuclear holocaust.

Each of the headquarters has a communications room with radio, telephone, teletypewriters, and Telex communications equipment. The mine has its own wells, and

can generate its own electric power. Kitchens are stocked with enough food for 30 days or more. Air is drawn through a system that filters out radioactive particles.

In addition to the three major leaseholders, 700 other companies and individuals, rent storage space for records only.

Jersey Standard's bunker is entered by a lift that moves slant-wise down into the hole; from there on one must move on foot through a maze of corridors winding through six different levels.

The "skeleton crew," will keep in touch with the outside world, if any, by telecommunications, radio, and telephone; when the line goes dead, they'll know things have changed from Condition A to Condition B. The object then is to survive the next fortnight or so, underground.

Enough fall-out decay would have occurred after 10 days to permit forays abroad.

As far as I could determine, there has been little real rivalry within the companies for the privilege of surviving an atomic holocaust.

Chester O. French, Jersey Standard's assistant security administrator said: "We need operating specialists to run the operation. The guy who knows most about a vital function goes to Iron Mountain; if he's a vice-president, fine. If he's a clerk, that's fine, too."

Jersey Standard has, in addition, made a top-level decision: immediate families will be allowed to accompany the breadwinner into the hole. "We really couldn't expect a man to function, or even want to survive, without his wife and children, at least," said French.

Most of the companies are working on the system of drawing up three lists of personnel who could handle the key jobs. If a man is on the A list, he goes to Iron Mountain, if he can make it.

If he can't, or if his alter ego on B List knows that A has been wiped out, then B goes in his place, taking his family, too. The C man is not supposed to go unless he is notified that A and B have both bought it.

What if all three lists—A, B, and C, complete with families—show up at the gate, wanting in?

Each of the facilities has room for expansion; just how many more can be accommodated is moot, however, and some people may have the door closed in their faces.

Iron Mountain Security Storage Corporation, in addition to the company-leased premises, will start soon on communal living quarters in the mineshaft.

For a price, a family will be able to reserve its own tidy little cell, complete with bunk beds and survival rations. Maid service and restaurant meals are also contemplated.

A veritable atomic age motel!



● A Shell Oil Company executive sits in the living-room of the company's "alternate headquarters." It has been furnished to give a warm, home-like atmosphere.



● The Jersey Oil Company's living area has been deliberately designed on stark lines. Abstract paintings are meant to distract minds from the world outside.



● Girls on a "trial run" leave the mineshaft through a 28-ton steel vault door. In a nuclear war the door would protect the fall-out and blast-proof mine inside.

It's completely Frost Free. Why? It's the only freezer/fridge with fan-forced air throughout!

Not just fan-forced air in the freezer. But in the main cabinet. And—over/under/around (but never in) the red 7-day covered meat-keeper. This exclusive Westinghouse system is called 'Cold Injection.' Here's how it works. The secret of complete frost freedom is in the fan neatly concealed in the freezer. This fan forces air of exactly correct temperatures via special ducts and inlets into the freezer section and the refrigerator section in a continually repeating fan-forced cycle. This is 'Cold Injection'—it chills food faster than ever before and maintains low, even temperatures regardless of door openings. How can you tell 'Cold Injection?' Look in a frost-free Westinghouse. See—no coils—no frost! This is Westinghouse 'Total Cold Injection'!

HERE'S THE WESTINGHOUSE FAN. Hidden behind this plate, it keeps air moving in a continual cycle via special ducts and inlets. Over the freezer plate. Into and around the freezer. Down and around the main cabinet. And right down to the red 7 day meat-keeper—then back up to the freezer plate. This fan is where 'Cold Injection' starts.

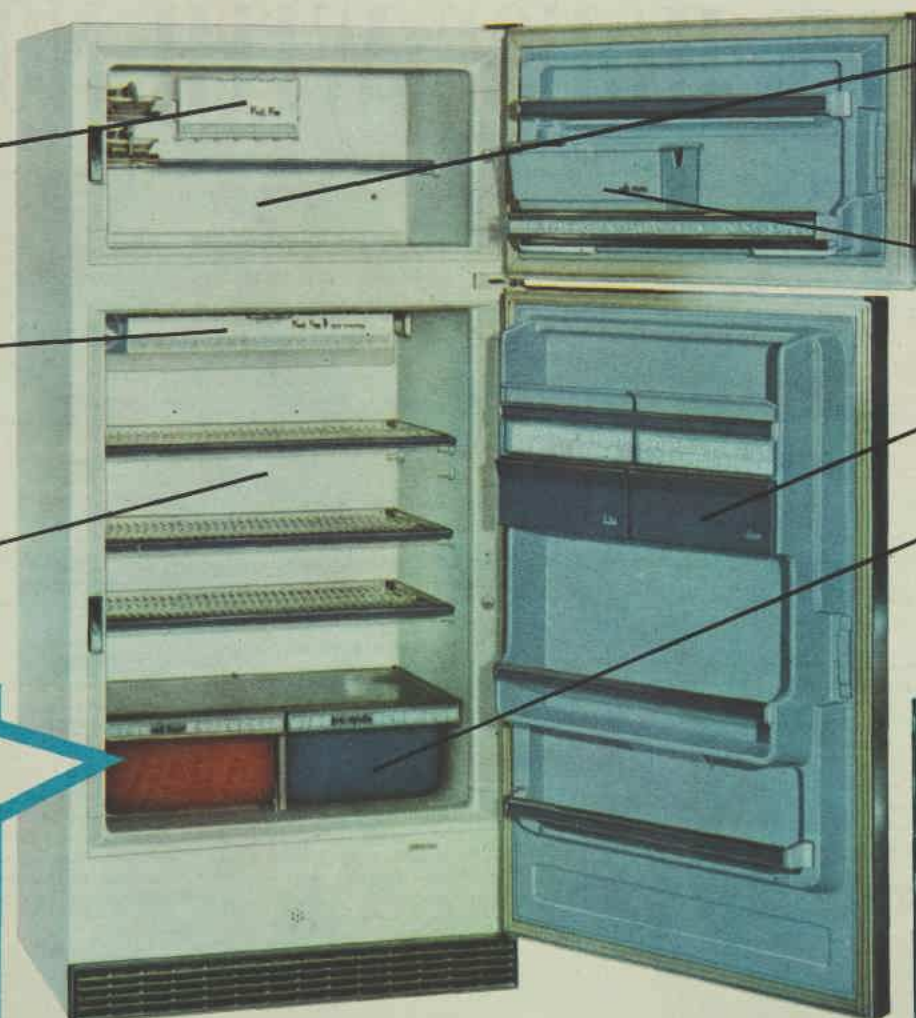
MAIN CABINET INLET. 'Cold Injection' comes into this food compartment via this special inlet. Look for the other inlets in the freezer and behind the red 7 day meat-keeper. These inlets prove that it's Westinghouse 'Cold Injection'!

COMPLETELY FROST-FREE MAIN CABINET always has exactly correct (fan-forced) air temperature. Top shelf is adjustable to take the largest items—such as 26 large drink bottles (standing up!). Continual fan-forced 'Cold Injection' also means food chills faster than ever before, even with continual door opening.

LOOK FOR OUR SPECIAL RED* 7 DAY MEAT-KEEPER IT'S FROST FREE, TOO!

It is not a crisper. This is a specially designed meat-keeper. Fan-forced air continually flows down the special duct and under/over/around but never in the meat-keeper—so meat can't dry out. Meat never freezes—never needs thawing—stays butcher-shop fresh for 7 days, ready for baking or grilling. Meat-keeper also keeps small-goods and left-overs at their tastiest. Slides right out, too.

*Also available in matching blue.



COMPLETELY FROST-FREE FREEZER. 119 lbs. capacity. Biggest in any refrigerator up to 15 cu. ft. Packages don't stick together—labels don't frost over. Rapid ice-cube trays make 36 cubes—instant-release handles. Tilt-up shelf gives storage flexibility.

FREEZER DOOR has ice-cube storer (100 non-stick cubes for instant use)—rack fast-chills cans on hot days and holds frozen canned foods and juices.

MAIN DOOR has special cheese and butter keepers. Two large lift-out bins (each holds fruit or 24 eggs).

SPACIOUS VEGETABLE CRISPER keeps fruit and vegetables fresh and juicy. It's alongside special red 7 day meat-keeper for convenience. Covered for maximum protection.

THIS IS JUST ONE OF THE GLEAMING NEW 1966 WESTINGHOUSE MODELS!

The complete range consists of 5 single door manual or push-button models from 9 to 12 cubic feet and 4 luxurious 2-door refrigerator/home freezers from 12.2 to 14.4 cubic feet. Amongst these is a Westinghouse to meet your special needs.

COMPLETELY FROST FREE
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MODEL RJF145—14.4 CU. FT. OF COLD INJECTION

In all Westinghouse models you will find superb attention to styling, finish and robust construction. And you can be sure that any Westinghouse you choose will give years of dependable, trouble-free service. You can be sure if it's Westinghouse.



RJFN.24.2



● Captain Robert Norman, in a Bush Pilots Airways aircraft, coming in to land at Dunk Island, off the North Queensland coast, with tourist passengers. Inset: His wife, Betty.

Cyclone and comedy in bush pilot's life

● Fifteen years as the wife of a bush pilot have given Mrs. Robert Norman, of Cairns, North Queensland, some unforgettable memories.

CAPTAIN ROBERT NORMAN—known to everyone as "Bob" Norman, and called "Bob" by the small aboriginal children—retired at the end of March after 15 years flying in North Queensland's outback in all weather, even cyclones.

It was a job that came to Flight-Lieut. Robert Norman almost by chance after 3½ years with the RAAF in World War II.

His flying, serving the needs of Queensland people through the lonely outback, won him the O.B.E.

It was awarded for his courage and outstanding community service when he flew into cyclone "Agnes" in 1956 to warn residents in the path of fast-moving floodwaters of their danger.

Tearing winds and deluging rain had cut telephone communication with many outlying properties.

Mrs. Norman said, "They were the biggest floodwaters that ever swept down the Lynd River, in Cape York Peninsula."

A profound faith in her husband's flying ability made Mrs. Norman feel he would be all right.

But she says of that time, "I was a little worried."

She recalled: "Bob didn't tell me he was going into the cyclone. He just said he was going to the airport to see what was happening."

Four to five days later her husband was still flying around the floodwaters, pin-pointing people stranded on hillocks and high ground for police rescue parties.

Mrs. Norman said, "I called at the Cairns Aerial Ambulance headquarters to see if there was any word when Bob would be returning. 'He hasn't a change of clothes,' I told an ambulance officer. 'He went off without even a toothbrush.'"

"My," the officer replied, 'won't he have dirty teeth.' This became a family joke."

Bob and Betty Norman, both Queenslanders, had been married only ten days when Bob went to war.

They met first at a school dance in Cairns, when she was Betty Kimmins, aged 17.

After the war they started a dry-cleaning business in Cairns.

Betty Norman said, "Bob had given up full-time flying, but still flew with the North Queensland Aero Club."

"Then the Aerial Ambulance at Cairns asked the Aero Club to fly patients to hospital, using their light Tiger Moth aircraft, from Kidston, a little town in the Gulf of Carpentaria, struck by a polio epidemic."

"It was the middle of the wet season and the heavier

Aerial Ambulance aircraft were bogging on the strip."

The Tiger Moths flown by the Aero Club could — and did — get in.

Not long after this, in the same wet season, another SOS call came for a light aircraft. Bob Norman landed a Tiger Moth on a strip specially cut in rough country at Reedy Springs, near Charters Towers, to take the very ill wife of a station owner to hospital.

Betty Norman said: "That was in 1951. Her grateful husband became the first shareholder in Bush Pilots Airways, formed soon after, manned solely by Bob. The firm really started through community service."

It was 15 years of service, shared by Capt. Bob, his wife, and their children — one boy and four girls.

Mrs. Norman said, "At first, while the children were young, I resented the amount

of time Bob had to spend away from home. Sometimes it was weeks without a day off.

"But after realising what he was doing for the outback, meeting some of the people, and realising they DID value what was being done for them, I was proud."

Flying the outback has sometimes been hazardous for Capt. Bob, but it has had rewarding moments, too.

He has found many people lost in the bush.

Mrs. Norman said, "He generally expected to find them, and usually did."

"He used to sit down and, like a detective, work out where he thought they might be. Then he would fly down and shout through a loud-hailer, telling them if they were in the area to take off a shirt and wave, or light a smoke fire."

"You have to fly over that country to see it. It's thickly



● Captain "Bob" with a British film unit, fact-finding for migrant information.

wooded with great rocky outcrops, very lonely country, and sparsely settled. If you missed one homestead, you could go for hundreds of miles before the next. As a rule, people who get lost have lost their horses."

"Bob also found the Torres Strait pilot launch which had been stolen from Thursday Island. By finding out the fuel capacity, the speed the boat was capable of, tides, and winds, Bob worked out where the launch should be."

"He took the owner and police with him in the aircraft and located the launch, beached off West Irian, within 15 miles of the point he had decided on."

Capt. Norman came to know a lot of aboriginal customs and to know how aborigines were likely to react. This led to an amusing

happening, one that still makes Mrs. Norman laugh.

She said: "Bob had landed on salt pans at the Edward River Mission, where the aborigines couldn't speak English. He needed help in swinging the aircraft's tail around to take off again."

"Bob signalled to the natives with his hands to lift the tail and swing it around. They had so much strength they lifted him and the tail right off the ground. Bob was hanging in mid-air, wondering what to do, because he knew if he let go they would, too. This would drop the aircraft suddenly and damage it."

"The Mission Superintendent arrived in the nick of time."

Bush Pilots Airways has developed to about one dozen pilots, who now fly over three-quarters of Queensland, mostly in the outback. They fly 3000 miles a week on airmail services.

Capt. Norman, now in his early fifties, is joining a brother to work a property just off the Gillies Highway, on the Atherton Tableland, at Lake Tinaroo, about two miles from Lake Barrine.

They have 5½ miles of lake frontage on the 1030-acre property and will go in for improved pastures and fattening cattle.

— JEAN BRUCE



● He refuels at an out-back station.

A NEW LOOK FOR THE LODGE



● In the 21 days before the Queen Mother's visit to Canberra, Mrs. Harold Holt, the Prime Minister's wife, managed to give The Lodge—or part of it—a “new look.” Using color as her main ally, she transformed the entrance hall, drawing-room, and staircase. The magnificent black-emerald carpets, the shiny white walls, and the curtains will stay, but many of the other items taken in for the Royal visit are temporary. The Holts moved into The Lodge only the day before the dinner party they gave for the Queen Mother, and the new curtains, in rich, stark white silk, were hung that same afternoon.



● Carpet woven in Victoria runs through the vestibule of The Lodge into the drawing-room. Vestibule walls were formerly varnished brown.

● Roses show the informal treatment Mrs. Holt (left) likes in flowers. The Tom Roberts painting is one of her Lodge favorites.

● Painting of aborigines by Clifton Pugh (right), matched by potted begonias, adds color to the second drawing-room, which was formerly the billiard-room.



● Focal point of the vestibule are two euphoniums (left), which Mrs. Holt bought for \$11. They intrigued Prince Charles, who was disappointed at finding the mouthpieces missing.

● In the drawing-room (above), figured voile curtains disguise windows of three different heights. All the furniture and the mantelpiece here were stripped to their original color.

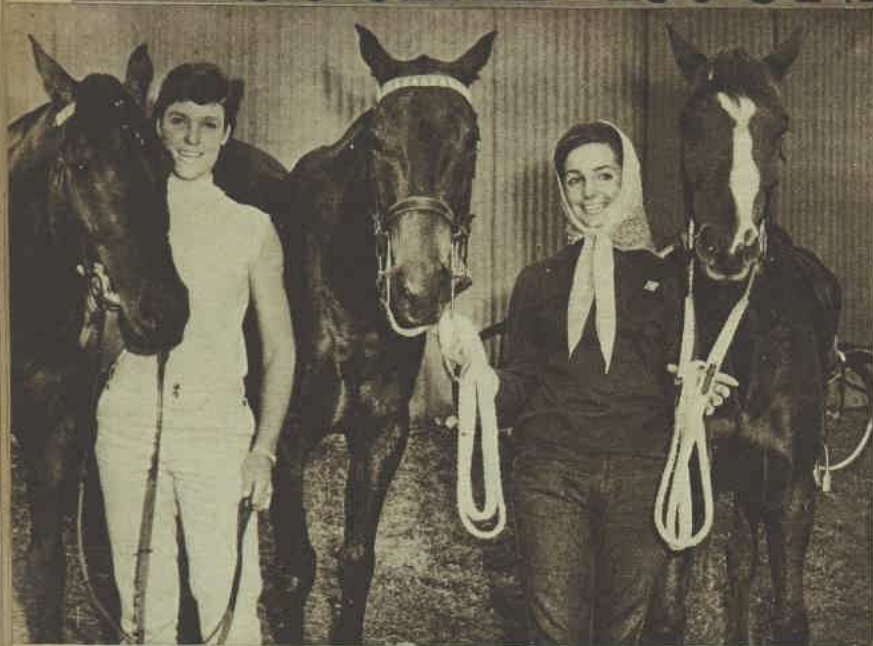


FIRST GUESTS AT THE LODGE

● The Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt, and Mrs. Holt with the Queen Mother, Queen Elisabeth, and Prince Charles in the vestibule at The Lodge before the dinner party given in her honor during her Canberra visit. The Queen Mother's bouffant figured gown had a matching stole. Guests at the dinner included Sir Robert and Dame Pattie Menzies. —Pictures by Ron Berg.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons



ENTHUSIASTIC HORSEWOMEN Miss Fiona Hyem, of "Kibah," Gunnedah (left), and Miss Robyn Sylvestor, of "Bundaleer," Singleton, exercised Fiona's ponies before the day's events commenced at the Royal Easter Show. Fiona rode in the Show Jumping classes and Robyn in the Lady Riders' Hack classes. Robyn recently returned from a world tour as winner of the 1965 Miss Easter Show Girl quest.



WINNER. Mr. Philip Yates, chairman of the horticultural committee of the R.A.S. Council, welcomed Miss Kathleen Westcott, of "Glenbrook," Parkes, the 1966 Miss Easter Show Girl, to the Horticultural Pavilion, where she inspected the floral displays.



VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Sample, who are down from their property, "Sharahd," Bell, Queensland, for the Show, watched the judging of the stud jersey cattle. While in Sydney they are staying with Mr. Sample's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sample, of Vaucluse.



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THE deliciously feminine hats worn by the Queen Mother brought exclamations of delight from onlookers (particularly the women) whenever she appeared in Canberra wearing her flower or osprey creations.

She must have brought at least twenty hats with her, but I hear that the wear and tear on them is so great, particularly when she is riding in open cars or climbing in and out of them, that the life of each hat is a very short one.

Many of them are so alike that quite often people don't realise she is wearing a different one. In Canberra I noticed, however, that she had changed for lunch from her morning ensemble of peacock-blue silk to an embroidered organdie dress, but was still wearing the hat she had worn in the morning.

HOSTESS of the week I thought was Mrs.

Harold Holt, who entertained the royal visitors and then opened The Lodge to members of the Press, telling them afterwards that she had "thoroughly enjoyed it."

THESE amusing little tidbits came out during the interview:

- Her small grandson calls her "Zara" and formerly called her "Zara, my friend."
- Although she doesn't intend to give up smoking she is careful not to smoke in front of the camera.
- The charming gold bracelet she wears carries the gold medal presented to her husband in 1931 at Queen's College for oratory.

IN Sydney for Easter from the Capital Territory, country girl Penelope Hyles, of "Sharrow," Bungendore, announced her engagement to Stephen Litchfield, of "Wareen," Cooma. They are making plans to wed at the end of November or beginning of December. Penelope is staying with her parents, the Geoffrey Hyles, at Kirribilli.

MELBOURNE visitors in Sydney for the Autumn Racing Carnival are Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood, of Malvern, and their daughter Annabelle.

ENGLISHMAN Guy Campbell will fly into Sydney again soon for a week's stay from his home in Broxbourne, Hertfordshire. The Hon. Humphrey Fisher and Mrs. Fisher are planning a small cocktail party at their home at Point Piper so he can renew acquaintances with friends he made when he was here for a fortnight before Christmas.

AND, from London, Lady Maddox has heard of the busy time her daughter Di has had flat-hunting. Di recently spent several weeks skiing in Austria, and she and her travelling companion, Margie White, have just arrived in England after a fortnight's motoring through Holland. Di is staying at present with Julie Zerky in Knightsbridge and Margie is staying with Liz Lampe just around the corner while they are flat-hunting.

BY the way, poor Julie Zerky fell off the chair-lift during the first week she spent in Austria and managed a broken rib and badly bruised shoulder, which finished her hopes of further skiing. She left almost immediately for London, where she waited at the Dorchester Hotel for her mother, Mrs. Max Fleischner, who had been holidaying on the first leg of a world trip.

DATE for your Diary . . . The Oliver Twist Committee's "go-go" night at the Cafe de Paris in La Salle building on April 14, when dinner will be served to the beat of swinging music and go-go girls.

WHAT an exciting time for Janis Hart, who has just returned from a thrilling nine weeks' tour of Mexico, South America, and the Caribbean with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hart, of Mosman. The reason for the trip? "To follow the bull-fights," she told me. Janis is now busy with more exciting plans—she has just announced her engagement to Neville Salisbury, son of Captain and Mrs. A. Salisbury, of Darling Point, and the families will celebrate with a party on April 16 at the Harts' home.



AT LEFT: Michele Cotton (left), of Oberon, exercised her horse Boy Blue with eight-year-old Debbie Leech, of Milperra, who was riding Bido Sunny, before they both competed in the Pony Hack class under 13 hands at the Easter Show.

ABOVE: Miss Margaret Mackay, of "Cannon," Dungog, who was Miss Easter Show Girl 1963, groomed her horse Feisal helped by Mr. Terry Kelly, of Upper Horton. Miss Mackay competed in the Lady Riders' Hack classes.



LUNCHEON. Hostess Mrs. Anton Muttukumaru, wife of the High Commissioner for Ceylon, greeted Mrs. Harold Holt, wife of the Prime Minister, when she arrived with Mr. Holt at Ceylon House for the luncheon which the Queen Mother attended with Commonwealth High Commissioners and their wives. **AT RIGHT:** The Queen Mother, Queen Elizabeth, escorted by the High Commissioner for Ceylon, Mr. Anton Muttukumaru, and followed by her lady-in-waiting, Lady Jean Rankin, and Mrs. Muttukumaru, arriving for the luncheon at the Muttukumarus' home.



ABOVE: Guests at the Commonwealth High Commissioners' luncheon included Mr. J. Luke Hazlett, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and Mrs. Hazlett (at left) and Tun Lim Yew Hock, who is the High Commissioner for Malaysia, and his wife, Toh Puan Lim Yew Hock.

Queen Mother's visit to Canberra



ABOVE: Mrs. Elsa Chauvel, president of the Australian Auxiliary of the Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and Mrs. E. Pick, a former Barnardo girl (who was farewelled 32 years ago by the Queen Mother in England when she was Duchess of York), were presented to her during her visit to Barnardo House.



ABOVE: Four-year-old Julia Martin made her curtsy to the Queen Mother after presenting a bouquet of roses as she entered Barnardo House with Major-General B. W. Pulver, chairman of Dr. Barnardo's Homes in Australia. The Queen Mother inspected the home and met many of the staff, helpers, and children.



AT LEFT: The Queen Mother was farewelled by the Minister for Air, Mr. Peter Howson, and Mrs. Howson when she left the R.A.A.F. base at Fairbairn for a tour of the Snowy River Scheme. Behind her, Prince Charles and the Governor-General, Lord Casey, chatted with the Minister for National Development, Mr. D. E. Fairbairn, and Mrs. Fairbairn before the take-off.



MRS. INDIRA GANDHI in her large but simply furnished bedroom. Near her are photographs of her two sons, who are studying in England, and her father. BELOW is her home, a Government-owned house in Delhi, which she took over when she became Minister for Information. She became Prime Minister in January.



A Prime Minister's first months



SHE inspects troops in Assam, about a hundred miles from the Chinese border. Mrs. Gandhi is 5ft. 2in.

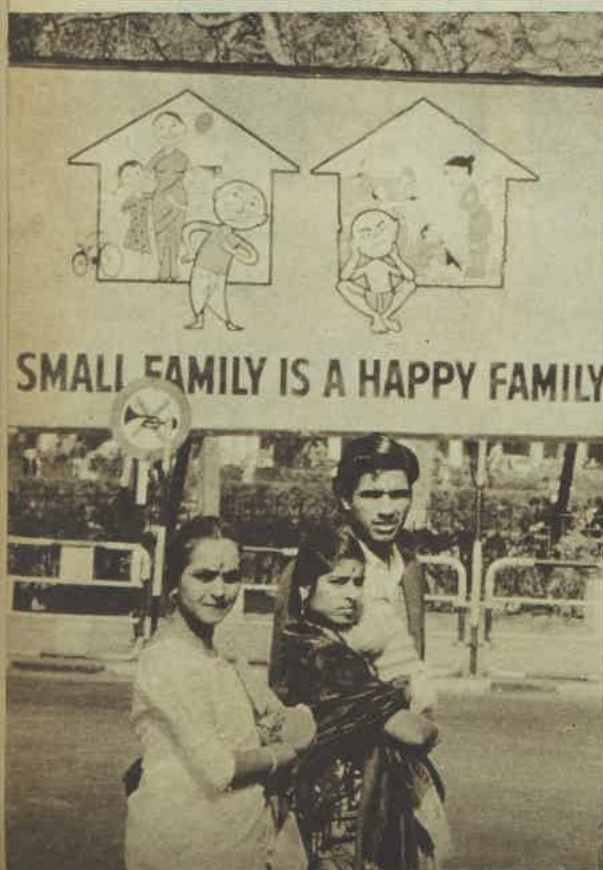
THE WOMAN

"I HAVE rarely had time to sit back and think about my role—I have been too busy moving from job to job," Mrs. Indira Gandhi once remarked.

For her present immense task as India's Prime Minister, she had intensive training from 1939 through the years of the struggle for India's independence, and in the 17 years which Jawaharlal Nehru, her father, served as Prime Minister.

Her father's closest confidante, she has said of him, "He had a unique advantage in having within him all parts of India; I mean, he could be at ease with the old, the very young, the peasant, the thinker, and all other aspects of our people."

Here are glimpses from recent months in the life of his daughter, a woman dedicated to a nation of 500 million. It seems that she, too, has within her "all parts of India."



AT LEFT: A street hoarding in Delhi urges family planning, which Mrs. Gandhi calls on Indians to undertake as a duty. Overcrowding and drought threaten a fearful famine.

ABOVE: The little widow, who at 48 leads a nation firmly dominated by men, opens the longest bridge in Asia, at Dehri-on-Sone. Roads, factories, and dams for electricity and irrigation are desperately needed to avert economic disaster.



EVERY MORNING between 8.00 and 8.30 she keeps open house, and hundreds of Indians come with flowers, petitions. Here a woman has given her 10-rupee notes. Mrs. Gandhi hands such gifts to her secretary, saying, "For the children's fund" or "For defence."



AT AN OPEN-AIR MEETING. Some writers have seen a resemblance between her and England's first Queen Elizabeth. One added, "Indira Gandhi can create a sudden unexpected impression of dazzling beauty."

WHO "IS INDIA"



AT LEFT: She likes to be photographed with folk dancers, even (ABOVE) to dance with them.



IN AN AIR FORCE PLANE she flies to Assam, the turbulent State of mountain tribesmen in north-eastern India. She has since visited Washington and Moscow. Indira Gandhi is one of the few leaders popular enough to hold India's races and religions together.



AT LEFT: Flowers are thrown at the leader during her morning audience in Delhi. She sometimes suffers with all the enthusiasm.



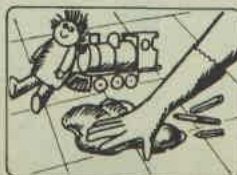
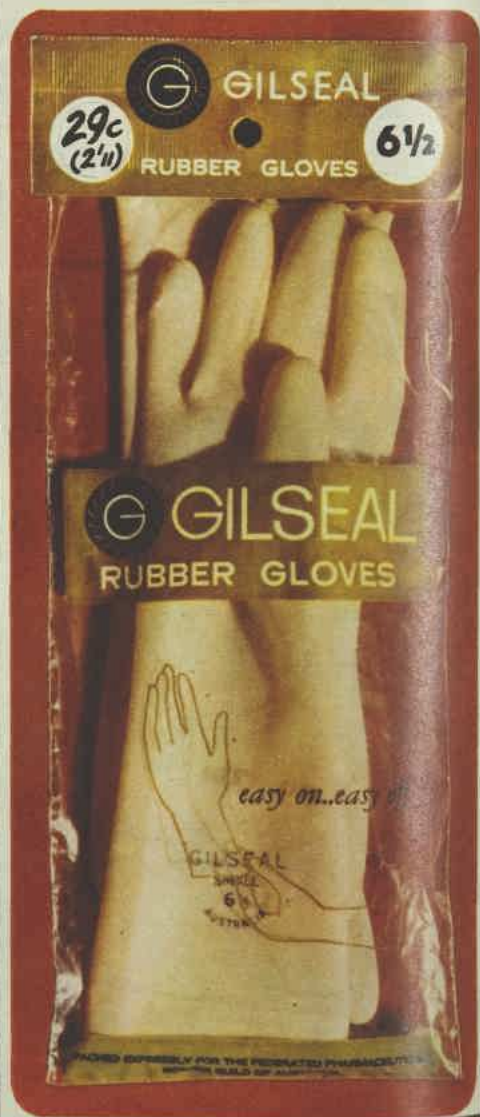
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IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO CARE FOR YOUR HANDS... WITH GILSEAL RUBBER GLOVES



Book now for our World Tour 1967!

● Bookings for The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1967, announced only a few weeks ago, have been phenomenal. Already holding deposits have been received on more than three-quarters of available places.

THIS tour, which costs as little as \$1392 per person, covers 18 countries in 18 weeks, leaving Sydney in February.

"Many people who couldn't, for personal reasons, make a booking on our first World Discovery Tour made certain of being on the 1967 one by booking early," said Mr. John Webb, of World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd.

People from all walks of life, single men and women, married couples, and people taking advantage of retirement or long-service leave, have been among those who have rushed to secure their place on this holiday of a lifetime. (One entire family from Tasmania has booked on the tour.)

For the basic price of \$1392 (£N.Z.585), the tour provides excellent accommodation in P & O-Orient Line's Himalaya and Oriana; a 23-day all-inclusive coach tour of eight European countries; a seven-day all-inclusive coach tour of England and Scotland; sightseeing in London as specified in the itinerary; London accommodation (dinner, bed, and breakfast) for a total of 13 nights; transport transfers on arrival and departure, portage of two average-size suitcases (one on the coach tours).

Ports of call

An experienced Tour Director will travel with the group. Bilingual couriers will travel with the coaches on the European tour.

Ports of call on the voyage to Europe include Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Naples, and Barcelona.

On the return trip in Oriana, Piraeus (port for Athens) and Colombo will be among the ports visited.

To co-ordinate the tour fully, the coach departure dates may vary. For example, some members will begin their European tour while others explore the United Kingdom.

A 22-day period has been left free.

Members on our first tour — now in progress — are using this time to visit relatives and friends or to do extra trips.

Among the first Sydney people to book on the 1967 tour was Mrs. A. I. Parsley, of Coogee, who will travel with her granddaughter Sally Fletcher (17), also of Coogee.

"Everything has been planned so nicely," said Mrs. Parsley. "The fare was right and the itinerary was good. We booked a good twin-berth cabin."



● Mrs. A. I. Parsley, of Coogee, N.S.W., and her granddaughter Sally Fletcher, 17, also of Coogee, were among the first in Sydney to book for The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1967.

Sally has been working as a bank clerk since she left school two years ago.

"She'll get some help, of course, for the trip," said Mrs. Parsley, "but she will pay most of the fare from her savings."

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Davis, of Belair, S.A., intended to go on the first World Discovery Tour, but postponed booking for family reasons. Now they are booked on the 1967 tour.

A retired teacher, Mr. Davis has been abroad once before, but it is his wife's first trip.

They plan to use their free period visiting relatives and friends in England.

Miss Diane Proctor, 22, of Saw Park, S.A., has not been home to England since her arrival in Australia as a child.

"When I saw the announcement, I knew this would be a wonderful opportunity, so I rushed in and booked," she said.

Already excited at the prospect of their first trip abroad are Mr. and Mrs. A. Wilson, of Brighton, Vic. They have been planning a tour for a long time.

Travelling together will be Mrs. B. Claydon, of Carnegie, Vic., and Mrs. T. Merritt, of Middle Brighton, Vic.

Friends for many years, they have planned a trip for some time and have been on the waiting list for the second tour.

"My husband is unable to come with me," Mrs. Claydon said, "but he is happy that I am going on the trip with Mrs. Merritt, who is a widow."

So interesting

Headmaster of one of Queensland's biggest State primary schools, Mr. Fred W. Daniell, and his wife, will be travellers on the second tour.

Mr. Daniell is in charge

of the Kelvin Grove Primary School, Brisbane.

He won't get altogether away from schools. During the "free" time on the tour he will be interested in looking into aspects of education overseas.

Our tour attracted them, Mrs. Daniell said, because it seemed so interesting, covered so much, and their time was limited.

If these are some of the reasons the tour appeals to you, book now. Secure full details about this and the special surprise White Christmas Tour in a tour brochure obtainable from any of the General Sales Agents listed below, or your travel agent.

HOW TO BOOK

Write or call at any of the General Sales Agents:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 33-35 Bligh St., Sydney. Tel. 28-4841.

VICTORIA-TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 330 Collins St., Melbourne. Tel. 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND - N. T. - NEW GUINEA: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek St., Brisbane. Tel. 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Tel. 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington St., and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Tel. 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs St. East, Auckland. Tel. 20-959.

Or see your travel agent.

NEXT WEEK

★ If you're a working woman and a housewife, what is one of your most pressing problems — how to save time? Well, just look in our

16-PAGE LIFT-OUT



WORKING WOMAN'S COOK BOOK

There are 30-minute meals, there are meals to prepare days ahead and the night before, dinner party menus, quick cakes and biscuits, budget meals — and more.

And:

★ "Narbethong" means a cheerful place; "Koorringal" means a home near the water . . . but there are hundreds of suggestions in our

ABORIGINAL HOUSE NAMES

. . . a three-page feature

And:



★

"The Jealous One"

— is our new two-part serial: a suspense story by Celia Fremlin.

And:

WHEN SHOULD YOU CALL A DOCTOR?

★ In a helpful article, a doctor talks about children's illnesses — and describes various symptoms that need medical attention.

And:

★ For teens, a

MEMORY BOOK

for you to cut out and make.



● Headmaster of Kelvin Grove Primary School, Brisbane, Mr. Fred W. Daniell, and Mrs. Daniell, who also have booked for the tour.

PROJECT '66 GOES GOLD-

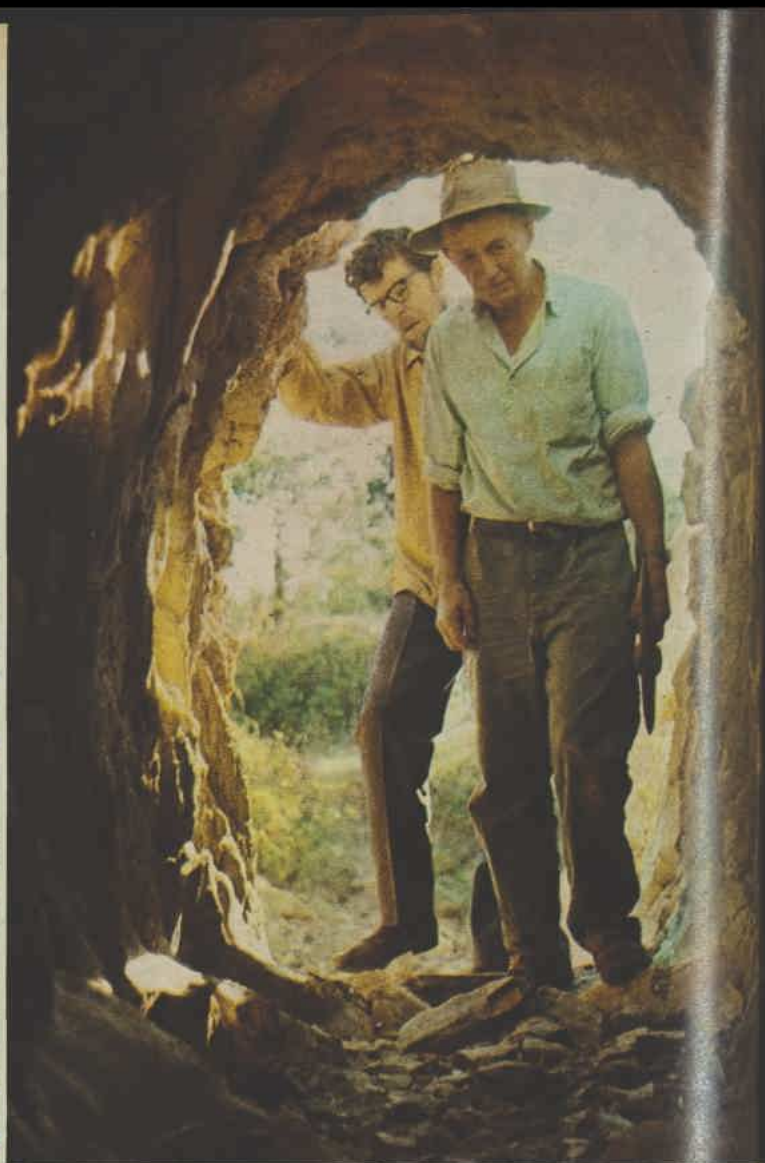
● TCN9's Project '66 team recently visited Hill End, N.S.W., once an important gold-mining town. Their visit, with Rolf Harris as narrator, is part of the program "Gold."

MINING



AN OLD SULKY, one of the picturesque relics of olden days, is a comfortable spot for Rolf Harris to rest after the excitement of finding gold in the first dish he washed.

● "GOLD" may be seen in Sydney, TCN9 on April 16, 8.30 p.m.; Melbourne, GTV9, April 17, 10 p.m.; Adelaide, NWS9, April 18, 10 p.m.; Brisbane, TVQ0, April 17, 9.30 p.m.; Perth, TVW7, April 18, 10.30 p.m.; Hobart, TVT6, April 21, 8.30 p.m.; Launceston, TNT9, April 25, 10 p.m.



ABOVE: Rolf Harris with Red Jack Ellis, a Hill End miner, at the mouth of a tunnel. BELOW: Red Jack teaches Rolf to pan gold.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1966

Television

Based on Faulkner's famous novel

TENSE DRAMA IN TV SERIES

● "The Long, Hot Summer," a block-busting TV series to be released by TCN9 on April 19 at 8.30 p.m., promises exciting winter viewing.

By NAN MUSGROVE

Television

THE series is based on the characters and story of William Faulkner's novel "The Hamlet."

The characters in "The Long, Hot Summer," headed by Edmond O'Brien as Will Varner, live in a Southern U.S. town called Frenchman's Bend. (In the film "The Long, Hot Summer" Orson Welles played Will Varner.)

Varner owns the town, dominates it.

He has an unmarried daughter, Clara (Nancy Malone), on whom he is depending for heirs, although he has a marriageable son, Jody (Paul Geary).

Jody is no weakling, but lacks the enormous vitality of his father.

Other main characters are Minnie Littlejohn (Ruth Roman), who owns and runs the local hotel and is Will Varner's permanent girlfriend. She spends her time trying to lure Will to the altar.

The young hero of the series is Ben Quick (Roy Thinnes). He is a mystery



RUTH ROMAN as Minnie Littlejohn and Edmond O'Brien as Will Varner have continuing roles in the series "The Long, Hot Summer."

man, attractive, virile, who turns up in the town, stirring female hearts, causing trouble.

Each episode, an hour, is complete in itself. The main and continuing characters

are joined from time to time by guest stars.

William Faulkner is a strong, intense writer. It sounds as if "The Long, Hot Summer" will be strong, intense TV.



SCENE FROM an episode in "The Long, Hot Summer," with guest stars, from left, Zalman King, Lana Wood, and Wayne Rogers.

Quiz Kids in disguise

The Quiz Kids, with head quizmaster John Dease, returned recently to ABC-TV for their 1966 season with a big surprise — an official uniform.

The boys look like junior Beatles in mock Cromwellian suits featuring stiff white collars and high round-necked jackets; the girls in plain shirt-style blouses look like parolees out of reform school.

Mr. Dease beams over all in a dark blazer-type garment with Q.K. entwined over his heart.

I cannot imagine why the ABC has done this to the "Kids," unless they are going to suddenly turn into a singing group and become John Dease's Singing Quizzies.

Any appeal they may have is surely as hard-working schoolchildren making appearance money at the weekend, and not as fully costumed show-biz personalities.

A half-hour with the Quiz Kids always leaves me

puzzled. I don't know whether it is a contest, a lesson, or an entertainment. It doesn't measure up to my idea of any of these things.

Whatever it is, it comes back as dull as ever each year.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "I live in a small town, and I'm proud of it. There is a certain feeling in a small town that's hard to describe. It's something to do with the closeness you feel to your neighbor, the helping each other, the leisurely pace. I actually know who lives on either side of my house. Can you say the same? And, believe it or not, I can find a parking place in front of a store. Another thing, people say hello to each other on the street, instead of rushing, rushing. In the city you may make more money, but is it really worth it? Heart attacks at 30, breathing in stale air, never really hearing a bird sing unless you have it cooped up in a cage. You city folk make your jokes about small towns, but tell the truth . . . don't you envy us just a little?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: In a small town when you see a man dancing with a girl young enough to be his daughter — she is.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS




why babies demand nappee!

Recommended by
Dri-Glo Australia's leading
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NAPPEE is available
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Because they love the feeling of fluffy super-soft nappies . . . because they appreciate being protected against nappy rash. This is the miraculous effect NAPPEE has on nappies. No need to boil either! NAPPEE contains the wonder antiseptic "AMPHOLENE" which

guarantees super-soft, fragrant, germ-free nappies every time.

Here's more good news! NAPPEE is absolutely marvellous for household linens, blankets and clothes, as well as all babywear.

NAPPEE — baby's best friend and yours.

1679

PARIS SPECTACULAR: The spring evening dress

● Lanvin designed this free-flowing Russian-peasant-inspired evening dress and kerchief head-dress. The dress fabric is yellow chiffon, printed with large black flowers.



● Pierre Balmain's delicious dress (right) combines the strict and the gentle look—the tailored top in white; the floating skirt in printed organza.



● Paris formals for spring, 1966, are in a two-way mood—the gentle and the strict. Both moods can be traced through every spring collection, and both dominate the new Paris night look.

The gentle trend is fluid and flowering. There's the doll silhouette at Patou, a peasant trend at Lanvin, and boudoir softness at Cardin. These new gentle dresses have an unconstructed look; this is deceiving, because under the dress is that super lightweight construction Paris does to perfection.

● Cardin shows soft boudoir prettiness in the peignoir dress (right). The dress is made in dotted chiffon and plain organza.



... in gentle and strict mood



● Louis Feraud's amusing football-jersey dress (left) is dropped to ankle-length. The fabric is fine jersey striped in arrangements of red, white, blue.

● Patou's doll ball gown for grand occasions is in the gentle mood of Paris night fashions. The dress hangs loose in front and is caught into a yoke at the back.

There is nothing brash about the strict look. It's sleek rather than hard. Two examples of this theme are Cardin's fabulous beaded sheath and Louis Feraud's amusing ankle-length, football-jersey dress.

The extra extra in Paris nightlife is the new evening shoe — rounded- or square-toed, with a low-shaped heel. The design started to appear late last season; now it's an epidemic. The shoe can be plain or strapped, but it is only chic in one fabric — satin.

— BETTY KEEP



● Kaleidoscopic patterns are overlaid with colored sequins in Cardin's fabulous sheath dress (left). Note the flat-heeled shoes.



Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The bias-cut wool dress (below) and the three-piece suit with a semi-fit jacket and A-line skirt (on opposite page) are the two most asked for design requests in this week's fashion mail.

THE first request is from a northern country town. Here is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I have three yards of very fine woollen material to make a dress for afternoon wear. I want a style with a soft bodice and

finished with sleeves. Please suggest something plain, but smart and flattering."

The one-piece dress shown on this page has a blouson bodice and slightly flared skirt. The dress is designed by John Cavanagh, one of the top talented designers of London couture. I think you will find the line of the dress very

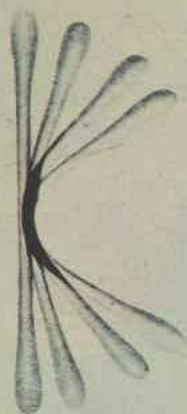
flattering. If you wish to order the pattern, under the illustration are further details and how to order.

The second query comes from Melbourne. Here is part of the letter, with my reply:

"I would like a design and pattern for a high-fashion winter suit and a turtle-neck blouse. If a belted jacket

is being worn, I would like such a style. I take a size 12 in patterns."

The design I have chosen to answer your style query is illustrated on opposite page. The semi-fit jacket has a wide self-belt and buckle, the A-line skirt has a deep inverted pleat at front. The overblouse is sleeveless and has a bias roll collar. Under the illustration are full details and how to order.



Johnson's flexible Cotton Buds.



They're inexpensive* and convenient.



They can clean a baby's eye.



Or his ear.



And between his toes.



They can clean a cut.



And help hide a spot.



They were invented for babies.



But grown-ups like them, too.
(Like most of Johnson's baby things.)

* 25c for 50. 45c for 100. **Johnson-Johnson**

"I intend to purchase a silk theatre coat. As it will have to last me some time, I would like any advice you could offer about fabric, style, and color."

Any garment that is to have lasting qualities should be made in a simple tailored design and in the best-quality fabric your budget will allow. It is also a good idea to choose a color to harmonize with the rest of your wardrobe. Deep crimson is a good fashion color and it looks pretty with white, beige, navy, pink, and black; in fact, with practically any shade.

"I am searching for a paper pattern for an Empire-line maternity frock for party wear. Could you help?"

Our pattern department includes a very pretty maternity party dress with an Empire bodice and a cowl neckline. Included in the pattern is a roomy stole. The pattern is in sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price 75c (7/6) includes postage. To order, please quote Vogue pattern 5812 and state size required. The pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



1510.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 1510 Vogue couturier design by John Cavanagh. Price 95c (9/6) includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Do you think chiffon would be too soft and light in weight for a straight party shift?"

If you line the shift with a soft silk in the same shade as the chiffon, it will be perfect. The shift for day or night is more popular than it has ever been.

"I will soon be going for a trip to New York. As I have to buy a late-day frock, I wondered if I should choose black or a pastel."

Choose black. New York is the city of the little black dress. It looks correct worn for most occasions from five o'clock onwards.

"Please tell me the strongest and neatest way to make a hand-seven seam."

A French seam is the best method. To make a French seam, stitch edges together on the right side of the garment, taking a small seam allowance. Trim away the seam allowance to approximately 1/4 in. from stitching, then stitch another seam on the wrong side of the work, taking 1/4 in. seam allowance.

"Do you think I could have a uniform made in a color? White makes me look pallid."

If your employer does not object, I can think of no reason why a uniform should not be made in a flattering color.

"I want to make one really good autumn outfit I can wear for going out. What style of ensemble would be the smartest and most practical?"

Possibly a dress and matching jacket. The advantage of this type of ensemble is that it can be changed completely by discarding the jacket. The dress, worn solo, has excellent dress-up potentials for after 5 p.m. For late day, a formal look can be achieved by adding costume jewellery.



1568.—Suit and sleeveless blouse with a turtle-type collar. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36 in. bust. Vogue Paris original 1568 by Patou. Price \$1.80 (18/-) includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

"Please tell me if a pastel tone would suit a woman with mid-grey hair."

Yes, especially muted pinks and blues and a pinky-beige.

"I need some advice about a light wool coat to take on a cruise. Any suggestions for style and color will be welcome."

A straight-cut, slender coat made in a pretty color would be excellent for cruise wear. The shade really depends on your own taste and coloring. My choice for a blonde or brunette would be rose-pink.

"I am making a cardigan-suit in rose tweed for winter. Would you please suggest a trim for the jacket?"

You couldn't do better than follow the Chanel-type cardigan-suit, which has a jacket trimmed at the front edges and pockets with braid. Choose a fancy braid in gold and rose or in two shades of pink.

"Would you please tell me if it is correct fashion to wear gold kid shoes in the daytime?"

Gold shoes should be worn only after dark with an appropriate party dress or at-home clothes.

"Could you tell me the fashionable shades for a winter coat?"

Red, camel, off-white, and orange are the main coat colors for winter.

"What type of shoes should I wear with a sweater and skirt and a polo coat? The outfit is for a trip into the country."

I suggest you wear just-above-the-ankle boots. I think these little ankle-boots look especially smart with casual country clothes. If you don't like boots, a shoe with a good sturdy heel and rounded toe also would be correct.

"When a bride wears a formal bridal gown, what is the correct attire for a flowergirl?"

The traditional flowergirl's dress is ankle-length, made with a high-waisted bodice, all-round gathered skirt, little puff sleeves, and a small self-ruffle at the neckline.

"Should a girl with dark hair and a sallow skin wear beige?"

A creamy beige, not a stone beige, will flatter your coloring.

"What is the newest fabric for a theatre suit?"

Brocade, and this season there are some really beautiful designs and weaves.



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Fly Away Little Bird

A dramatic short novel

BY VALERIE WATKINSON



HER mother had warned her, "You shouldn't do it. Five hundred miles—and in your condition."

Australians were used to miles of empty, arid country, but her mother had made it sound like five million light years, or however far it was to the moon and back. She had made it sound as if the "condition" were a pregnant one or a state of invalidism instead of what was generously referred to as a "nervous breakdown."

"You are troubled," the psychiatrist had said. "Tell me about it."

"There is nothing," she had said, believing it. "Honestly, there is nothing. I don't know what got into me."

The psychiatrist had smiled. He was a gentle man, patient, too.

He had to be. For him time had to be immeasurable.

"Tell me about nothing," he had invited. Haltingly, then more and more willingly, she had told him.

There had been the car and the long stretch of gleaming road and the speedometer needle flickering only a little over thirty-five, which was well within the limit.

There had been her own state of mind, restless and resentful, because things had not gone well at the office and she was tired of her job.

Then, suddenly, and with terrible clarity, there had been the other car. She had been unafraid. There had been no time for fear. There had been time only for a frantic wrenching at the steering wheel and a foot slamming with killing speed on a brake pedal. There had been the noise.

She would never forget the noise, the chilling sound of brakes too quickly (and too late) applied, the crash, the crunch, the tearing of metal and shattering of glass. The awful stillness.

She had lived through it, emerging virtually unscathed. Everybody said it was a miracle. There had been a bump on her head and some ugly cuts on her wrist.

The driver of the other car had died instantly and shockingly.

The highway patrolmen had said kind things to her. "He was way over on the wrong side," they had said. "We've been chasing him for a mile. Lady, you should be dead. It's a miracle." They had sat her by the roadside until the ambulance arrived.

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Matt put his hand over Christine's mouth, "Please be quiet," he said.

for the drape of it
the enduring good looks of it
for the way it tailors
and stays in shape
a man has a right
to insist on
pure new wool



Memory



Sitting opposite Joel at the candle-lit table, Martha bent her head, and he realised she was close to tears.

BY the time he reached the hotel Joel Hammond was tense with a growing anger. How can she ask such a thing of me! he thought in outrage, making his way through the carpeted lobby to the dining-room, his mind already in angry rehearsal, designing the words he would answer her with.

"Hello, Joel," Martha smiled up at him from the table. Her wedding ring glittered in the candlelight.

She had changed during the four years they had been divorced, Joel thought, taking the seat opposite her. The coldness had gone out of her eyes. Her face was fuller, more womanly.

He drew the letter from his pocket and laid it carefully on the table. There were to be no preliminaries.

"My answer," he said—and, despite his best efforts, his voice shook a little—"is no."

Martha flicked him a warning look. "Here's the waiter," she said quietly, and bent to her menu.

"Nothing you can say will change my mind," Joel said when they had given their order. He had already anticipated the arguments that would come. He had gone over them with Lyn last night during their quarrel—their last one unless he called her again, unless he answered finally her ultimatum.

"Joel," Martha began, "I only want a chance to explain."

"That won't be necessary," he said shortly.

He saw her set her jaw in a determined line, and in that moment he was surprised at her resemblance to Lyn at the time a month ago

when, during another quarrel, Lyn had said, looking him squarely in the eye, "I love you, Joel, but I'm not going to allow you to take advantage of that indefinitely."

"There are some things I haven't told you," Martha began again, indicating the letter. "Things you should know before you refuse—"

"Martha, please," he interrupted again. "I can't do it. I can't give up the kids."

After a silence Martha said, "Joel, listen to me." Her voice was gently insistent. "I don't want to hurt you, but—"

"Then stop trying to persuade me! I'll never agree to it."

He thought he saw her eyes fill with tears, but she turned her head quickly away from him. "You know Bob loves the children as if they were his own," she said.

At first he had bitterly resented Bob Bramwell, a tall man with a beefy heartiness about him. "I know that," Joel said. "I have nothing against Bob."

"He's been offered a new job," Martha said. "It's a wonderful opportunity for him..." She stopped as if she were waiting for him to say something.

"That's fine," Joel said slowly, sensing something menacing in the way Martha was hesitating. "It would mean"—she paused for a moment—"moving. To California."

So that was it! "You want to take them away from me," Joel said angrily.

"No, Joel. You don't—"

"I can stop you, you know," he said, his voice crisp now. "There are laws that can stop you."

Her face went pale. "I know," she said softly. "We—we've looked into the legal part of it, and it could get messy and terribly expensive and take a long time." She gave him a short, sad smile.

"We... I'd hoped that it wouldn't come to that." When he said nothing, Martha went on: "Bob wants to adopt the children legally, Joel." Her voice had grown small, barely audible. "It's really the only fair way. And the children—"

"What do they think?" Joel cut in.

Dean was almost seven now, a sturdy, tow-headed boy who had whispered in his ear during the last visit that what he really wanted for Christmas was a bike. Melissa was five, pony-tailed, brown-eyed, with a mind of her own.

"Joel, I..."

"What do they say?" he persisted. She was, he noticed, obviously unprepared for the question. "Tell me the truth."

"They want Bob to be their father," Martha said. "You know how children are," she rushed on. "They... don't realise. We've tried to explain to them, both of us, every time after you've come, but it doesn't do much good. Bob is there all the time. Your coming four or five times a year isn't enough to overcome that."

After a long pause she added, "They like you, of course. You've been good to them and they appreciate your generosity. But they think of Bob as their father..."

He sat very quietly in his chair, looking at the smoke spiralling from his cigarette.

"I hate doing this," Martha said gently. "I'm sorry."

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Now the past must be forgotten... a poignant story By LEO DAMORE



UNCLE

THE family buried Uncle Edward yesterday. They did so with stiff upper lips and an ill-concealed air of disapproval. This did not surprise me. Judged by conventional standards, Uncle Edward was a bit of a black sheep—although a law-abiding, bill-paying black sheep. But he liked women, good wine, imaginative food, amusing conversation, anybody's children, and he liked people up and down the social scale. I truly loved him.

This sort of outlook upset the family, who believed in managing directors and official titles.

The family. My mother, aunts, cousins, and very old friends had suffered the thorn in the family flesh that was Uncle Edward for more years than I care to count.

And now he has died, and with his funeral has been awarded more respectability than he ever attained in his life.

A lot of boys find it hard to talk intimately to their fathers, but uncles are different—they are the family and yet they are quite literally one degree removed. If they are good uncles, like Uncle Edward, and not too much concerned with clean hands and tidying up your room, and having done your homework, they can do a lot for a boy. Just as my Uncle Edward did for me . . .

I can't believe he's gone. He had been a stockbroker and a successful one—though he always talked of his successes and losses with the same impudent smile.

"Wasn't clever today. Not at all. Still, never mind about that. Now what have you been up to?"

What had I been up to? A simple question; the one he inevitably asked me when I used to take lunch with him as a schoolboy. A glorious question because it always implied that I had done something a bit outrageous, daring, or naughty.

He had lived cosily in bachelor apartments, with a Mrs. Woodhouse acting as part-time housekeeper for him. Although Uncle Edward had liked women, and in his bluff way understood them, he had never married.

I was now a married man and the self-conscious father of six-month-old twin sons. Jenny and I were buying our first house. I had the mortgage, and a fairly demanding job in the advertising department of a big company. There wasn't much time in my life to "get up to anything" more dramatic than the signing of another hire-purchase agreement.

But Uncle Edward would have none of that. Prosaic bills bored him. Expenses incurred through a bit of silliness, Savile Row suits you were in no position to pay for, a weekend in Paris—these were extravagances he loved. These were the sort of things he had in mind when he wanted to know what I had been up to . . .

Or so I thought. But after the funeral the family went back to his apartment for the ritual drink and the post-mortem on his life. There was tea for the older aunts and grandmothers. There was port and whisky for the men. There were the distant cousins standing aloof in a corner. There was Mrs. Woodhouse, brave, proud, and tearful in awful black silk.

After the funeral, and back in Uncle Edward's apartments, all she could say was: "I can't believe he's gone. Not our Mr. Edward. My Elsie's broken-hearted . . ."

"Elsie?" I said. "My daughter," answered Mrs. Woodhouse. "Mr. Edward's putting her through secretarial college. All paid for . . ."

How is it when a loved one dies you learn more about him than you ever did when he was alive?

Uncle Edward's solicitor and friend, Reggie, was there. Theirs had been a strange friendship; for all Uncle Edward's life Reggie had disapproved, both as friend and as a prudent legal man, a man dedicated to caution; of Uncle Edward's wayward behaviour.



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EDWARD

A short short story
by Humphrey Knight

Reggie now moved through the stately fleet of aunts and relatives and dropped anchor beside me.

"You know," he said, "that your Uncle Edward left practically nothing."

"Nothing? I knew he had his ups and downs, but I always thought he did very well."

"He did," answered Reggie, looking pained, "but he spent it in handfults. Not just on himself—"

"Oh, I know," I said quickly. "I remember dinners and balls when he took a whole crowd of us young people and footed the entire bill. He loved it."

"He was not," said Reggie with grey disapproval, "prudent."

I squeezed Jenny's arm and said, "You mean when he said he was clever with his speculations he was not clever?"

Reggie permitted a dusty smile. "Exactly," he said, his voice was an old leaf rustling on concrete, "and when he had been not clever with an investment, he went on living just as if he had been."

"Dear Uncle Edward," said Jenny surprisingly, "he did enjoy life, didn't he?"

Reggie, who I knew had never approved of people "enjoying" life, said severely: "I suppose you might call it that . . . he's left just enough to pay for his funeral. But he asked me to give you this," and he handed me a brown-paper parcel, "when this particular occasion should occur."

I opened the parcel.

It is hard to describe my emotions. Uncle Edward had given me an old calendar that had been part of the magic of my boyhood. It was a month-by-month calendar, each page a picture of a fully-rigged sailing ship. All the famous grain ships were there. Ships that took a boy's imagination over the blue horizons to lands far beyond . . .

I remembered when I was a boy I had turned over the pages of the calendar to see what next month's ship would be. And then at the end of the year I had asked Uncle Edward: "What are you going to do with this?"

He had looked at me, his quick blue eyes quizzical. "Do with it?" "I wish you'd keep it," I'd said. "If you throw it away, well it's like throwing a year away . . ."

Now I remembered how Uncle Edward had answered.

"My dear boy, you can't throw a year away. A year has been lived, and has its consequences. History is yesterday and tomorrow all mixed up. But I won't throw this calendar away."

And he hadn't. For all the fact that he had been a bit of a black sheep, he was a good man and a man with his foot on the axis of the world—his hand on a boy's heart. Here, with all the family chucking about the way Uncle Edward had lived, he was with me again.

Attached to each page was a five-pound note. There were 12 in all—one for each month of the year. And across the January page Uncle Edward had written: "Always take a pretty woman out to dinner once a month."

He had left me this small bequest as a private joke between us. And fingering the beautiful notes—they were the old ones—I said to Jenny and found it hard to keep the emotion out of my voice: "Darling, you're a pretty woman. I am going to take you out to dinner once a month."

Reggie smiled thinly: "That's what your uncle wanted."

Jenny, who is the unofficial

accountant in my home, looked at Reggie and said quickly: "Sixty pounds—but, darling, there's all sorts of things we need—"

Reggie lifted a hand, paper-thin, and dry as a legal document: "Edward," he said, "wanted it spent on dining out. A shocking waste of money—but morally that's how you ought to spend it."

Jenny's pretty chin tilted into the air. I knew I was in for a

bit of a battle with her in the months to come.

But I was quite determined. And at this moment it wasn't Uncle Edward's funeral any more. There were 12 five-pound notes to be spent over the next year—and each one was going to be the matter of a tiny dispute between Jenny and me—and Uncle Edward.

Uncle Edward dead? What absolute nonsense!

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Page 29

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TRU-FLO

SHADOW MAN

By NEIL
ELLIOTT BLUM

*An aura of mystery
surrounded the man
she raved about . . .
an appealing story*



SHORTLY before Christmas, Stephanie Taggart was jilted by Bill Rogers, the beau of the county. As Stephanie had always been the reigning queen among the pretty local girls, we were all considerably surprised by this turn of events. We shrugged our shoulders when she announced she was leaving Yorkshire for London.

We were certain that a girl with her beauty and charm wouldn't take long to find herself a handsome, wealthy husband. She promised that she'd come back some day, and this, too, we believed to be true.

It was, in fact, barely eight months later that letters came from her announcing that she had at last found the man she had been seeking and was being quietly married in London. We sighed and were happy for her sake, but a bit jealous, too. A girl like Stephanie had the luck of all the world waiting to turn up all the aces for her.

It was about a year later that Stephanie returned for the promised visit, but she came alone. She explained that Charles was tied hand and foot, and hinted delicately that his firm was reorganising.

The implication was that the purpose of these rearrangements was to put Charles in a position of greater authority. This had to be done carefully and with great tact to avoid hurting feelings. Charles hated people to be hurt, but the move would involve older men having to step down.

So the way had to be paved for them with kindness and consideration. It was just possible he might be able to come north for a few hours to meet her family and take her back.

There was not much of Stephanie's family left by this time—just her mother, who lived next door to me, and her sister Ellen, for whom Bill Rogers had broken Stephanie's heart and his engagement to her. Bill and Ellen had moved into a small bungalow on the outskirts of the town, and familiarity had now lessened the flavor of their romantic wedding.

Bill's job was not a good one, and he'd had to relinquish his car to the hire-purchase people. Somehow the impression had got abroad that Bill was not dependable, and this was more fatal to his prospects than if he had been merely dishonest. He didn't look the young gallant any more, and Ellen was pregnant.

Stephanie looked wonderful. She was so simply dressed that you never noticed what she wore, and in small ways she was vastly improved. Hair, complexion, voice seemed subtly changed in the indefinable manner that confidence and security give.

Friends and enemies flocked round her. Her very popularity made some people spiteful, yet she didn't seem to

notice, and treated everyone alike. She was gay, brilliant, yet subdued, and never bored listeners by talking about herself.

We certainly would have had a little too much of Charles if we hadn't been so avidly curious. Every word Stephanie dropped about him was garnered away for future discussion. He became a sort of dream lover in our imaginations.

Then one day an ugly suspicion began to shadow my thoughts, giving me no peace and turning me into a sort of mental detective even while I hated myself for it.

All the same, I couldn't help it. There had been so much talk of Charles, but not a single piece of concrete evidence that he really existed. I asked myself in the still watches of the night—who is this Charles Hanon? Why doesn't he ever come up to Yorkshire? And then—is there really a Charles at all? How do we know that Stephanie is truly married—to him or to anyone?

The idea took root and my imagination got busy. I began to remember how often I'd seen that sort of story on the screen. It's a basic plot for films, like the triangle. The disappointed girl, the imaginary lover and husband who is handsome and masterful.

A fabrication of that kind would be the very thing proud Stephanie Taggart would think of to save her face. And the change in her personality was a part of the play. The skill and magnitude of the deception almost took away my breath, but I vowed I'd never betray her.

In the following year Stephanie paid several visits home. Mrs. Taggart's health was failing and Stephanie declared that her new responsibilities would never prevent her giving her mother every care and attention.

Charles agreed wholeheartedly, she said, though he couldn't come himself because his firm was expanding activities to the Continent and he was probably being put in charge of one of the overseas factories. But they could never enjoy the lively, stimulating prospects opening before them

if they thought Mrs. Taggart was being neglected.

Not a word about Bill and Ellen Rogers, who lived now only a few yards away and already had two children, but we thought instantly how inconsiderate it was of Ellen to have another child so soon when her mother needed attention. Poor Ellen. She looked years older than Stephanie and wore her cast-off clothing.

About this time, word got around that Charles was a high-level executive working on missile projects. Stephanie, on a hurried visit, reported that he had been interviewing some high-up at the Ministry of Technology.

We waited breathlessly, wondering if he'd appear in Yorkshire with the aura of importance fresh on him, but nothing happened, and later it transpired Charles was manufacturing pressure-suits for prospective astronauts.

By now people were always remarking what a lucky thing it was for Stephanie that she hadn't married Bill Rogers, totally ignoring the fact that it had been Bill who wouldn't marry her.

Stephanie made no display of wealth and never put on side. Her clothes remained simple and she wore no jewels, not even a diamond ring, as most married women do. But inner radiance seemed to give her a brighter glow than any diamonds.

This seemed strange when I recalled what Stephanie had been like as a girl. She had been a haughty young damsel with a mighty good opinion of herself till Bill Rogers had taken her down a peg or two. Or was it rather her meeting with the unseen Charles that had begun this change in her? At any rate, it was a good job well done.

Stephanie came home so often that we almost forgot she no longer lived in our town, and each time she came there was fresh news about Charles, about the prosperity of his factory, the hundreds of people who worked under his direction, and his ability to bring out the best in his workers so that there were never any strikes.

To page 87



Only one cheese was tasty enough for this

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And this was only the beginning of the

task of re-creating a secret recipe worth millions. Then came the blending with rich, red-ripe tomatoes and spices, and the slow, careful cooking. Then the spaghetti—firmer, twirlier, with long strands you can really roll around a fork. Result? The sauciest spaghetti ever—now made by Kia-ora! Mm-mmmmmarvellous.



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While you may think you are being hard-worked at the moment, the day you become your own boss you can forget 40 hours a week, morning and afternoon tea breaks, and lunch hours.

You can forget about leaving a job at 5 p.m. and not thinking about it until the next morning. Once you own your own business you will have its problems on your mind 24 hours a day.

Leisurely weekends can be discarded for a long time as you learn by trial and error how to make your baby grow. But you'll be paddling your own canoe, and if that means a lot to you, you'll be prepared to wait for the other rewards.

This feature gives you some advice and warns you of the pitfalls of setting up your own business.

All our information came from Sydney suburban "bosses" who started in a small way and by sheer doggedness emerged as successes. Therefore, the figures we quote (all from Sydney) will vary from capital to capital, and from city to country, and can serve only as a guide.

By
GLORIA NEWTON

Your own HAIRDRESSING SALON

- *Be well trained in every department of the hairdressing salon.*
- *Competition is very strong.*
- *Possess a highly developed sense of business.*
- *Get to know the community before you open a salon.*

If you are thinking of opening your own hairdressing salon — tread cautiously.

The capital outlay is high, as is the overhead, and the competition is growing stronger every year.

Choose the area to open in carefully. Certain areas in both the city and country differ in their choice of hairstyles and your talents may fit one and not the other.

When you have made your choice, spend some time observing the women in the street, list the number of salons already there, try them out, and see if there is something you can offer that they don't.

Then, apply for a job in one and work there for at least six months. In this way you will get to know the women of the community and what they expect from a hairdresser and, more important, they will get to know you.

A good personality can attract and, as most women consider a trip to the hairdresser a social outing, they like to be welcomed by someone they know and like.

Room to expand

You can expect to pay between \$20 and \$50 a week rent in the suburbs and, in some cases, you can be called on to pay a premium.

If your capital is limited, try to choose a place where there is room for expansion, but start off with equipment that needs only yourself and a junior to run it. You will be run off your feet, but you will limit the overhead for the first critical year.

To equip such a salon you will need two wash bowls, three vanity tables capable of seating nine clients, two dryers, and nine chairs, all of which will cost at least

\$1000. Allow another \$405 for furnishings such as waiting-room chairs, reception desk, curtains, and floor coverings, and add \$150 for opening stock.

The cost of an efficient, reliable hot-water service and its attendant installation will work out at about \$500.

Most reputable hairdressing suppliers will install your equipment for 20 percent deposit, the balance repayable at a flat rate of 8 percent.

You will need plastic capes or cotton robes as a safeguard for your clients' clothing. Towels cost about \$10 a dozen. Most salons rinse them each night in the basins and hang them out to dry, and send them to the laundry occasionally.

Estimating your overhead, you must allow for electricity, telephone, business cards, and at least \$20 a week for stock.

A junior—and under the N.S.W. award you are allowed one to each senior—must complete a four-year apprenticeship before becoming a qualified hairdresser. For two of those years she must spend one full day a week at a technical college in your time and at your expense. The fees are \$16 a year.

You must provide her with uniforms — at least two at approximately \$6 each—and tools, such as combs, scissors, clips, rollers, etc.

Under the N.S.W. award, her weekly pay for the first year is \$12.30, second year \$16.82, third year \$23.39, and fourth year \$33.80.

You will probably find it necessary to employ a casual to help you on nights when salons are allowed to stay open, and on the busy Friday and Saturday mornings; also you will need a replacement on the day your junior attends technical college.

Some married women like to work two or three days a week to, earn extra pocket-money.

The rate for a casual hairdresser working at a minimum of four hours per day from Monday to Friday is 92 cents an hour (in N.S.W.) and on Saturday mornings at a minimum of four hours, \$1.04 an hour.

Busiest days

If you are a quick worker and have an efficient junior you should be able to manage 25 clients a day from Monday to Thursday. On Thursday night, Friday, and Saturday, the busiest period for a hairdresser, your capacity with the help of a casual will be higher.

Don't overlook taking out a suitable insurance as a precaution against clients who might be allergic to certain hair rinses or permanent waves or who could suffer other injuries in your salon, for instance, by slipping on a polished floor.

Accept the fact that you will need at

least a year to establish yourself, to acquire the business experience needed to operate the salon. Don't load yourself with the expense of extra equipment for this period. Grow slowly.

The Master Ladies Hairdressers' Association of N.S.W. is alarmed at the number of inexperienced young girls who, on finishing their apprenticeships, are borrowing money to open their own salons.

At present they are negotiating with the State Government to make the possession of a Master's Certificate compulsory before being allowed to open a salon.

They are stressing that the certificate be awarded only after three to five years spent in the trade on completion of the four-year apprenticeship.

Secretary of the Association, Mrs. V. McDonald, said young girls coming straight out of their apprenticeship, possessing no business and little practical experience of the various phases of hair treatment, were opening salons and failing to make the grade.

Your own TYPING AGENCY

- *You must be a perfectionist in your work.*
- *It is better to start with up-to-date equipment.*

FIRST, buy your typewriter. And as this kind of work is highly competitive you would do well to buy the best and most up-to-date electric typewriter with proportional spacing, which will cost you around \$800.

Next, you'll need a duplicating machine which costs about \$600. There is one on the market with a spray which dries the type immediately and saves the necessity of interleaving pages.

Both machines can be purchased on time payment, or the typewriter can be hired, in which case its payments become tax-deductible.

If you are starting on a limited budget, you can use a room in your own home.

Initially you'll need to spend about \$100 on stock, such as bond paper, typewriter ribbons, ink, stencils, a stapling machine.

Allot a weekly amount for advertising in local papers, using a fair-sized area, and run off an attractive circular to send to the people you know in business or to selected firms.

You must be a perfectionist in your work, accurate in your spelling, artistic and imaginative in your layout. If, and when, you get an assistant she must be highly trained by you in those same methods.

Your hours will be long and some of the work tedious, such as collating sheets, stapling them together, and putting them into envelopes.

POINTS TO BEAR IN MIND

- If you have to borrow money, try to get someone to guarantee you a bank loan where you will pay normal overdraft interest which is reducible. Most finance companies charge a flat rate which can become a very heavy burden as the months go by.
- Be prepared to grow slowly and allow sufficient capital for the waiting period, which can mean weeks or months before you become established.
- If you start off with borrowed capital you will find most of your first year's profits will go toward paying off your debt or be ploughed back into the business as you expand.
- Be prepared to work 18 hours a day when you first start and to receive even less than the salary you are now earning.
- Don't have a starry-eyed approach to owning your own business. You may think there is a market for what you have to offer, but the public may not have the same idea.
- It is necessary to take out a Public Liability policy to cover yourself against any injury a customer may suffer on your premises.
- Remember you must take out a Workers' Compensation coverage for each employee.
- Check with the Department of Labor and Industry on the wage awards.
- Make a thorough study of the area you decide to open in. Study the type of people who live there, the type of shops already there, the price ranges for the particular commodity you intend selling.
- Get a good book on business management and study it carefully, paying special attention to costing. If possible, take a short course in accountancy.
- Don't forget to include holiday pay and sick pay when calculating your overhead. These two items can mean the addition of a month's salary paid out to a casual replacing your assistant while she is away.
- When compiling your taxation at the end of the year, pay to have it done by an expert. It is a completely different method from the one used by an employee earning a salary and, unless you know all the pitfalls, it can be tricky.
- If your business involves sales tax, make a thorough study of its particular application to your work. It can be a very complicated tax.
- Be dedicated to your work and ignore well-meaning friends who will give advice on things they know nothing at all about.
- If you use a car in your business, don't forget to allow for its upkeep, running repairs, and depreciation.

One woman who started her now successful suburban agency in her bedroom nearly seven years ago said when she first started it was not unusual to work until midnight and then get up at 4 a.m. the next day to finish a job that was urgent.

Today a typing agency handles a larger variety of work than just letters and circulars.

With the electronic stencils available a typist can design and set out an attractive menu, letterheads, order forms, invoices—in fact, you do your own this way.

When you feel you can afford it, invest in a photo-copying machine. It costs around \$400, but it offers your customers an extra service, such as effecting quick copies of birth certificates, legal documents, etc.

It will pay you to work up a connection of really good typists who want only to do a spot of casual work a few days a week. Then, if you get a big job you can farm part of it out to them—but make sure they are up to your own standards.

If you have not used an electric typewriter with proportional spacing before, you will find it can take up to three months to master it properly.

And, if you buy a second machine, make sure it has the same type face as the first one, so that both can be used on the same job.

You don't need a large amount of space to run an agency and, if you decide to open an office, the rent can be relatively low.

Allow for a fairly high telephone bill, and you'll find a car necessary for picking up and delivering your work.

You will find it better to do business on a cash basis unless you are dealing with a big firm.

There are no set prices for your work. You can estimate your charges by checking on those being used by your competitors.

Always be prepared to lose the custom of a big firm which could suddenly decide to open its own department and install its own duplicating machines.

There is no need to keep a large amount of stock on hand, as it is easily and quickly obtained.

Make allowance for an expense account in your budget and look after the people who give you your orders. This is rarely the head of a firm but a young girl or man in charge of the circular departments and responsible for ordering the work needed.

Christmas party

The woman mentioned above always makes it a point to give a Christmas party each year for the people she has done business with.

Keep up with the new trends in your particular type of work. You'll find typewriter and duplicating firms will keep you posted with information on the latest developments of their machines.

As sales tax in this type of business can be very tricky, be sure you are thoroughly familiar with it before you start.

extend your classes to two or three nights and days a week.

Capital will be needed for a gramophone, a good microphone, and sound equipment, which will cost in the vicinity of \$200, plus another \$40 for records.

A phone in your home is essential for bookings and you will need business cards, your own letterheads, and a simple set of books for accounting.

Advertise in your local paper and, if you can afford it, circularise the neighborhood's letterboxes.

For a cautious start you could work at a job during the day and hold classes only in the evening.

If, however, you decide to go all the way, make sure you have enough money behind you to last a year.

Include in your curriculum a little each of old time, modern, and latin dancing.

Analyse the modern trends in dancing and, if you think they are good, use them.

Mr. Jack Keating, president of the Society of Australian Teachers of Dancing and owner of his own school at Newtown, N.S.W., for the past 35 years, said good teachers should give fair value for the fees they charge and gauge those fees on what they think their pupils can afford.

"Start off with certain aims and feel that you are going to teach pupils what you feel they can learn," Mr. Keating said.

"Keep in touch with other professionals, and also give something back to your profession by attending meetings, swapping ideas, and keeping abreast with all that is new."

If your school prospers and you feel you have chosen your right vocation, then rent a small studio and take on an assistant.

Unless you are teaching ballroom dancing in a big way you will need only a small area, and if you can get a studio with a good tallowwood floor — the best, according to the experts — keep it polished with paraffin wax.

Now you will need better equipment, such as a turntable, amplifier, and speaker, and you'll need an electrical firm to quote you for its installation. If you haven't the capital to outlay, you can get it on time payment.

There are dancing teachers who have had studios built on to their own homes, but the cost of this runs into thousands.

Change rooms

For an assistant you will pay roughly 50 cents to \$1 a half hour, and to keep the studio open all day, and at night, you can divide your time on duty.

Later, as your school expands, you can bring in a male assistant who will be useful in demonstrating dance steps as your partner.

A flexible scale for fees is:

- Adult private lessons, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per half hour.
- Adult classes, 75 cents an hour.
- Classes for children, 40 cents to 50 cents an hour.
- Private lessons for children, \$1 to \$2 per half hour.

You will need change rooms at your studio and an office and phone for bookings.

Electricity charges will be an important item, and don't forget to include cleaning and floor-polishing in your overhead.

Continued on page 35

Your own DANCE STUDIO

- You must have teaching qualities.
- Start off in a hired hall. ● Give yourself a year.

JUST because you are a good dancer it doesn't mean you will be a good teacher.

You must be dedicated to your profession and you must possess teaching qualities.

You should have at least attained a dancing fellowship with a recognised dancing association and have some experience in amateur ballroom dancing.

Personality, you'll find, is a big asset in this kind of work. A dancing school is con-

sidered by most as a social outing and your pupils must like you; while you must have patience with the slow learners and treat each as an individual.

Give yourself a year to prove yourself, to see whether people are going to come to you and whether you will like running a school.

A good way to start is to hire a local hall, beginning with one night a week for adult classes and one afternoon a week for children. If this proves successful you can

Turn to page 35 for

Your own FLORIST SHOP

and Your own DRESS SHOP

Turn to page 40 for

Your own RESTAURANT

and Your own business as FABRIC DESIGNER and SCREEN PRINTER

the Autumn Hollandias blow in!

And breeze out, fast—on frisky feet!

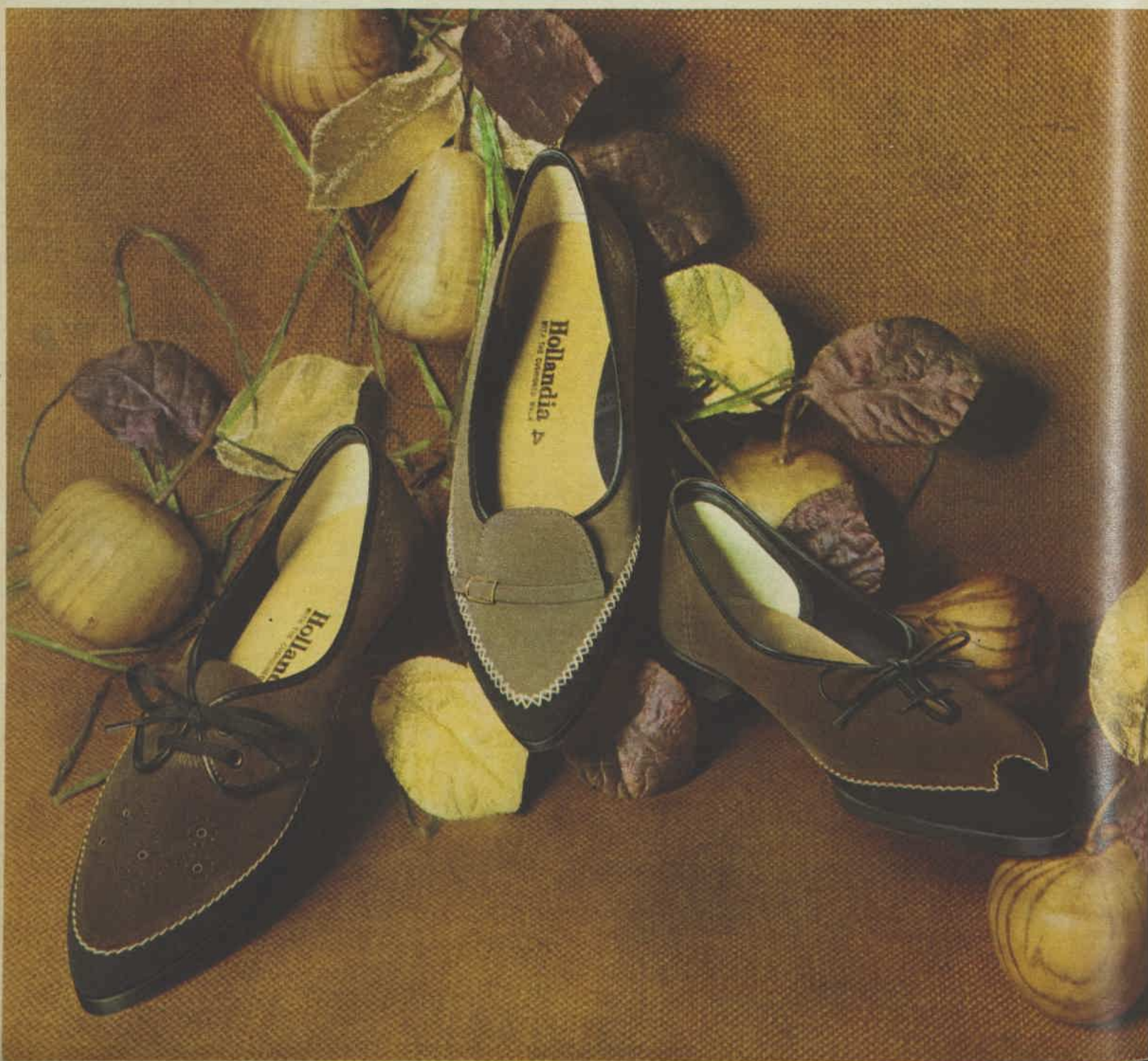
Why, they're so light and bouncy, you may never touch
ground again. (Who wants to be grounded?)

Up-in-the-air microcell soles. Washable nylosuede tops.

In soft shades of autumn: woodland brown, forest green,
antelope, rust, claret, and black.

Where? Everywhere! Only \$2.99!

ENQUIRIES PLEASE WRITE HOLLANDIA BOX 136, LILLYDALE, VIC.



SO YOU WANT TO BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Your own FLORIST SHOP

- You can set up a shop for very little.
- It is wise to carry a sideline.
- You need a lot of goodwill and good contacts.
- You must allow for waste in your costing.
- There is more profit in made-up work than cut flowers.

A FLORIST shop costs little to set up, but be prepared to support yourself for 12 months.

Waste will play a large part in your overhead and must be included in your costing.

Before opening your shop you should have worked in a florist shop for at least a year—preferably a big one. There is a course of floristry at most technical colleges which could be taken at night to complement your apprenticeship.

You will need only a small shop, but it must have a fair-sized workroom in the back with a gas ring for scalding certain types of flowers, a pair of washing tubs for dipping heads during the summer, and room to lay them out to drain before putting them into the window.

You will need one or two bouquet stands, which cost roughly \$6, some vases and practical containers. These can be either buckets or painted half kerosene tins.

To display corsages, or small made-up floral pieces, you will need a glass showcase which costs about \$100.

A good idea is to carry a sideline—something to go with flowers. Depending on the size of the shop, you could stock indoor plants, plants, bulbs, gardening pots,

dried flower arrangements, fertilisers, gardening implements such as sprays and watering cans.

A phone is essential. You will find you get the majority of your orders through it.

You will need floor covering and a few wall-bracket shelves which you can easily install.

Your stock will consist of wire at 20 cents to 32 cents a bundle, papiermache vases in varying sizes from 18 cents to 38 cents, and baskets from 15 cents to 55 cents. Straw frames cost between 10 cents and 25 cents each, plastic ones 10 cents to 40 cents. Tissue paper is 10 cents for 24 sheets, wrapping paper from about one cent to 10 cents a sheet. (These are Sydney wholesale prices.)

Early to rise

Ribbon—and you'll need several colors in different sizes—costs from 2 cents to 15 cents a yard.

If you go to the markets each morning to do your own buying, a car is a necessity.

This means you will have to be an early riser. In Sydney, the markets open at 7 a.m., and even earlier over Christmas and Easter.

You can arrange for an agent to do your buying, but most florists like to do their own. In this way, they say, they may pay

a little more, but then they can buy from different growers, haggle about the price, and, when the good stock is scarce, make sure they get their share.

"I found by buying through an agent I would be loaded up to the hilt with a lot of waste flowers at certain times of the year," one florist said.

Be careful in buying expensive flowers such as long-stemmed roses and carnations. The passing housewife rarely buys these and they are mainly used in gift arrangements.

You may put 100 percent mark-up on cut flowers, but at times you may end up getting less than you paid for them and, of course, what you don't sell goes into the garbage pail.

Usually a bunch of flowers bought at the market for 50 cents is divided into two and priced at 50 cents each.

Make a determined drive to make contacts as soon as you open your door. If there is a large hotel nearby, write to them, setting out your prices, what you can supply, and the service you can offer.

Advertise in the local papers and keep a close eye on funeral notices, weddings, and births. You can be prepared for a sudden rush for wreaths, sheafs, etc.

Watch the social columns for impending marriages, and write to the bride-to-be's parents quoting a price for the bridal bouquets and vases for the reception. This also applies to 21st birthdays, cocktail parties, dinner parties, or wedding anniversaries.

There is more profit in made-up work than in cut flowers. You use fewer blooms, especially in a papiermache vase. For a sudden funeral, by using what you have in the shop and working flat-out, you can really make a good profit.

Wedding bouquets are another good profit-maker, as only expensive blooms are used and, again, only a few.

Remember it is good advertising to have your own individual and attractive cards

and envelopes for customers to use to send messages with the flowers they buy.

Start off with an untrained junior and teach her the trade. The N.S.W. award for an assistant is \$31.20 a week, but, if she shows aptitude and is good at her work, pay her more. You will find it really worthwhile to have a quick assistant willing to learn.

Delivery is an important department in the florist shop. If the deliveries to be made are nearby, your assistant or yourself can carry them out. If they are far away, you can send them by taxi, but it is best to have an arrangement with a casual deliverer who usually charges per mileage for each delivery.

"Hard, but interesting"

You will find quite a few married women with their own car doing this kind of work. They usually pick up and deliver in the morning and afternoon.

In costing for delivery, you can either include it in the cost of the flowers—for instance, an order for \$4 means you supply flowers worth \$3.50 and mark the extra 50 cents for delivery—or you can add the delivery charge to the bill.

You will probably incur a few bad debts when you start off. People ring and order flowers to be sent and conveniently forget to come in and pay their bill. But when you have been operating for a while you will come to differentiate between this kind and the genuine customer.

Most florists interviewed agreed theirs is a hard trade but an interesting one and enjoyable, especially for a woman.

But, they all warned, forget about having nice hands. You will have them immersed in water all through the day, scratch them on the wire you work with, and on the prickly blooms, especially roses. For if you have a rush order to make up involving roses, you just won't have time to remove the thorns before making up the order.

Your own DRESS SHOP

- You will need a capital of at least \$10,000.
- Be imaginative in your decor.
- Open at the beginning of the season, not at the end.
- Don't be too forceful in your selling.

IF you are thinking of opening a little dress shop you will need a lot of imagination, a flair for fashion and its changes, plenty of business acumen, commonsense, and a fair amount of capital.

And remember, this is another business in which the competition is extremely high.

You must aim at being adaptable to all types, at transferring a feeling of goodwill to your customers without becoming so friendly that they take advantage of you. For the small shop owes its existence to the customers who keep on coming back.

Here again, while you have the advantage of the city's passing trade, you face stiff rents—some of the new Sydney arcades are asking \$300 a week for small areas.

But you can rent a small shop in the suburbs for between \$20 and \$60 a week. In some areas, of course, you will be up for a premium which can prove costly.

You will need to have at least \$10,000 in your bank account before opening a small dress shop in the suburbs.

Thoroughly explore the area you would like to open in. See what kind of clothes are already being sold there, check the price range, the type of people who shop there.

Analyse the type of fashion being sold by the shops near you, strike out on something different, and try to be exclusive and competitive at the same time.

Be imaginative in your decor—it plays a major part in attracting people into a

shop—and an eye-catching gimmick need not be expensive.

One simple "piece" in the window can cost very little, as, for instance, the 19th-century dressmaking form displayed in the window of one shop which called itself "The Form."

Lights which flatter

The old-fashioned, buxom form adapts itself to many an ingenious window display with the use of flowers, a vivid scarf pinned to it, chunky jewellery fixed to it, or simply one attractive frock draped across it.

Painting can be kept simple and can be done by yourself, while fitting rooms are easy to install, using the simple method of dividing a section of the shop with curtains.

Carpets will cost at least \$300, while good lighting, which must flatter your customers, can be a costly item, especially when it is left on 24 hours a day.

Today, dresses are mostly hung under a canopy jutting from the wall and covered by a curtain. This installation will cost you about \$8 a foot.

If you want a small glass showcase for any boutique items you may want to display, it will cost about \$100. A small desk to hold your docket and lay-by forms can be picked up cheaply in a second-hand store.

The interior of your shop calls for imagination, but you can create an atmosphere with a few inexpensive, well-chosen pieces, such as a lamp or an interesting old chair refurbished in an unusual way.

Depending on the type of shop you plan, there are any number of eye-catching objects to be picked up in a second-hand store.

For intricate alterations it is a good idea to come to an arrangement with a nearby seamstress who can pick them up and return them fairly quickly. It is essential that either you or your assistant or, better still, both, can pin-mark alterations on any garment which does not quite fit a customer.

It is a good idea to keep an iron and ironing-board in the shop. Some garments can become crumpled hanging on the racks and don't show to advantage when tried on by a customer.

Women who have made successful careers in the fashion field estimate that you need to spend at least \$4000 on initial stock, choosing it carefully and slowly.

You will, of course, have made a thorough study of fashion. Choose your first stock slowly, using your own judgment, and, when you get to know your customers, select for their individual taste.

Extreme fashions are risky. They can be "in" one day and "out" the next. At the beginning try for the middle of the road.

Buy your stock in small quantities and manage on repeat orders. Make arrangements with the manufacturer that if a certain garment proves to be popular he can get extra stock of it to you quickly.

N.S.W. manufacturers allow you a 7½ percent discount if you pay in seven days and a 2½ percent discount for 30 days. Some will even back you in the early days by allowing you to stock their goods on consignment, and most give you a retail price list.

Don't open at the middle or end of a season. Women, you will find, are reluctant to buy clothes during these times. If you open at the beginning, it gives you the whole season's trading to accumulate money to buy for the next one.

Don't keep stock from one season to the other. Dead stock hanging in your shop is money you could be using to buy more. Even \$10 turned over two or three times is better than \$40 lying idle.

Lay-bys are essential to a dress shop. As you will have to carry them yourself, you will find it advantageous to come to some arrangement with your customers on their lay-by payments.

There is a two-month limit on holding fashion goods, but the rule is flexible, and is generally stretched to three months.

A simple precaution is to write to a customer if she has failed to make a payment, say, after two or three weeks. She will either come in to confirm it or tell you she has changed her mind. This saves precious stock lying idle for long, money-wasting periods. You do not have to refund the deposit, but some shops do, or they take it as a deposit on another purchase.

It is good advertising to have your own individual carrier bags printed. You have to pay for the original block, but the bags themselves are quite inexpensive. Letterheads and dockets with your name printed on them also carry a lot of indirect advertising.

Don't forget to include in your overhead the costs of windowcleaning, shopcleaning, and windowdressing. The latter, if you are artistic, can be done by yourself, as a good windowdresser's charges are fairly high.

Don't "force" sales

In N.S.W., a junior assistant's award rate is \$31.20 a week, but today most expect to be paid over the award. Most dress-shop owners say they prefer a senior who has some knowledge of sewing and more patience with selling. A good one will ask for up to \$40 a week.

Don't be too forceful in your selling. You can make a customer feel she is being driven into buying something she doesn't want. If she wants time to think about a purchase, encourage her to do just that. Don't sell something just to get rid of it. You will make a sale, but you will also lose a customer.

A small business like this should be run in a personal manner, and each customer treated as an individual.

Continued on page 40



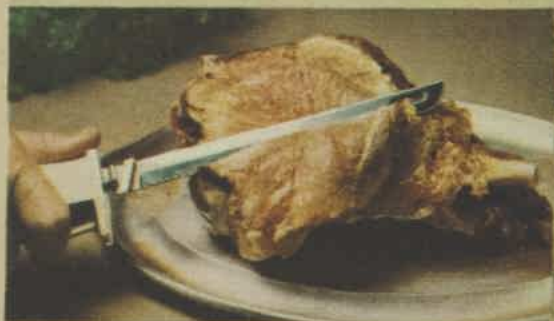
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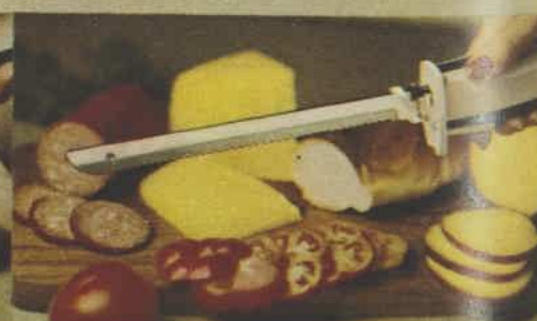
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ASSORTED FOODS. Economical — cold meats stay fresh longer when you buy in bulk, slice as needed. Shreds lettuce, slices bread, rolls, tomatoes, cheese — perfect for Sponge Cakes!



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AGE 1109



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appliances
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G.E. Portable Mixer. More powerful than many stand mixers. Drink whisk included. Knife sharpener optional.



G.E. Automatic Toaster. 1966 styling. Toasts exactly to your taste. Pops up audibly to tell you toast is done.



G.E. 'Jumbo-bag' Vacuum Cleaner. Biggest capacity for fewer emptyings — Australia's most powerful cleaner.



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G.E. Automatic Coffeemaker. Exclusive 'Peek-a-brew' gauge counts the cups. Switches off, keeps warm, automatically.

AGE 1209

So which are which?

"BAFFLED" wrote that she has never ceased to wonder how hundreds-and-thousands are made. May I give my impression of seeing this process carried out?

A bag of sugar is put into a mixer much like an electric concrete-mixer. As it whirls around, colored syrup is slowly added and the grains of sugar absorb the color.

In the factory there were machines for each color and as they revolved at great speed the noise was terrific. \$2 to Mrs. G. W. Box, Riverside, Tas.

YOUR correspondent who signed herself "Baffled" is not the only one who is fascinated by hundreds-and-thousands. My four-year-old son was staring thoughtfully at a jar of these brightly colored little balls one day when he suddenly asked, "Mum, which are the hundreds?"

\$2 to "Fran" (name supplied), Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

I WOULD like to tell this little story, which I remember reading years ago.

A bear was walking through the forest one day when he heard a tiny voice cry out, "Stop! Don't take another step!"

As he stood with one foot raised, the bear looked down and saw a colony of ants crossing in front of him. The tiny voice continued, "If you take that step you will crush us in hundreds and thousands."

So the bear stood still until the ants had passed.

Later he came out of his cave to find a pile of multi-colored sugar cakes in front of it, and an ant was there to tell him that the cakes were their "Thank you."

\$2 to Mrs. G. S. Spencer, North Mackay, Qld.

HUNDREDS - AND - THOUSANDS start out as grains of sugar. They are first placed in a revolving pan and are built up to correct size by being spun in flour. Each batch is colored individually, and finally the colors are mixed to make what are known as nonpareils or hundreds-and-thousands.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Fenwick, Carlingford, N.S.W.

Cars can be more useful!

FOR years my husband has fitted a tin of water beside the car engine when we have been touring, so we always have hot water for washing or to fill our hot-water bags. But we had never thought of heating our tinned food there, too, as suggested in Mrs. Mullins's recent letter.

\$2 to "Sue" (name supplied), Sheffield, Tas.

WHEN it was impossible to light a fire in the wet, we solved the problem of warming baby's bottle by draining hot water from the car radiator into a quart pot and standing the bottle in that.

\$2 to Mrs. Margaret Inch, Mitchell, Qld.



LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Can babies count?

I HAVE reared a large family and have often taught my children to count by letting them hand me the pegs while I've been hanging out clothes. I'd say, "Give me two pegs," "Give me three pegs," etc. But my 19-month-old grandson went to his mother's fridge, took out three tomatoes, shut the door, and went out to the cubby-house in the backyard. "Here," he said to his eldest sister, giving her a tomato, and "Here," to his youngest sister. He began to eat the third one himself. Can babies count?

\$2 to Mrs. E. M. Reichel, Hanging Rock, N.S.W.

The hitching 'twenties

SO the girls are having trouble finding suitable lingerie to wear under their short skirts. We flappers in the late 1920s had the same problem. But our trouble was our long, very baggy fuji-silk bloomers. No matter how many times we hitched them up — down they came. Scanties, panties, and briefs, in that order, were still in the future. \$2 to "Good Old Days?" (name supplied), Moorabbin, Vic.

Sympathy for dads

HOW many expectant fathers actually pace the corridors of the hospital while their offspring are being born? In my experience the husband has been awake practically all night keeping his wife company until it is time to deposit her at the hospital. Then, exhausted, he falls asleep at his parents' or in-laws' home and is awakened by the doctor's phone call informing him of his baby's arrival. \$2 to Mrs. Janet Robinson, Eastwood, N.S.W.

Grandma used initiative

OUR grandmas had an efficient answer for lots of the problems which modern inventions take care of today. For instance, when cooking cabbage, my granny put a little mixture of nutmeg and cinnamon into a small saucepan of water, and let it simmer gently while the cabbage cooked. This also dispelled any other unpleasant smells in the house.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Kenny, Holland Park, Qld.

Storm fears banished

TO comfort my three small daughters, who are very afraid of storms, I made up this rather silly rhyme, which may help other small fry in a similar plight: Silly old storm, you can't catch me, I'm here inside as safe as can be. We children three, with Daddy and Mummy, All we do is think you're funny.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Parker, Molong, N.S.W.

KNEEROSIS



• The Egyptian Press has dropped an anti-short-skirt campaign which used the slogan "A happy knee is a covered knee." After a fashion parade in Cairo all the girls took up their hems. "We are dismayed at women's foolishness," said one paper.

Knees are sometimes knobby and sometimes they are neat,
They vary in appearance (and likewise faces, feet);
It's waste of breath to argue on whether they are nice,
They go on show this season, and all the best advice
Reminds one of that monarch who tried to stop the tide,
An effort which the history books continue to deride.
To say a knee is happy implies it can be sad—
Oh, women may be foolish, but men are simply mad!

— Dorothy Drain

Ross Campbell writes...

Chap. 2: NURSES

ONE of the first things I learned in hospital was that nurses have no Christian names.

Nurses Bartlett and Jones, for example, were close friends. But they always addressed each other as Bartlett and Jones.

Being a patient, I called them Miss Bartlett and Miss Jones. I never dared to ask if they had first names; they might have been insulted.

The nurses called themselves, as a group, "the Kids."

At first I was surprised to hear remarks like "One of the Kids will change the dressings." But I got used to it.

Although the hospital was in Sydney, practically all the Kids came from the country. There was Frith from Kempsey, and Christian from Gilgandra, and so on. They represented most parts of the State.

I began to realise how fortunate sick people in Sydney are to have country nurses to look after them.

Goodness knows what would

THE KIDS The Story of my Operation (Continued)

happen if these girls stopped coming to the city. The hospitals would have to dispatch urgent telegrams to the country: "Send us more Kids!"

When off duty the Kids seemed to sleep a lot. They would say to me:



"Had a great sleep yesterday — ten hours." One complained that she was kept awake by her roommate's "romantic problems."

The Kids, of course, differ widely in experience. By fourth year they are beginning to look like Sisters.

One of those who looked after me, Miss Morris, was a beginner. She seemed to be having trouble in transforming herself from a teenager to a nurse.

While rubbing my back she asked me: "Do you ever go to Beale Village?" I had to confess I did not.

My daughter came to see me wearing a black-and-white shift of advanced design. After she had gone, Miss Morris said wistfully, "I like your daughter's gear."

Later she brought in a basin of water for me to have a wash.

I said, "Would you mind washing my feet? I can't reach them." Miss Morris looked worried. "I've never washed feet before," she said.

However, she had a shot at it. There has to be a first time.

Experienced or not, the Kids are all young, and I think their presence is good for hospital patients. I know they made me feel better with their bouncing health and cheerful chatter.

Thank you, Kids. And now I promise not to write any more about my operation.

CONCLUDED

Revlon whips up the first sheer-matte

new 'Touch & Glow'
creme soufflé makeup

Suddenly faces go beautifully frail (not pale)—with a delicious new kind of makeup: the sheerest fluff of soufflé color-in-creme! Your skin looks all soft and fragile—with the faintest, frailest see-through sheen (without shine). And new 'Touch & Glow' is so sheer—your face feels nearly naked. Yet it gives the complete coverage you'd expect from cake makeup (without water or sponge!) Wear sheer-matte makeup now—for the most touchingly feminine look in years!



The complete 'Touch & Glow' collection by Revlon: New creme soufflé makeup • Liquid Makeup • Translucent Face Powder (loose and pressed) • New Coverstick (erases under-eye shadows, tension lines, blemishes) • All in coordinated shades.

makeup for today's fair and fragile face...



SO YOU WANT TO BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Your own RESTAURANT

- The food field is a highly competitive one.
- Start by specialising in a few good dishes that are well prepared.
- Most of your equipment can be bought on time payment.
- Be prepared to give up six nights a week to your work.

YOU should be a good cook, able to buy well, plan your menus ahead, and be ready to feed four people or 40 at a moment's notice.

If you have not worked in a restaurant, it would be advisable to take a job in one as a waitress or kitchenhand for a few months to acquire first-hand knowledge of the everyday running conditions.

Better still, if you know the owner of a restaurant, ask him if you could spend a period in his kitchen as an observer.

Today, the food field is a highly competitive one, and, while you may flourish more quickly in the city, your premiums, rent, and purchase price will be much higher than a small shop or cottage in the suburbs.

When you choose your site, make sure there is ample parking space available nearby, for no matter how charming the surroundings, the food, or the atmosphere, people just won't walk.

Before you go ahead with any planning, check the requirements needed to operate a restaurant laid down by the Health Department.

Rents will vary according to the area you choose, but you should be able to find suitable premises in the suburbs from \$10 to \$50 a week—and, of course, this is tax-deductible.

If you select a small glass-fronted shop, use curtains that can be drawn or left open.

Some people like to look out on the passing traffic, others don't like being watched when they eat.

It is also a good idea to keep your front door closed. Passing trade, on looking and seeing a restaurant empty, will keep on walking. Invariably, if people have to knock and be admitted, they stay.

Keep the inside lighting dim. Bright lights make a woman uneasy about her make-up, while every woman knows she looks her best in candlelight.

Also people, especially the young, feel more at ease in a dim light. One city restaurant which planned its decor to resemble a sun-drenched Mediterranean cafe switched to candles when they found customers were not coming in, and became an overnight success.

Tax-deductible

In most cases, the place you choose will need painting. By keeping the color scheme simple and doing it yourself you will reduce your initial outlay considerably. Individual decoration is something that can be done slowly as you become established.

Most of your equipment can be bought on time payment or, as in the case of a good-sized refrigerator, hired. In the latter case your payments are tax-deductible.

The cost of fitting and equipping a small restaurant to seat 40 people works out at about \$4000.

This covers a double-oven gas stove, which costs around \$600 but can be bought for less if you shop around for a good second-hand one.

A good hot-water service is about \$240 and you can allocate at least another \$300 for plumbing.

Have the floor and roof checked and get a plumber to test the cistern. In N.S.W., for instance, you need only one toilet in an unlicensed restaurant, and while it may have worked efficiently for a family it may need renewing for the use of a busy restaurant.

Good ventilation over the kitchen stove is essential and costs about \$800, while the kitchen walls must be tiled to a certain height and the floor covered with material satisfactory to the requirements of the Health Department. Allow at least \$200 for these items.

For efficient and swift handling of dirty dishes you will need a double-bowl sink, which will cost from approximately \$55, and then you will need to get a quote from your plumber for its installation.

Utensils — plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers, etc., for 40 people — will cost you about another \$700 and you can either buy them on time payment or come to an arrangement with a reliable firm to pay in 90 days.

You can buy your tables and chairs on long-term payment from a department store, and these will come to about \$400. Make sure they are all the same height and size and you can move them around or put them together for parties numbering more than four.

(The prices quoted above were given by the proprietor of a small restaurant in a Sydney suburb. They would, of course, vary according to the State and area in which the restaurant was started.)

Invest in inexpensive colored tablecloths, remembering they will be laundered almost every day, and use paper napkins. Table napkins, you will find, cost almost as much as a tablecloth to launder.

Remember that commercially you will pay more for your power and gas — at least \$8 a week — and add another 90 cents a day for candles.

You can set up each night for 40, but you can't ever be sure you are going to get that many, so start off with one waitress and learn by trial and error.

After a while you can get a fair estimate of your busy and off nights and engage an extra casual for the former.

A permanent waitress receives \$27.40 per week (in N.S.W.) and is entitled to three weeks' annual holiday and one week's sick pay.

Six nights a week

Casual rate is 85 cents an hour (also N.S.W.) and you are not liable for holiday or sick pay.

You would be well advised to run your restaurant unlicensed. The requirements needed for a licence are costly and you have to seat a minimum of 50.

People today are quite happy to bring their own favorite bottle of wine — it makes their bill much cheaper.

The lower you can keep your prices the more people will come and, most important, will keep on coming.

You must be prepared to give up six nights a week to your work and to go without holidays for a lengthy period.

Unless you take someone in and give him an interest in the restaurant, the cost of a chef to replace you while you are away could prove exorbitant.

Start by specialising in a few good dishes that are well prepared. You can give your customers good value for their money and eliminate a lot of waste.

Don't buy perishables in bulk. You'll buy cheaply, but you will throw half that bag of potatoes or onions out.

Pick a good local greengrocer and butcher and buy daily. You will have fresh meat and vegetables always on hand without any waste.

Your own business as a FABRIC DESIGNER and SCREEN PAINTER

- A profitable hobby or lucrative business.
- Outlay is not formidable.

YOU have completed a comprehensive course in designing and screen printing at a technical school, and you feel competent enough to design and produce individual fabrics.

There are two courses you can follow. Treat it as a profitable hobby and operate from a small studio — it can be in your own home — or start off with ideas of building it up into a business.

In either case you will need space — as a business, you will ultimately need space for a 60ft. table and proximity to large ovens; as a hobby, space for at least a 14ft. table.

This type of work cannot be attempted alone. Two are needed to handle the silk screening and one, at least, must be a good saleswoman.

The outlay is not formidable in the beginning.

If you decide to use a large room in your home to print individual dress lengths, place-mats, napkins, and scarves, you can start off with a small silk screen costing about \$10.

You will need four cans of basic primaries at about \$7 each, and a good, solid table which can be purchased second-hand. Cover the top with polished pine board, which makes a smooth base on which to operate.

Working under such conditions you will

be limited in your output, and will design and screen-print mainly for friends, or for the small-craft shops in the city and suburbs.

You will have to cost your work yourself, but, as your designs will be exclusive, your price can match.

Choose poplin for printing dress lengths. It is easy to work with and can be bought fairly cheaply, and even picked up at remnant sales.

Silk for scarves

In the case of dinner mats and napkins, a coarse cotton or linen is ideal. For scarves, use silk.

Using such small quantities, it is a simple matter to bake your cloth in your domestic oven, but if you have your sights on a more commercial business, that can be a problem.

If you start in your own home you will need a large space to take a large table — at least 20 feet long.

You'll need a larger silk screen — in fact, as your business grows you'll find you need at least eight — and these will cost you between \$50 and \$60 each.

When you start producing in quantity it will be more economical for you to buy your material in bulk and at a wholesale price, which, for poplin, averages 50 cents a yard.

Introduce yourself to a reputable paint manufacturer and explain that you are just

starting out and would like some advice on mixing paints and the use of chemicals. He will be only too happy to send an expert out to give you three or four invaluable practical lessons on the use of his products.

One of your major problems will be finding an industrial firm which has an oven big enough to take the amount of cloth you'll need to treat — and which is willing to allow you the use of the oven.

A good idea is to scout around the craft shops for the address of a pottery firm — their ovens, generally, are ideally suited for your type of baking.

There are many industrial firms who use steam ovens, but here you can run into trouble, as they can easily rot the cloth, unless operating expertly.

As most of these ovens are situated a long way from town, transport is an essential. Catching a bus with 100 yards of cloth tucked under your arm would be impossible, and taxi fares could cut a large swathe through your budget.

When the day comes that you have your own spacious premises suitable for installing your own oven, be prepared to outlay at least \$1000 for it — without installation costs. And be prepared to spend \$400 on the construction of a commercial table on which to print.

Two young Sydney people who started out in a small way in their own home searched around and were fortunate enough to find a pottery works in a nearby suburb where they were given the use of such a table, and the use of an oven.

This table, a commercial one, has a specially padded top and is fitted with steel runners along each side, which makes it easy to roll the silk screen along its 60 feet.

Their advice to anyone wanting to start printing commercially is to find a similar factory where you can hire a similar table. The procedure is to book the times you need to use it.

They themselves pay the pottery firm a percentage on the yardage of the cloth they screen and bake.

Working "like bats out of hell" they can turn out 100 yards of overprinted cloth or 200 yards of plain print in one day.

They started off with limited capital and one silk screen. They now have three and are aiming at eight. With that number, they say, they can show the retailers a good variety of designs.

This young couple work at printing for two days a week and sell for three, concentrating on the more exclusive stores, and selling their material for \$3 a yard.

When they become more established they intend to extend their market to every Australian State.

The going was tough for them when they first launched their enterprise and both took outside jobs to help pay for their overhead. They paid themselves very low wages, and put everything they could back into the business.

Necessary incidentals such as artist's materials, brushes, tins to mix paints, a telephone, account books, receipt books, order books, and letterheads will prove a constant drain on your pocket for the first few months.

A good letterhead is important when you first start out. It gives the impression of a solid business, whereas a page torn from a writing pad suggests a backyard flimsy set-up.

Branching out

To know how to keep a simple set of books is important, and a strong knowledge of costing is essential.

When you feel your company is reaching solid ground there is no reason why you can't branch out into the field of dress-designing.

The designs you can produce can blend easily with the new "way out" styles, and they can be used to create new fashions.

If you can successfully tie up with a dress manufacturer, you can combine the sale of finished clothes with your materials.



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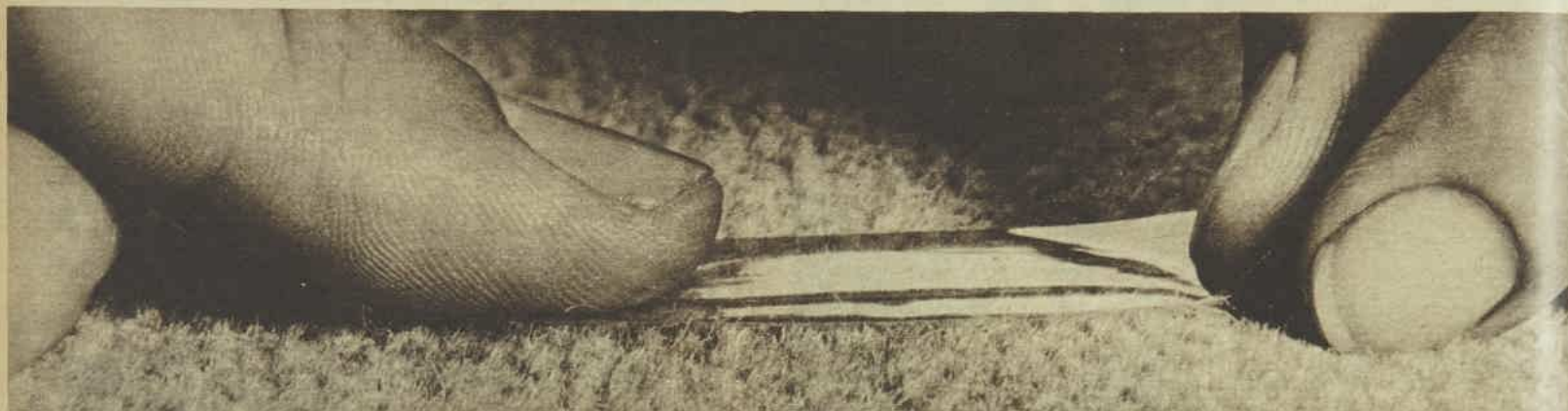
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City _____ State _____

In New Zealand, write E.B., Post Office Box 751, Auckland



Three inches of sticky-tape proves that new Caprolan nylon makes longer lasting carpets.



1. Take three inches of sticky-tape. Press it down on any ordinary carpet.



2. Now pull it up. See how wool, hair, fuzz, fibres come away. That's how ordinary carpets wear thin.



3. Do the same to a carpet made of new CAPROLAN continuous filament nylon. Nothing comes away. CAPROLAN carpets won't break up—the sticky-tape test proves it.

CONTINUOUS FILAMENT—the secret of CAPROLAN's long life. Carpets made with CAPROLAN wear longer because each tiny filament of CAPROLAN nylon starts out *miles long!* Other carpets are made from thousands of short fibres twisted together into yarn. In time, they break apart, and the carpet wears thin.

CAPROLAN pile is lush and comfy. It's warm under cold toes, and it's beautiful with any decor. CAPROLAN nylon is 'textured' to keep its pile strong and springy: it'll shape up again and again to the heaviest punishment, when ordinary carpets would lie down and die. CAPROLAN cleans

easily, and its colours are probably the deepest, truest, richest hues you've ever seen in carpet. See carpets made with CAPROLAN continuous filament nylon at most stores now.

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Say that again?

COMPACT

Gurglebabububmummumgoomlablabubbubdaddaddadd

● Sydneysiders could be pardoned for thinking the bus signwriters picked up their instructions from the advertising copywriter's wastepaper basket. It's deliberate — part of an ad for a baby product.

BOOT NOT MADE FOR WALKING

■ Heavy traffic presents no problems for Ivan Flint, of Ascot, Brisbane.

When it looks as though there will be a slow crawl into or around town, Ivan simply parks his car and takes a motor scooter out of the boot.

Ivan has always been interested in motor scooters and owned one before he bought the car.

Then he read in an American magazine of a miniature scooter that is carried by paratroopers when dropped from aircraft.

He recently heard that there was one for sale in Brisbane.

He bought it and found that it would fit into the boot of his car and was ideal for travelling around the city.

The scooter will fold up and the handlebars are detachable.

It is bright red, stands only 18 inches high, and has a wheel diameter of eight inches.

It cruises at 30 m.p.h. and will "do" close to 60.

At first motorists and pedestrians could not believe their eyes when they saw Ivan assemble the scooter and drive through the traffic.



● Ivan Flint and his car-boot-fitting motor scooter.

■ Mother, if your bachelor son starts to take cooking lessons, it could be a sign that he is about to flit the nest.

At least, that's the reason one young man seemed to have for attending Melbourne mixed-sexes classes for finer cooks.

The classes, run by food consultant Mrs. Vo Bacon for the Australian Wine Bureau, have attracted five men and about 30 women.

Sponsored by the Wine and Brandy Producers' Association, it is specially for bachelors and bachelor-girls.

Two of the men attend the classes with their wives — both couples are newly married.

Romance in recipe classes

ried—and another pair are engaged.

(Where both of a pair are working, says Mrs. Bacon, skilled knowledge of cooking makes for much happier times together.)

The main attraction planned for this particular cooking class is the instruction on wine that goes with how to do a three-course meal.

Mrs. Bacon has had to be something of a "kitchen

Solomon" in organising these classes, because they include men and women who know a lot, and those who know virtually nothing, about cooking.

And men (in general) want more way-out specialties than women when they come to learn.

So, in offering the main course, Mrs. Bacon has to slip in basic foolproof instruction on general cooking.

Most Australian women, Mrs. Bacon thinks, tend to go to so much trouble over a meal—serving so many different things—that they often enjoy their own dinners less than they could.

They also tend to use up too many of their good ideas at once, making it harder as they go along.

Mrs. Bacon is running this as a four-lesson course before taking a trip through Bangkok, Beirut, Greece, Italy, London, and America.

Looking for more of those way-out dishes that her men students want?

■ A visiting American showed us the latest canned commodity in the U.S. — the old candle. Available in six perfumed varieties, the candle fills three-quarters of a can, three inches in diameter and six inches high, which is opened by a small tag on the lid. The "canned-le" is guaranteed to burn for 24 hours.

offered a job in a large engineering plant and the Sister City Committee had a furnished two-bedroom flat waiting for his family when they arrived.

"All this letter-writing proves that American housewives are eager for news and views of their Australian counterparts," Mrs. Hansen told COMPACT.

"One woman with whom I correspond is interested in aboriginal names and the different races. She tells me all about American Indian names and she wrote me a fascinating and vivid account of the recent Los Angeles riots."

Orange, California, is the larger city of the two. It has a population of 43,000. Orange, N.S.W., has 20,000 people.

TWIN CITIES 'HAVE WORDS'

★ Words across the Pacific—simple words that describe a mother's family, her problems, her home, her friends, the town she lives in — are knitting a close bond between an American city and its Australian namesake.

The words make up the many letters being exchanged by housewives in Orange, N.S.W., and Orange, California. They have even led to several American families coming out to settle in Australia.

Discovering they were identically named, the two cities two years ago formed Sister

City Committees. And the following year a suggestion of an exchange of letters between housewives was followed through.

Mrs. Berna Hansen, of Orange, N.S.W., wrote to one woman in Orange, California, who sent the letter to her local paper.

A Mrs. Joan Oaks, on reading it, contacted Mrs. Hansen—saying her father had lived in Orange, N.S.W., many years ago, before migrating to America and asking if she could trace any of his relatives.

Mrs. Hansen was delighted to try to do so and contacted the town's local historian, who came up with the information that Dr. John Maude, an eye specialist of Wollongong, N.S.W., was Mrs. Oaks' father's cousin.

Mrs. Oaks wrote that her father, William Bevan Harris, went into films around 1916 as an actor with Mack Sennett studios. "He successfully made the transition from a pie-throwing comedian to character acting," she wrote, adding that he married her mother in Hollywood.

Many Orange, N.S.W., people have paid visits to their American namesake city and, in return, have acted as hosts to visitors from Orange, California.

In September, 1965, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Wagner moved from Orange, California, to settle in Orange, N.S.W.

And last month Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Jones and their two children followed suit. Mr. Jones, a banker, was

THE ORDER OF THE BATH

● Bathing was taken pretty seriously by some famous women in history — according to a fascinating little book we read recently. It is "The Wonderful World of the Bath," published by an American soap company. Here are some of the anecdotes and charming illustrations that we enjoyed. In the bath, of course!



★ When Marie Antoinette (1755-1793) bathed at Versailles it was quite a social event. Visitors sat around and drank and chatted while strolling musicians played. At the turn of this century American beauty Lily Langtry revived the custom, entertaining breakfast, lunch, and dinner guests while she relaxed in the tub. Modesty involved unusual demands on fashion designers. Both women had beautiful bath clothes specially designed.



★ Famous French actress Sarah Bernhardt (1845-1923) used to regularly bathe in a tub filled with champagne — really a bubble bath. Sarah's bath "water," however, was not as exotic or involved as that of Calpurnia, Caesar's wife, in the first century B.C. Servants used to put into her bath 20lb. of crushed strawberries and 2lb. of crushed raspberries. That's one way to keep "in the pink."



★ Early 19th century U.S. President's wife, Dolly Madison, installed an unusual bath when she became the first First Lady to live in the White House. It is believed that author and inventor Benjamin Franklin brought the bath from France. Shaped like a boat, the water was heated by a stove in the "heel." Baths were not popular in those days. A later President, Andrew Jackson, had Dolly's bath removed — for being "undemocratic!"

Camel mini skirt outfit sizes 10-16 \$37.50

Black skimmer outfit sizes 10-18 \$29.50



**If you find anything more totally Total,
don't hesitate.**

Black Lance took the 1966 Wool Board Trendsetter Knit Award with the combination at left.

So we'll be surprised if you top it anywhere.

Unless you get the one on the right.

The Award Winner's sweater and stockings go under a v-neck jerkin and mini-length skirt.

Its companion has a double knitted pure wool jersey skimmer for the smooth line you like. Optional tie belt.

So if you're going for the Total Look — and you will — why not go all the way?

With Black Lance.

Black Lance

\$1000 IN CASH

● Prizes totalling \$1000 are awarded to the winners of each week's Crozzle contest.

THE Crozzle is a word game which all the family can do. Try your skill with Crozzle No. 5.

Prizes for each week's contest are:
● \$500 for top score. (In the event of a tie for top score, the \$500 will be divided among the tied entrants.)
● \$500 divided evenly among all entries with the next four highest scores, and any tied entry eliminated from the top score.

You may send as many entries as you like, provided each one is filled in on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. So, if you have sent in two or more entries which are among those sharing the prizemoney your entries will win two or more shares. These entries can be identical.

Closing date for Crozzle No. 5 is May 4.

HOW TO DO IT

This week's words refer to Australian geographical terms. To complete the CROZZLE, make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words supplied.

Remember, you may use only the words supplied in the list and you may use each of them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword, with all the lines of letters across and down making complete words from the given list. Remember, though, each word along the same line, across or down, must be separated by a black square.

Your CROZZLE does not have to fall into any set pattern, neither does it have to be symmetrical.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 5 must be received by May 4 and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 5," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.

3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Each word in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded as the higher score. If there is still a tie the entries will share the prizemoney.

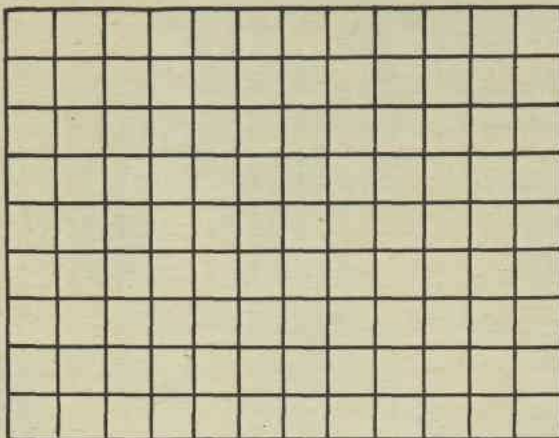
6. This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of March 23.

SAMPLE CROZZLE



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 38
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 120
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY. 158

CROZZLE No. 5



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Scoring: For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter — at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another going down.

The sample CROZZLE shown on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the sample entry grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters	3-point letters	6-point letters	12-point letters
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

Word list for Crozzle No. 5

3 LETTERS	4 LETTERS (Continued)	5 LETTERS (Continued)	6 LETTERS (Continued)	8 LETTERS (Continued)
Ayr	Town	Shore	Sydney	Mainland
Bay	Weir	Snowy	Valley	Mitchell
Cox	West	South		Montague
Eak	York	State		Mountain
Hay		Sturt		Northern
Ice		Tamar		Paradise
Ida		Yarra		Richmond
Isa				Rottneet
Low				Tasmania
Ord				Victoria
Red				
Sea				
4 LETTERS	5 LETTERS	6 LETTERS	7 LETTERS	8 LETTERS
Alps	Ayers	Arnhem	Barrier	Ashburton
Bass	Bight	Barwon	Canning	Capricorn
Bore	Beach	Buller	Channel	Macquarie
City	Bondi	Centre	Darling	Melbourne
Cove	Caves	Darwin	Exmouth	Newcastle
Daly	Cliff	Desert	Glenelg	Peninsula
Dunk	Coast	Forest	Gregory	Territory
East	Coral	Fraser	Jenolan	Warburton
Eyre	Creek	George	Lachlan	
Gulf	Downs	Gwydir	Macedon	
Howe	Falls	Hobart	Macleay	
King	Gorge	Hotham	Pacific	
Lake	Great	Hunter	Phillip	
Peak	Heads	Inland	Plateau	
Reef	Inlet	Island	Reserve	
Rock	Lakes	Keepit	Spencer	
Snow	Manly	Lagoon	Stations	
Swan	Mount	Moonbi	Surfers	
	Namoi	Murray	Torrens	
	North	Plains		
	Perth	Ranges		
	Point	Strait		
	River	Stuart		
	Roper			
	Sandy			

Another Crozzle next week

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W.W. April '66

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When the day seems never-ending . . . when you want to sit down and cry with pain and that terrible feeling of weakness . . . when you can't think clearly because of "foggy" mind—try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. Thousands of women and girls are blessing this

wonderful pain-relief, because Myzone's special ACTEVIN (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate, complete and lasting deliverance from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling—without dopping. Try Myzone with your next "pain". Obtainable at all Chemists.

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Page 45



why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why a good baby food should gently develop a baby's sense of taste.
2. How the new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme helps baby.

Right from the start, baby can distinguish the four basic tastes—sweet, sour, salty, spicy—but because his taste buds are so tender and underdeveloped, flavours *you* like will be much too strange and strong for him. To protect his palate and to keep him happy, he needs foods he can accept and appreciate. Very gently and without fuss, you can help your baby to learn to like a growing range of flavours and foods—especially those you know are good for him.

A good baby food can help enormously and that's why it's so important to choose Nestlé's. Because the flavour levels of Nestlé's baby foods have been scientifically graded to suit his developing palate.

Nestlé's have done this in two steps so that untrained taste buds and little tummies will have no trouble at all coping with new tastes.

First step is at eight to twelve weeks

when you should begin feeding Nestlé's "Strained" foods. If you try some yourself it will taste rather flavourless. But baby will love it. At first, introduce just a few of the varieties available. Then "educate" him slowly to all the new tastes in the range (the Nestlé's Feeding Programme shows you how).

Second step is at about six months, when baby is ready for Nestlé's "Junior" foods. It's terribly important to stay with Nestlé's, because each Junior "flavour" matches exactly the Strained flavour your baby already knows and likes. Junior foods have almost the same flavour levels as normal adult food.

This careful build-up to adult taste makes Nestlé's baby foods right for baby. *They do more than just feed.*

Last step of all is probably the most rewarding for you—the day when he sits down to a small serving of good adult food. Then you can be confident that Nestlé's specially designed foods have built up good eating patterns which will help him right through his life.

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change con-

tinually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's tiny digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures. To help you through baby's vital first year, Nestlé's now offer you a book containing complete day-by-day, month-by-month menus. Clinically balanced, they provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continuously changing diet needs. (A sample menu is reproduced at right.)

Complete Manual, free.

The book compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby foods. Because these three are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple. (The book also deals with other aspects of infant feeding and is thus the first truly practical and comprehensive manual available on this vital subject.)

The book is free to all mothers. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Advisory Service located in all State Capitals, or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

SUGGESTED MENUS 4-5 MONTHS

Here are typical daily menus from the new "Balanced Feeding" manual. There are many more like it in the book which is free on request. Menus below are freely interchangeable because each daily menu is clinically balanced.

Note: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend that at meal time, baby be given his bottle before solids, that varieties may be altered for individual infants and that vitamin C intake be further supplemented by ascorbic acid tablets.

TIME	MON.-TUES.	WED.-THURS.
6 a.m.	Lactogen Feed	Lactogen Feed
10 a.m.	3-4 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. ½ jar "Creamed Fish."	3-4 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. ½ jar "Liver, Bacon and Vegetables."
	Lactogen Feed*	Lactogen Feed*
2 p.m.	Approx. ½ jar "Chicken and Vegetables" followed by "Egg Custard."	Approx. ½ jar "Beef and Vegetables" followed by "Banana Custard."
	Lactogen Feed*	Lactogen Feed*
4 p.m.	Orange Juice†	Orange Juice†
6 p.m.	3-4 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. ½ jar "Lamb and Vegetables."	3-4 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. ½ jar "Chicken and Vegetables."
	Lactogen Feed*	Lactogen Feed*
10 p.m.	Lactogen Feed*	Lactogen Feed*

*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.
†Enough diluted Orange Juice to satisfy baby's thirst.

Nestlé's
BABY FOODS



Nestlé's are
specialists in
infant feeding

Children must learn to play, or they'll become adults who fritter away leisure hours in aimless boredom

The importance of play

PLAY is such a natural part of childhood that mothers, doctors, and even school-teachers may regard it as something that will take care of itself.

So writes Dr. Clair Isbister in her latest book, "Living With Children."

She continues:

"This may well be one reason why so many adults fritter time away with little idea of how to use it to enrich life."

Dr. Isbister, well-known Australian child specialist and writer on child care, and mother of four, makes no bones about what happens to children whose parents can't be bothered providing some guidance for their children's spare time.

"If the child does not receive the right stimulation and reaction with adults, his teenage play and finally his adult play will remain at an immature level," she says.

They become "teenagers who say, 'What else is there to do at a party but drink and pash?'"

Primitive

They become adolescents whose leisure activity remains at a primitive level — "chewing gum, smoking, prowling the streets in gangs, swilling beer over a bar, searching for crude sexual pleasure, and generally looking for 'kicks'."

They become the poker-machine addict, "his mind barely ticking over, his glazed eyes watching his automatic arm as it ploughs the coins into the machine," and people who "play housie and bingo, with the same numbing of personality."

Dr. Isbister doesn't believe that man is solely a product of his environment, and in her book offers some sound ideas on the bringing up of children into the kind of adults most people would like them to be.

Running through her book like a strong thread is the conviction that, above all, children need love.

"Nothing in life matters more than love, and love calls for loyalty, self-discipline, unselfishness, kindness, and patience," she says. "A woman's business is love and, no matter whether she looks to modern psychology or the religion of her ancestors, she will get the same answer."

Before she gets to these more difficult problems, Dr. Isbister lists the child's physical needs: A well-balanced diet, adequate clothing and living conditions, exercise and rest, and protection from disease — although she does add, "many fair, dry-skinned children get well and truly overwashed. It is better to wash the child less and the clothes more."

And what about discipline? In pre-psychology days it was easy. Parents had definite standards, and if a child lied or broke something he was either smacked soundly or made to repair the damage.

The anti-punishment cult that followed produced unhappy results.

"The little darlings vented their aggression and expressed themselves by scribbling on walls and wrecking the furniture. They needed 'love and security,' and to many parents this meant everything a child demanded."

"Children came to dominate the home. Education became a big game and learning had to be fun. There must be no painful experiences or nothing so boring as learning by heart."

Dr. Isbister sees this blurring of what should be the clear-cut edges of behaviour and responsibility reflected in confused standards.

"The last generation had no difficulty in classifying the morals of the woman whose dress flaunted sex before the public."

"The present generation has been hopelessly confused by fashion and seems unable to believe that fundamental values are still the same."

"The woman who wears topless bathing suits and skin-tight stretch pants in public is conveying the same message to men as her grandmother of dubious morals who had sex for sale or barter 50 years ago."

Also what is theft, Dr. Isbister wonders, when "ugly" Australians abroad are glossed over as "souvenir hunters" and every large store must make allowance for shoplifting?

A firm faith

"I personally believe that no society can survive without a firm religious faith, and if one does not accept the so-called Christian virtues it must be hard to have ideas about discipline."

"However, I will agree that the basic virtues of any of the great faiths are very much the same, and that a Christian could have written most of the chapters of Makarenko's excellent books for Soviet parents."

Discipline for the child begins at birth, because it means teaching by example and guidance. He learns to control himself, bodily and emotionally, and to live harmoniously with his family, at school, and later with fellow adults.

"Before we talk about the hows and whats of discipline," says Dr. Isbister, "let me make it clear that we parents cannot teach a child what we do not believe and practise."

"If he hears you instructing his sister to tell the hire-purchase man that you are not at home, if he hears you express pleasure because the grocer gave you too much change, don't be surprised if he tells you lies and helps himself to money from your purse."

Parents must make allowances for mistakes and forgetfulness, and for disobedience from emotions a child finds hard to control. Dr. Isbister isn't against a well-timed smack (*never on the face*), if there is no other way of stopping bad behaviour, but thinks rewards for good behaviour are a better way of tackling the problem.

She warns about the influence of TV on young lives, advises parents to supervise the choice of programs.

"It is very easy for young children watching some films to equate sex with violence and evil, e.g., beautiful, amoral, sexy females being attacked, even if they are rescued in time."

"The mind of a child is as tender and susceptible to harm as his body. Exposure to sadism, violence, and cruelty can cripple his body."

Dr. Isbister points out that children identify themselves with TV characters, especially with children and animals. Something unpleasant happening to Lassie, for instance, is more upsetting than if it happens to "unreal" types such as Indians and Samurai characters.

Untidy is best!

Dr. Isbister's book goes into practically every aspect of bringing up the child — food values, problems of normal children, their play, accident prevention, childhood infections, and the stages of babyhood.

There are cheering little asides for parents who must often feel nothing will ever come right, such as the pediatrician (under the Problems of Normal Children chapter) who said he was more concerned about tidy children than untidy children. What a relief!

("Living With Children," by Clair Isbister, Winchester Publishing Co., Sydney, \$1.95.)

"Do you have all your snow in summer?"

By ALICE GRAFTON

● "What excellent English you speak! Where did you learn it?" The questioner was surprised to learn that it was the language of my country.

WAS this interchange between a colorful African and a Serb, perhaps? Incredible as it may seem, the person questioned was myself, an Australian housewife temporarily overseas, and the questioner an American, at a cocktail party.

And so I was introduced to the astonishing ignorance and half-knowledge many Americans have about Australia. There are, of course, the ex-servicemen one comes across in many places and circumstances who wink and sigh, "Oh, yes, I remember . . . Kings Cross . . . Aussie beer . . ." but those chunks of their past have probably never been divulged to the women they later married.

Most Americans, if Australia crosses their thoughts at all, have vague visions of koalas and kangaroos and long-limbed, sun-tanned swimmers and tennis players splashing and stroking in idyllic golden warmth.

Milk by the half-gallon

It was my milkman who jolted me again into the realisation that I came from a little-known far-off country. He had just delivered, at 11 a.m., the enormous half-gallon bottles of milk that can be stored in the refrigerator on their sides for a week, the milk being so pasteurised, homogenised, and enriched with Vitamin D, as well as being Grade A, that it possibly would last for ever if one happened to forget it was there, tucked away at the back of the vast "ice box."

He had also brought me bottled fresh orange juice, and if I had wanted it I could have had butter, margarine, eggs, sour cream, whipping cream, table cream, half 'n' half (half cream, half milk), skim milk, ice-cream, pop-sicles, grape, orange, and pineapple drinks, eggnog at Christmas, and a special deal on basket-weave insulated mugs guaranteed to keep my coffee hot or my lemonade cold, if I decided to take a carton of cottage cheese for as many weeks as I wanted mugs.

When I had rallied from this staggering amount of information and explained I recently had come from a country where the milkman delivers principally milk, and at such an hour that I only heard him, he saw his chance and told me all he knew about Australia — knowledge gleaned from popular magazines, as far as I could gather.

Those cute kangaroos

He would like to work on one of our ranches and meet some aborigines (his pronunciation), he said.

And do many people keep those cute kangaroos? I was tempted to say that many a housewife kept one as a pet and took it shopping with her to help carry the groceries in its pouch.

Until he changed to another route, each time my friendly milkman came, three times a week, he would greet me with another choice snippet about Australia, and I would try to tell him that we were really quite advanced.

A few months later, at Christmas, my very sweet and sprightly middle-aged neighbor came bustling in with a beautifully packaged box of home-made candy, and we pressed her to stay and try our home-made Australian-style Christmas cake, stiff with sugar and spice and fruits.

We happened to say how odd it seemed to us to be sitting sipping Christmas eggnog while romantic snowflakes drifted past the window, the outside temperature was in the 20s and children were uproariously slipping down our little hill on their sleds.

At home, we explained, it was now high summer. This remark apparently was lost. A 60-year-old habit of White Christmases could not be tampered with so suddenly.

"Why then," exclaimed our neighbor, "do you all have your snow in the summer?" I am still trying to work this out. I wonder, is she?

BUY THAT TV LICENCE BY INSTALMENT

Readers offer two suggestions that will help balance the budget

● Your "Beat the Bills" story on March 9 was most interesting, but I would like to add these suggestions.

For the telephone, I have a small box into which I put 10 cents for every call I make, helping to pay the rental as well as the calls.

For the combined TV-radio licence, I have the

"savings card" put out by the post office: a cardboard folder on which one can stick stamps worth 10 cents (radio licence) or 20 cents (TV licence) or more throughout the year until the licence fee is due.

If the full amount in stamps has not been affixed, the remainder can be paid in cash.

Not being a pensioner, I cannot claim a reduction on

licence fees and would find a full year's licence quite a sum to be met without this instalment system. — "Budgeter" (name and address supplied), Maroochydore, Qld.

● I agree wholeheartedly with your "Beat the Bills" article, but there is something a lot of people fail to do.

They do not set aside enough to cover repairs and replacements. Unbudgeted

bills for plumber's repairs, for broken crockery or toaster, for instance, can upset a budget.

Children old enough to receive pocket money should set aside amounts for entertainments, school extras, bank, Sunday school collections, bike repairs.

Then when they are earning, in their teens, they can keep within their pay envelope from habit. — "Mardee" (name and address supplied), Horsesham, Vic.

"That's all right," he said. It was true, Joel thought suddenly, remembering the visits. He hadn't enjoyed them very much himself, and he had begun putting them off. Long moments of awkwardness and anxiety always sprang up between him and the children, and for some time he had had the feeling that he was intruding, in a way.

And the children always looked so damned dutiful, he thought, coming toward him in subdued greeting, allowing him to inflict a fatherly kiss on their cheeks.

He had tried. Yet despite his lavishness at Christmas and on their birthdays, and the letters he took special care to write regularly, a perceptible breach had grown between them.

"You see, Joel—" Martha began, but she caught a glimpse of his face and that stopped her.

Continued from page 27

A sudden weariness had overtaken him, his anger and outrage spent. In its place was a kind of tired bafflement he was unable to ward off. He did not seem to be able to steer his mind past this obstacle, and no glib answer came to him.

He was tired of quarrels, he thought. Quarrels with Lyn—she wanted him to marry her; he loved her and yet he could not bring himself to do it. And now quarrelling again with Martha.

"Martha," he said finally, not looking at her, "I never told you that when I walked out on you four years ago I didn't—really mean it."

They had married too young. The apartment was a dismal place—certainly unfit for two small

MEMORY

children. He had only begun his career. They had had very little money, and so many bills and pressures that sometimes he felt the very walls of the apartment were closing in on him.

"It wasn't that I . . . didn't love you," he said.

"Joel," Martha said, touching his arm, "look at me!" When his eyes unwillingly met hers, she said, "What a sweet and decent thing to say! Especially now, when I've had to—to be so . . ."

"Everything happened so fast afterward," Joel said. "And I guess I was stubborn and hurt, too, when I came home and found you'd gone." He hesitated for a brief moment. "Then when you asked me for a

divorce . . . Pride stopped me from saying anything."

"Oh, Joel," Martha said, blinking her eyes rapidly. "What a mess we make of things when we're young!" She smiled gently at him. "Maybe it's a good thing that kind of youth happens to us only once."

"I kept hoping it would all work out somehow." After a rueful grimace he added, "Until you married Bob."

"You don't know how your telling me this makes me feel," Martha said. "It's like—well, a burden rolling off my shoulders." She looked away. "All these years I haven't ever wanted to remember the past, so I just blotted it out. I ran away from it. I wanted to forget it and live for the future."

"Funny," Joel said. "I've done just the opposite. I've lived in the past and tried to avoid the future."

A bell of recognition tolled in his consciousness. What was it that Lyn had said to him? "What are you so afraid of?" "What's wrong?" Martha asked, seeing his face.

"Nothing. I just realised what I said."

"You've done wonders with my past today," she said. "I wish I could work the same kind of magic on your future."

He regarded her from across the table—a good person, wanting to help him. Like Lyn. "It can't be done," he said with a stiff grin. "I've got to be true to my memories."

"Oh, don't," Martha exclaimed. "Don't joke about it. It's too important. Those memories aren't real, you know."

"They are to me," he said stubbornly.

"No, they're not. We're different people now from what we remember ourselves as being. And those memories are untrustworthy. Look

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4084 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

how badly I remembered everything. I couldn't even face up to the past, until today."

"Your pride was involved," he said. "You thought I'd deserted you."

"Your pride was involved, too," she answered. "That's the kind of memories we have, Joel—memories based on old hurts and failures and wounded pride. Pride's memory isn't very reliable . . ."

"I'm glad you told me about Lyn," Martha said a half hour later. They were walking together through the lobby. "You don't have to see me to the station," she added, laughing, when he helped her down the wide marble steps into a cab. "I'd much rather you called Lyn."

"Martha," he said, hesitating a moment. "About the children—they'll understand about me, won't they?"

"I'll tell them," Martha said gently. Her eyes were misty. "They'll know," she added, waving as the cab pulled away from the kerb, finally disappearing around the corner.

Joel crossed the street, walking with brisk resolve toward the florist shop farther up the block, trying to remember what flowers Lyn liked.

Roses, he decided. But red or white? He tried to think, but he could not remember. Perhaps an assortment would be his wisest choice.

And, smiling to himself, he suddenly thought, I'll have to start remembering such things.

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FLY AWAY LITTLE BIRD

She had cried, a soft, deep-seated crying, not the kind of hysterical outburst excusable in a road accident victim.

The highway patrolmen had looked at each other. "Lady, you're going to be all right," one of them said.

She had looked at him through the fingers which were shielding her eyes. She could feel the slyness in mirrored on her face, so she kept her hands where they were. If she had said to him, "I could have stopped," what would have been his reaction?

Of course she had not said it. She had stayed speechless, hugging her guilty secret close.

She had been excused from attending the official inquiry because her doctor had insisted she was not in a fit state.

The police had produced charts and graphs relating to the skid-marks made by her car. They proved she possessed remarkably quick reflexes. She had done all the right things. No blame was attached to her.

The verdict, official and irrevocable, was "accidental death whilst driving under the influence and in a manner dangerous to the public."

It was over or should have been all over.

Somehow she had managed to contend with the condolences, the curiosity, and the sympathy. There was only one thing she had not been able to contend with, and that was herself.

Even though she kept telling herself she could not have stopped sooner, she did not believe it. She was consumed by guilt so monstrous that when her doctor finally suggested psychiatric help she had acquiesced willingly.

HER mother had been shocked and indignant. None of their family had ever been "mental." It was all in her imagination and could be easily cured by a positive attitude, an iron tonic, and a holiday at a mountain resort.

Christine had vetoed the mountain resort, the iron tonic, and the positive attitude. She had wanted to find some nice, safe hole and hide there for ever. No such place existed, so the next best thing was the unshockable sanctuary of a psychiatrist's consulting room.

His name was Frazer, and he did not seem to think her sick, but nor did he insult her intelligence by trying to prove her a fool. Patiently he had explored her life in its proper uneventfulness and lined up for her all the guilts, real and imagined, which she had never acknowledged. These, he had warned, were all the guilts she was not acknowledging by blaming herself for the accident.

"I can't do any more for you," Frazer had said. "I only wish they were all as easily helped as you, Chris. I've shown you why, but you have to do the rest."

He was telling her to set forth and explore and discover, not only herself but the world around her.

She had always been a nondescript sort of girl. She knew it, and it had always puzzled her, because inside she was not at all nondescript. Inside she was tall and blonde and beautiful and gay. She wanted to do mad things, like falling in love with an unsuitable man and wearing clothes which made you feel as the models looked.

She had not done any of these things. She worked in a solicitor's office, and her typing and shorthand were impeccable. Her clothes were neat and well cared for, and her hair shone from constant brushing. She had always wanted her hair styled into a French roll, but, of course, she had never experimented.

She had a bird in a cage, and that was her pet. She hated the bird in a passionless way, and she suspected it hated her. It pecked her hand whenever it got the chance.

She was almost engaged to one of the junior solicitors in the office. They had an "understanding." He was very fond of her, but their eventual marriage hinged on his promotion and his ability to save

enough for the bank to be impressed enough to favor him with a house mortgage.

Sometimes she lay awake at night thinking thoughts which were not suitable for a girl almost engaged. She wondered how she would look in a bikini, and she felt guilty because she was in no hurry to marry her solicitor.

She felt guilty because once she had let her pet bird out of its cage. "Fly away, little bird," she had pleaded. The foolish thing had not possessed enough sense to fly away, and her mother had quickly recaptured it. "You wicked girl," her mother had said. "The wild birds will eat it up."

Now she was officially cured. Her

mother still insisted there had never been anything wrong—with her, anyway, and Chris suspected that their local G.P. was in agreement with her.

She and Frazer knew better.

"Take your holiday," Frazer said. "Where are you going?"

"I want to visit my uncle," Chris said. "He lives five hundred miles away. He's a bachelor and — odd. Everybody says so."

"Good luck to him," Frazer said, and he smiled that slow smile Chris had come to trust.

"I want to drive there," Chris said. "Do you think—?"

"Good idea. But remember—you have to do it all yourself—flat tyres —everything."

"Yes, Doctor," Chris said.

They had shaken hands, and, as she was going, Frazer said:

"Chris, buy yourself some new clothes. Those suits you wear — they aren't really you."

Fly away, little bird, Chris had thought. Fly away, if you have the courage . . .

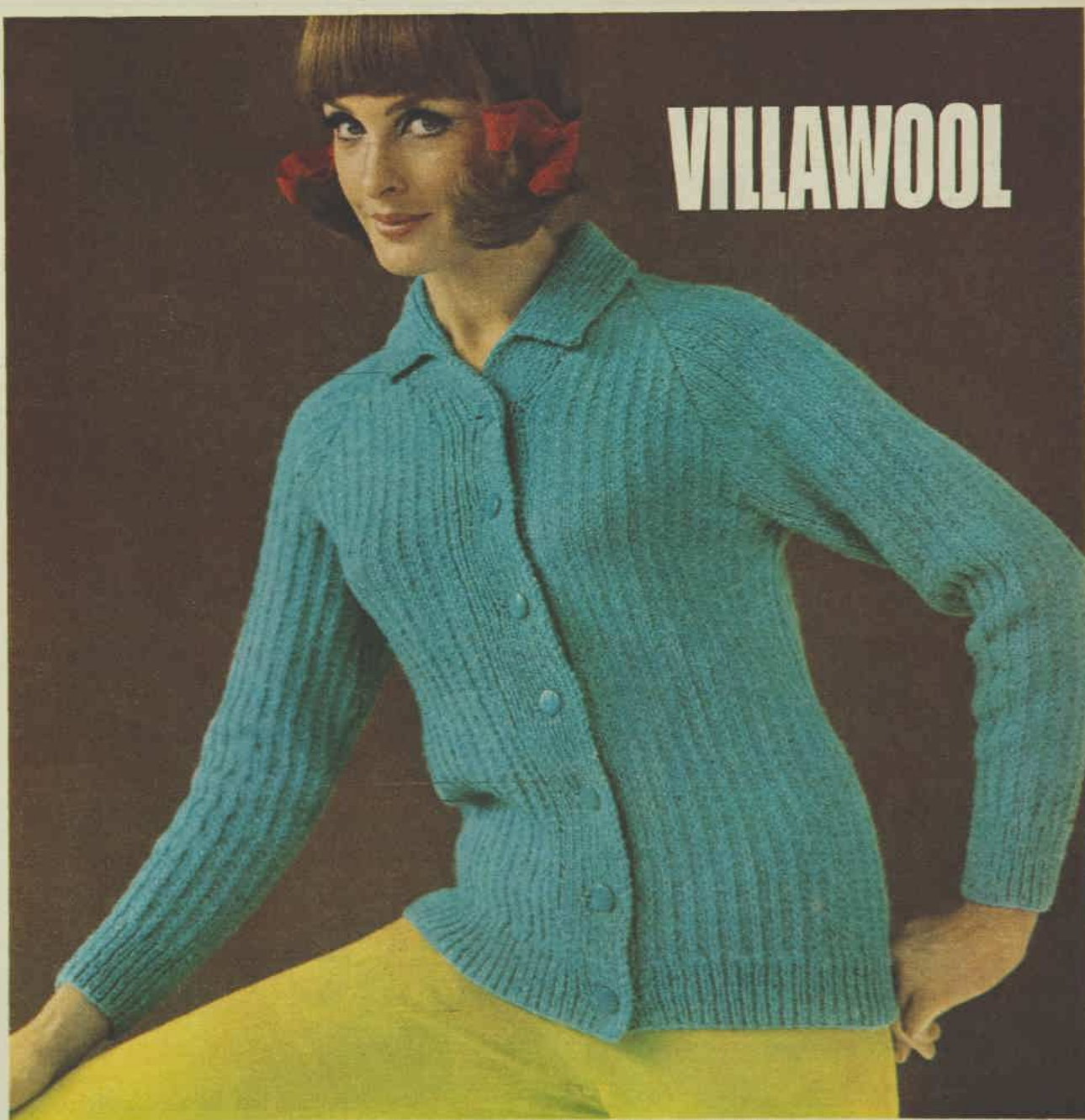
She had to stop for the road-block. It was the first incident of her journey, and while she did not welcome it neither did she succumb to the cold perspiration and clammy hands which the slightest incident had induced, only a few months previously.

She slowed down very carefully, and when the policeman approached she smiled at him.

"Just routine," the policeman said. "Don't pick up any hitch-hikers."

To page 50

RIVETS



Cardigan, design 7, Book 132 - 28c. (2/9). In Nylo-Tweed - 28c. (2/10) per 1 oz. ball. Available from all leading wool stockists.

Q Why is it that, every year, **only Villawool** hits a new fashion note with **every** design? *Why?*

A Because **only Villawool** is always on the "fashion ball". **Only Villawool** brings a new, modern dash—with the *zing* of tomorrow today—to hand knitting every year. **Only Villawool** designs—even traditional classics—are vital and up-to-date in every yarn. Add the trend-setting 1966 colour range and Australia's best quality yarns and you have **Villawool**—the **only** fashion in knitting. *Make sure, make it Villawool!*



Villawool Textile Company, 255 George Street, Sydney

miss. We're searching the hills for a young fellow — height five eight, weight about one hundred and forty, fair hair and complexion, aged about seventeen. Seen anyone who answers to that description?"

"No," Chris said. "Did he do something bad?"

"He did," the policeman said. "He killed someone."

"Oh," Chris said.

She could feel the moisture beginning to film the surface of her palms.

"Don't be afraid," the policeman said. "You're safe in a car. Are you going far?"

"Another three hundred miles," Chris said. "Tonight I'm staying at the Palms Motel."

Continued from page 49

"I know it. You've only got about another twenty-five. You all right now?"

"Yes," she said. "Thank you, officer. It's just that—well, it isn't a good feeling to know you've killed someone."

He looked at her. She was a very attractive girl. Her hair was coiled into a smooth roll at the back of her head. She was wearing some sort of gold-colored jacket and it blended with her hair and the light tan of her skin and the gold flecks in her eyes.

"Not a good feeling," the policeman agreed.

"Is it all right if I drive on now?" Chris asked.

"Surely," the policeman said. "Just don't stop."

Chris drove on. Steady, she told herself, don't panic. Frazer warned you about this. After a little while her breathing steadied and her knees stopped trembling.

That was very bad, she thought. You aren't nearly as good as you thought you were.

She looked at the sunset fleetingly. As she looked, the steady rhythm of tyres on the road changed and became uneven. She pulled in to the side of the highway and got out of the car. Her offside rear tyre was flat.

Oh, no, she thought. I

mustn't stop. The easy tears sprang to her eyes and the nausea took control of her stomach.

Don't, she pleaded with herself. You've taken the first step. You've set out to explore and find, so don't spoil it now.

"You must do it all yourself," Frazer had said. He had known.

Chris opened the boot and took out the tool kit, heaving at the spare wheel, which was heavier than she anticipated. The effort left her feeling dizzy and breathless, but the nausea had passed.

She got the hubcap off. The wheel nuts were stiff and

implacable. She bore down hard on the wheel brace and said a very bad swear word. Her mother would have been shocked. The first nut budged and the others were not so stubborn.

"Get on there, you beast," she said to the spare wheel.

The spare wheel got on.

She was replacing the nuts when she heard the car. She ignored it. She had to keep her head down, because if she raised it she might well faint.

The other car had stopped. With a supreme effort she raised her head. There were two men in the other car. One had left the car and was

approaching her. "Let me," he said.

His eyes wandered over her.

She held hard to the wheel brace. If he touches me, she promised herself, I'll hit him.

"Go away," Chris said.

"Look—" he began, as if he wanted to explain something.

He was older and taller, much older and taller than the boy of seventeen and five eight. He was dark, not fair, very responsible looking, but how could she be sure? She, who could not even judge herself with surety.

"Go away," she said again. "I can do it myself. I've got to."

"Suit yourself," the stranger said. He looked as if he were trying very hard not to show his amusement.

"Make sure you tighten the nuts," he said to her.

"I can do it. Go away."

He went.

He got back into the car and the man at the wheel said something to him. The stranger answered, and they laughed.

The car accelerated and was gone. It was only then, still holding hard to the wheel brace and trying to control her trembling, that she thought about the other car. There had been a wireless aerial on the roof and a small emblem on the door. It was a police car.

She felt her face redden. All policemen did not wear uniforms. He was a plain-clothes policeman, probably sent to hunt the boy, and he had offered to help her.

FROM THE BIBLE

● A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.
— Proverbs 17:22.

She had made a fool of herself, and they were probably still laughing.

She got behind the driving wheel, locked all the doors and wound the window right down. The early evening air was cool and bracing. She took great gulps of it and the tears ran down her cheeks.

Now they were not easy tears. They were the tears shed by an inexperienced climber when he reaches the first small peak. She had not failed herself.

Her heart was pounding in an alarming fashion. She swallowed two of the tablets Frazer had given her. She started the engine and drove back on to the road, sitting up very straight and confidently behind the wheel.

She hummed a little tune to herself. She was hungry. She would have a big dinner at the motel and a big hot bath, and maybe a drink before dinner. She was unused to drinking. Sometimes, on special occasions, her mother served a small sherry. She would have a whisky and soda this time.

Her headlights pierced the gathering dark of evening and picked up the small red wink of a tail-light. No other car had passed her, only the police car. As far as she knew there were no side roads.

They had waited round the bend, perhaps thinking the boy who had done a bad thing and killed someone might have been in the area. For what had they waited—a scream, the sounds of scuffling, the nemeses of a foolish young woman who had refused help on a lonely highway?

To page 55

Mother!

Here's a promise

We promise you extra goodness. Only Ovaltine gives your family malt, milk and eggs plus important vitamins and minerals. And we promise this extra goodness in either malt or chocolate Ovaltine. (Only Ovaltine offers this choice of flavours.) We promise the food value and goodness that have made Ovaltine the drink of champions . . . the champion of drinks.



Only Ovaltine has been officially recognised at Olympic Games around the world since 1932. We promise you all that has made Ovaltine the world's largest-selling tonic food drink—only Ovaltine is enjoyed in 68 countries.

And this promise comes with every bright orange Ovaltine can. Think of it when you add Ovaltine to your children's milk.

Scone ring has crisp topping

- An economical scone ring with a crunchy topping of brown sugar and nuts wins the \$10 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of \$2 are awarded for interesting recipes for Mocha Cake, Golden Pineapple Bars, Honey Gems, and quickly prepared Toasted Cheese Snacks.

STREUSEL SCONE RING

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons powdered milk, 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Topping: Half cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts.

Sift together flour, salt, and powdered milk. Rub in butter, add sufficient water to make a soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead lightly. Roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, cut into 2 in. or 3 in. rounds, and place these, overlapping by half, into well-greased 8 in. ring tin. Sprinkle liberally with topping made by rubbing together butter, sugar, and flour, and adding nuts. Bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Turn the ring out, when cooked, on to folded teatowel to prevent topping breaking.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. I. Hodges, 4 Garlick Ave., Newtown, Geelong, Vic.

GOLDEN PINEAPPLE BARS

Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup plain flour.

Topping: Two and a half cups drained canned pineapple pieces, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut.

Pastry: Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add sifted flour and cinnamon, blending well. Spread mixture evenly into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes until golden brown.

Topping: Separate eggs. Beat yolks with brown sugar until light. Sift flour and salt, add coconut. Stir this into egg mixture with pineapple pieces. Whisk egg-whites stiffly, fold into mixture. Spread topping evenly over cooked pastry, return to oven with heat reduced to moderate; bake further 35 to 40 minutes. When cool, dust with icing sugar, cut into bars to serve.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. J. Powell, c/o "Canonbar" Station, Miowera 4W, N.S.W.

HONEY GEMS

One tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, 2 to 3 tablespoons honey.

Cream together butter, sugar, and orange rind until light and fluffy; add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Drop teaspoonfuls of mixture into hot greased gem irons. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. While still hot, brush tops with melted honey. Serve hot or cold, with butter.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. V. Shepherd, 49 Steere St., Donnybrook, W.A.

MOCHA CAKE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 desiccated coffee essence, 3oz. chocolate, 2 tablespoons toasted coconut or almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, vanilla, and golden syrup. Add cocoa blended smoothly with a little of the milk, then add coffee essence. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with remaining milk. Turn into lightly greased 7 in. cake tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 min-

utes. Turn on to cooler, leave until cold.

Melt chocolate over hot water, cover top of cake; finish off with toasted coconut or almonds sprinkled round top edge of cake.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. M. Viviani, 98 Walpole St., Merrylands, N.S.W.

TOASTED CHEESE SNACKS

One tablespoon butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated cheese, 1 tablespoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chutney,

1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 6 slices bread.

Mix together butter, cheese, onion, chutney, and sauces. Toast bread on one side, spread untoasted side with cheese mixture. Put under hot grill until cheese melts and browns. Cut into fingers, serve hot.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss K. Dampney, 3 Lancaster Ave., Tamworth, N.S.W.



STREUSEL SCONE RING, topped with chopped nuts, is economical to make. See recipe at left.

Make the lightest, most delicious scones of all

with full-cream SUNSHINE



SUNSHINE SCONES

8 oz. S.R. flour, 2 lev. tbsp. SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk, Pinch salt, 1-2 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, approximately

Sift together flour, Sunshine and salt. Rub in butter. Mix in enough water to make a soft dough. Place on a lightly floured board. Knead lightly. Roll or pat out to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness. Cut into required shapes and bake in a hot oven for 10-15 minutes until golden brown.

Sunshine is always fresh . . . because the air-tight can seals in the goodness to the very last spoonful.



SCONE CUTTER INSIDE. Right now, there's a scone cutter in every 12 oz. can of Sunshine. No extra cost!



lightest!

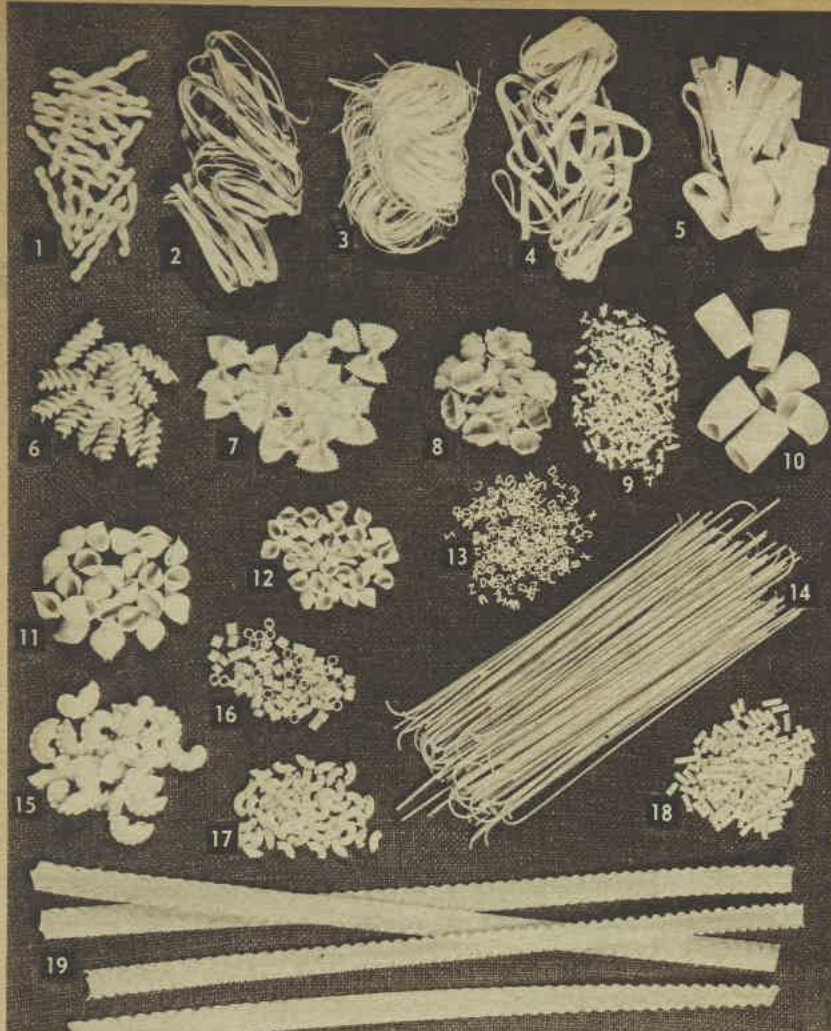


Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes on this page.

NM 3875 JCPW

There's full-of-cream goodness in NESTLÉ'S MILK

PASTAS



KEY TO PASTAS

1. Gemelli.
2. Spinach Noodles.
3. Fine Noodles.
4. Medium Noodles.
5. Wide Noodles.
6. Spirelli.
7. Farfalle.
8. Gnocchi.
9. Animals.
10. Rigatoni.
11. Large Shells.
12. Small Shells.
13. Alphabets.
14. Spaghetti.
15. Crests.
16. Tubettini.
17. Elbows.
18. Macaroni.
19. Lasagne.

FINDING your way among the different macaroni foods—or pastas, as they are called—can be a little puzzling at first because of the varying names. But it is a treasure hunt that will reward you with good food for all the family.

Many nations have claimed to have invented macaroni (the generic term which is applied to all shapes and flavors of pasta), but it is in Italy that pasta-making was perfected. As a result, most of the macaroni bear Italian names. When these names are translated, they describe the shape or type of pasta.

Spaghetti, the long, tube-like strands, means "little string," lasagne means "broad-leaved," farfalle is "butterfly," and so on.

Macaroni products can be divided into four basic groups—cords, tubes, ribbons, and special shapes such as shells, crests, etc. There is a wide range of sizes and shapes within each of these groups. See picture above.

Different shapes have evolved for different dishes. Generally, very small shapes—such as alphabet or animal noodles (these are really just for fun, and children love them!) or tubettini—are cooked in clear broths. Cut macaroni or shells are used in heartier soups or in salads. Wide ribbon shapes are for casserole use layered with sauces.

Some of the macaroni—spaghetti, shells, elbows, noodles, crests, gnocchi, spirals, alphabets, animals, etc.—are sold in packages and are easily available. For the more unusual types you might need to shop at an Italian or Continental food store.

Green noodles—colored with spinach juice—can also be purchased.

Oriental noodles, from China or Japan, are much finer than Italian pasta, and they are in plainer form—cords or ribbons of varying degrees of fineness. They are used in three ways: in soup, cooked noodles, drained and mixed with seasonings, or they can be fried.

Although pasta is generally considered fattening, a one-cup serving of plain cooked pasta, without sauce, is only about 150 calories.

Some pasta products—such as macaroni-and-cheese or ravioli—are available in packaged or canned form.

How To Cook Pasta: Cook all forms of pasta in plenty of boiling water; a gallon of water to 1 lb. of pasta is not too much. Use large saucepan and bring water to a fast, rolling boil; add sprinkling of salt.

Add pasta gradually so water does not go off the boil.

When cooking spaghetti, vermicelli, or any of the "long goods," as they are called, hold long strands at one end and place other ends into the boiling water. The pasta will begin to soften in the hot water and it is then simple to lower strands into saucepan, coiling them neatly inside pan.

Approximate Cooking Times: Spaghetti, 12 to 20 minutes; vermicelli (resembles very fine spaghetti), 6 to 10 minutes; macaroni, 12 to 20 minutes; noodles, 10 to 20 minutes, depending on width.

Cooking time of pasta varies according to individual manufacturers; freshness of the product, too, will affect cooking time. Pasta should not be overcooked; it should be tender but firm.

Start testing at the minimum cooking time given above and, when the pasta is cooked just to your liking, add a cup of cold water to the pan to stop the cooking instantly. Pour pasta into colander, drain well. If you wish, mix a knob of butter or a little oil through the pasta to prevent it sticking together.

Provided sufficient water has been used in cooking, there will be no starch adhering to the pasta, so do not rinse it under cold water; this will only cause the tender pasta to become hardened.

Spaghetti and macaroni almost double in volume during cooking; noodles remain the same in volume.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the following recipes.

LASAGNE

One pound minced steak, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 cups canned or peeled, chopped fresh tomatoes, 1 and 1-3rd cups tomato paste or puree, 10oz. lasagne or other wide noodles, 2 cups cottage cheese, 2 eggs, extra 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, extra 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ cup grated parmesan cheese, ½ lb. sliced cheddar or mozzarella cheese.

Brown meat slowly in pan, pour off any excess fat. Add garlic, 1 tablespoon parsley, basil, 1½ teaspoons salt, tomatoes, and tomato paste or puree. Simmer, uncovered, about 30 to 40 minutes or until sauce is thick; stir occasionally. Cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender, drain.

Combine cottage cheese with beaten eggs, seasonings, extra parsley, and parmesan cheese. Place half the cooked noodles in large casserole, spread over half the cottage cheese mixture, then half the meat sauce; repeat layers. Top with sliced cheese. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

BAKED RIGATONI

Half pound rigatoni noodles, grated parmesan cheese. Filling: Two chopped onions, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 tablespoon oil, 1½ lb. minced steak, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1½ teaspoons salt, pepper.

Sauce: One chopped onion, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 large can drained, peeled tomatoes, 1 cup juice from can (made up to 1 cup with water if necessary), 1 bayleaf, salt and pepper, oil for frying.

Cook rigatoni in boiling salted water until just softened (about 5 minutes); drain and, for this dish, rinse under cold water because they must be cool enough to handle immediately.

Filling: Heat oil, brown onions and garlic lightly. Combine with all remaining filling ingredients.

Using small teaspoon, stuff rigatoni with filling mixture. Arrange stuffed rigatoni in casserole, spoon over sauce. Top with sprinkling of grated parmesan cheese. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

Sauce: Heat a little oil in saucepan, add onion and garlic; saute until onion is transparent. Add all remaining ingredients (crush tomatoes well), simmer, uncovered, until sauce has thickened.

ZUCCHINI WITH SPAGHETTI

One pound zucchini, 2 chopped onions, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 large green pepper, 4 chopped tomatoes, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup oil, 1 lb. spaghetti.

Saute onions, garlic, thinly sliced zucchini, and finely shredded green pepper in hot oil 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add tomatoes, water, and salt. Cook over low heat 15 minutes. Mix through lightly the cooked, well-drained spaghetti. Correct seasoning, serve at once.

SPAGHETTI WITH BUTTER-CHEESE SAUCE

Half pound spaghetti (or use noodles or macaroni), 2oz. melted butter, 1 cup freshly grated parmesan cheese, parsley.

Cook spaghetti as directed, drain well. Return to saucepan, mix through the melted butter and grated cheese. Top each serving with little finely chopped parsley, or mix the parsley through the pasta.

CHINESE LONG SOUP

Two pints chicken stock, 2oz. thin vermicelli noodles, thinly sliced shallots.

Cook noodles in boiling salted water; keep them whole, do not allow them to break. Drain well. Put spoonful of noodles into each serving plate; ladle in the hot chicken stock. Top with sprinkling of finely chopped shallots.

ASPARAGUS-SPAGHETTI

Half pound spaghetti, 1½oz. butter, 1½oz. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 pint milk, 1 can asparagus tips, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup dry breadcrumbs, extra butter.

Cook spaghetti in usual way, drain well. Melt butter, add flour, cook few minutes, stirring. Gradually stir in the warmed milk; when sauce has thickened, simmer few minutes. Season to taste. In greased casserole place half the spaghetti, then half the drained asparagus. Sprinkle with half the cheese, cover with half the white sauce. Cover with another layer of spaghetti, asparagus, and sauce. Top with remaining cheese and breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

SEAFOOD MACARONI SALAD

Six ounces macaroni or elbow noodles, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 4oz. shelled prawns, ½ cucumber, 1 green pepper, lettuce, lemon wedges, tomato slices.

Cook macaroni, drain, allow to cool. Blend mustard with mayonnaise, add to macaroni and toss well (you may need to add a little more mayonnaise). Add chopped eggs, prawns, diced cucumber, and thinly sliced pepper. Arrange on lettuce leaves, garnish with tomato slices and lemon wedges.

BAKED MACARONI

Two ounces butter, 2 finely chopped onions, 1 lb. minced steak, 1 peeled and chopped tomato, salt and pepper, 1 lb. cooked, drained macaroni, 1 cup white sauce, 1 egg, ½ cup grated cheese.

Melt butter in pan, add onions and steak; cook, stirring, until meat is well browned. Add tomato, salt and pepper, cook 5 minutes. Place half the macaroni in greased casserole, cover with the meat, then with remaining macaroni. Blend white sauce with beaten egg and cheese, adjust seasoning if necessary; pour over macaroni. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes or until top is nicely browned.

CHEESE AND NOODLE CASSEROLE

One cup grated cheese, 12oz. cooked noodles, 1 cup tomato juice, 2 tablespoons grated onion, salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

In well-greased casserole arrange alternate layers of cheese and noodles. Combine tomato juice, onion, and parsley. Season to taste, pour over noodles. Sprinkle with any remaining cheese. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

FRESH TOMATO SAUCE FOR PASTA

One crushed clove garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon dried basil or oregano, 1 bayleaf, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 lb. peeled and chopped tomatoes, salt and pepper, ½ cup grated parmesan cheese, 1 lb. spaghetti, little butter.

Heat oil, add garlic, parsley, and basil; cook slowly until garlic softens. Add tomatoes, bayleaf, salt and pepper, cook gently 30 minutes or until tomatoes are well softened; mash tomatoes with fork occasionally. Rub sauce through sieve, return to pan, check seasoning. Place hot cooked spaghetti in serving bowls, fork through a knob of butter. Spoon sauce over. Serve cheese separately.

MACARONI CUSTARD PUDDING

Four ounces cooked macaroni, grated rind ½ lemon, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 pint milk.

Put macaroni into greased pie dish, sprinkle over the lemon rind. Beat eggs well, beat in sugar, then milk. Pour over the macaroni. If desired, top with a little sprinkling of nutmeg or cinnamon. Bake in moderately slow oven until custard sets and top is lightly browned (about 40 to 45 minutes).

• • •

*Don't be baffled
by the varying
pastas—they're
easy to identify.
Use them to make
luscious dishes.*



RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



BAKED RICATONI
(above), after being
filled, are cooked in
a tomato sauce.
Cheese forms a
golden topping on
this economical
dish. See opposite.

LASAGNE (left),
an Italian dish
which uses the
lasagne noodles, is
excellent for a
buffet party. The
recipe on opposite
page serves 8 to 10.

Color pictures by Bill Payne

You've made breakfast for George, cut lunches for the children, seen them all off to work and school. There's just time to walk the dog before you do the shopping. Life is full... that's why you (and your busy family too) need foods which provide energy.



Sugar is a natural source of energy made by sunlight in the leaves of the sugar cane plant.

Sugar is an energy food.



For a balanced diet you need three main kinds of food: body-building foods, energy foods and protective foods.

Body-building foods

These include meat, fish, poultry, milk, eggs and cheese. They contain proteins which your body uses for building new tissues.

Energy foods

Foods such as bread, butter, rice, sugar and potatoes are fuel-foods and provide energy.

Protective foods

Protective foods like fresh fruit and vegetables are rich in the vitamins and minerals necessary to your body for good health.

It gave her security to know that, even though she had made a fool of herself, they had still done their job, and waited.

It made her feel safe, but, better than that, it made her believe that perhaps after all the world was not full of wild birds.

"Who told you," Frazer had asked her shortly after she had begun consultations, "that the world is full of people waiting to cheat you and murder you?"

"Don't be silly," she had said. "Nobody told me such a ridiculous thing. It's just that—well, you have to be—well, careful."

She had looked at him and felt the slyness on her face again. She had known her eyes were the eyes of a hunted animal, just the way they must have looked when she had peered through her hands at the patrolman on the day of the accident.

"Careful of what, Chris?" "Well—of—of people, I guess."

"Tell me why you have to be careful of people, Chris."

"Some people aren't, well—they aren't nice."

Even as she had said it, she had known it was ridiculous, but Frazer had not seemed to think so.

"Who told you that?" he had asked at last.

"My mother."

The motel welcomed her with a blaze of neon lights.

She left her car in the parking area and then walked into the booking office.

She felt wonderfully confident. She smiled at the clerk and told him about her flat tyre.

"We'll have someone fix it right away," he said. His eyes took in her dirt-streaked skirt.

"Did you change the wheel yourself?"

"Oh, yes," Chris said.

"I always say a woman should know how to do these things."

"You're so right," Chris said. "I'd like to change. Have I time before dinner?"

"Dinner is any old time around here," the clerk said reassuringly. He had a narrow little face and his eyes were too close together. His

Continued from page 50

manner was ingratiating. On the surface he was not "nice," but because of that Chris was especially polite to him. "Roast pork and apple sauce tonight," he said. "I'll order you a portion while you're changing."

"You're very kind," Chris said.

"Well, I have to be," he said, with an honesty she found more likable than his eagerness to please. "I'm the owner and we haven't been here long. We owe more than we own, and that's enough to make anyone polite to a paying customer."

Chris laughed. She followed him out of the booking office as he led the way to her room. As she passed the restaurant she saw the two men from the police car. The one who had offered to help nodded slightly. She nodded back, feeling her face turning red as she did so.

IF he were still in the restaurant, when she had changed, she would go and apologise for her rudeness.

"I'll have your bags brought in and the tyre repaired," the owner said to her when they had reached her room. "Could I have the keys to the car?"

She handed him the keys and asked his name.

"Riven," he said. "Carl Riven."

He was leaning against the door, his fingers tapping nervously on the number 32.

"Well, Mr. Riven," Chris said. "You've been most helpful. Thank you."

He looked pleased and his hand stopped its nervous tapping.

On his way back to the booking office he stopped off at his own quarters. His wife was sitting in front of a mirror. She was in her late twenties, with the fading but well-preserved prettiness of the woman who, in her teens, had been acknowledged as a

beauty. "What's she like — number thirty-two?"

"A lady, Lil," Riven assured her, "a real lady."

They looked at each other and then smiled.

Chris took a long, hot bath and put on the dark red dress with the pleated skirt. She re-coiled her hair and screwed pearl stud earrings into her ears. The lipstick in her handbag was the wrong color for the red dress. She looked around the room for her dressing case, which contained her make-up. It was not there.

She frowned. She knew she had put it in the car. Riven must have missed it when he brought her bags into her room.

She went to the door. Riven was coming down the corridor, carrying her dressing case.

"I'm sorry, Miss Peters," he said. "I got caught up in the booking office on my way in

with your bags and I left this behind the desk. Hope you haven't been too much inconvenienced."

"Not unless I had to use an apricot lipstick instead of a red one," Chris said, smiling.

She put the dressing case on the bed and snapped open the locks. She found the red lipstick. Having applied it, she looked again at her dressing case. One of the jars containing cream was leaning sideways on its shelf. Some of the cream had adhered to the surface of the jar, as if the lid had been screwed on hurriedly by fingers still smeared with the contents of the jar.

She put the lipstick down very carefully and went back to the case on the bed.

"Somebody has been using my cosmetics," she said aloud.

Her voice sounded strange in the silent room.

She put out her hand and touched the cream jar gingerly, as if it were contaminated. The lid was not quite tight. She screwed it on thoughtfully. Then she unscrewed it and looked inside. In the fresh surface of the cream were the deep indentations of fingertips.

She averted her eyes from the evidence. What evidence? she asked herself. Could you honestly swear that you didn't use this jar yourself? She could not honestly swear to it.

Quickly she examined the contents of the other jars. Some had been used, some were still sealed. Deliberately she wiped the surface of the suspect jar with a tissue. Then she replaced it in the case and turned away.

There is a policeman out there in the restaurant, she told the traitor within. Go

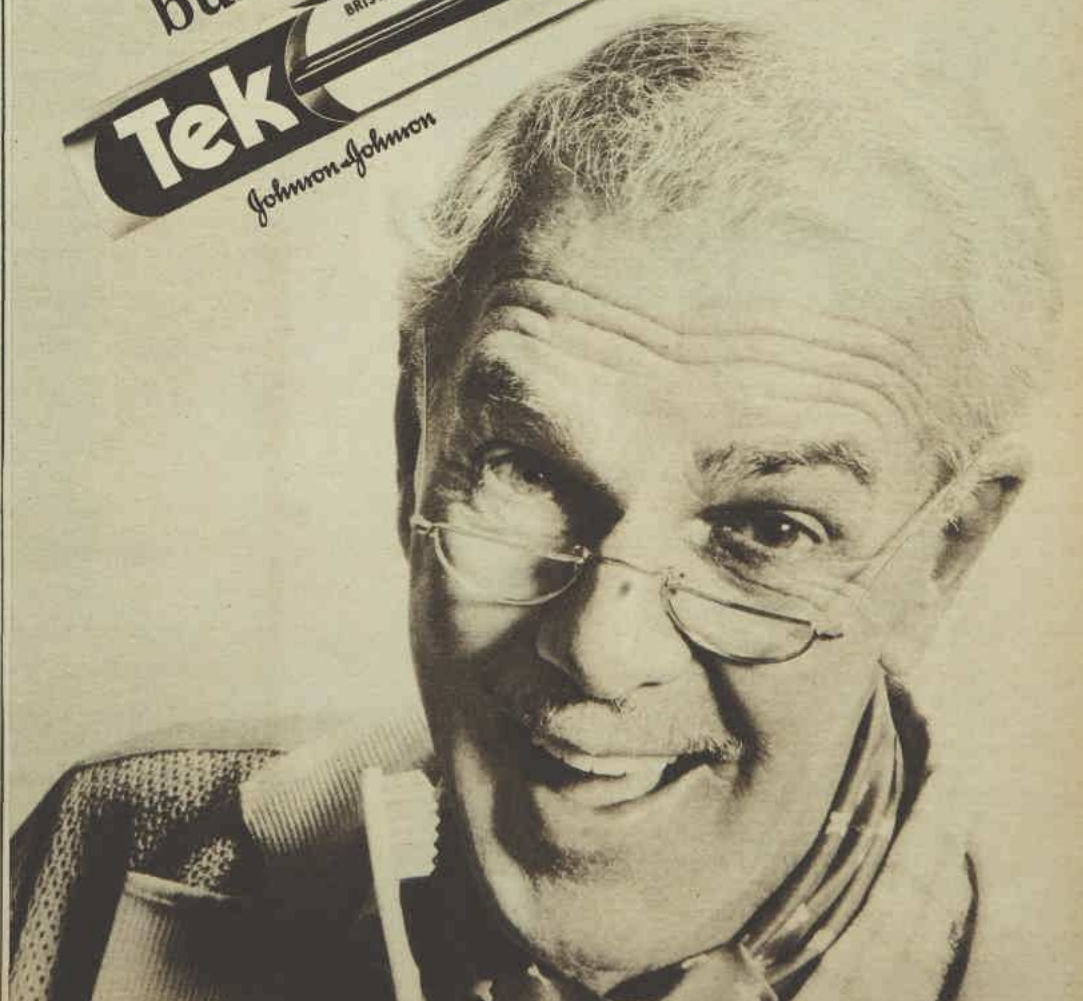
To page 57

Glowing Hair Beauty



Your hair becomes as soft as a whisper, swinging free, yet more manageable so that it responds to your every whim and is glowing with natural beauty and highlights, when shampooed with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

Special people (you) deserve a special toothbrush (Tek). Only Tek has Anti-Germ: built-in germ-fighting action!



Fashion FROCKS



● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"SOPHIA". — This smart two-piece suit, with fully lined jacket, is available in olive-green, chocolate, royal-blue, and red-wine corduroy velvet.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$11.60 (£5/16/-); 36 and 38in. bust, \$11.80 (£5/18/-).

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$7.75 (£3/17/6); 36 and 38in. bust, \$7.95 (£3/19/6).

Postage and dispatch 60 cents (6/-) extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 85. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Sophia"



Look what you can do with Canned Apricots

APRICOT SMILE



APRICOT SMILE

1 large can apricots
¼ cup brown sugar
¼ tsp. cinnamon
1 dessertspoon butter

Crumble Topping:
¾ cup flour
½ cup sugar
6 dessertspoons butter
½ tsp. salt

Place apricots in baking dish. Sprinkle with brown sugar mixed with cinnamon. Dot with butter. Sprinkle topping over top and pat down.

Bake: 400° (Moderate quick).
Time: 35-45 minutes (Until top is bubbly and brown).

Topping: Mix flour, sugar and salt together. Cut in butter until it resembles coarse wheat.

APRICOT CALYPSO

1 large can apricot halves
4 whole cloves

2 (2-inch) cinnamon sticks or
½ tsp. cinnamon

Place apricot juice with spices in saucepan. Bring to boil. Reduce heat, simmer uncovered 5 minutes. Add apricot halves. Let stand 15 minutes. May be served hot or chilled. Plain or with cream or ice cream.

APRICOT CALYPSO



APRICOT AMERICANA



APRICOT AMERICANA

2 pkg. lemon jelly crystals
1 pkg. cream cheese
½ cup chopped pecans or walnuts
juice of 1 lemon

1 large can drained apricot halves (sieved or blended)
½ cup apricot juice
1½ cup hot water

Dissolve lemon jelly in hot water. Add apricot juice and lemon juice. Beat cream cheese till soft, gradually add pureed apricots. Mix well. Add nuts. Then add apricot mixture to jelly mixture. Pour into greased mould, or individual moulds. Chill, then turn out on lettuce leaves. Garnish with apricot halves (optional). Serves: 6-8 persons.

FLY AWAY LITTLE BIRD

Continued from page 55

on out and tell him someone has been using your cosmetics. Watch his face as he tries not to let you see he considers you a bigger fool than ever.

In a backhanded way her distress gave her added courage. In the restaurant she approached the men from the police car.

They both rose.

"I've come to apologise," Chris said. "I didn't know—that is, you must have thought me extremely foolish."

"Not at all," her rebuffed helper said. "It always pays to be cautious, and you seemed to be managing beautifully."

Was there a hint of mockery, of laughter? She looked at him, but his face was grave.

"I did manage," Chris said. "It was—um—therapy."

He laughed then, not mockingly, but as if he thought it funny. Perhaps she did not impress him as a girl who needed therapy.

able. Have you taken your pills, Christine?"

"Yes, Mother. How are you?"

"I'm all right," her mother said, as if it were a gallant lie. "A little lonely, but I'm used to that. Cheeky sends his love."

"Give him my love, too," Chris said, feeling impossibly foolish. Poor Cheeky, immured in his gilded cage and religiously pecking the hand which fed him.

"Make sure you have a good meal, Christine," her mother said, "and remember about restaurant food—no fish or mince or pork or anything like that."

"I'll remember, Mother," Chris said, feeling guilty. "Mother, someone used my cosmetics."

"What did you say? I didn't catch that, Christine."

"Oh, nothing," Chris said. "I'll have to go. My dinner is waiting."

"What have you ordered?"



"What kind of wrench do you THINK I want?"

"Lamb chops, Mother."

"Well, I suppose they're safe enough," her mother said, as if she did not believe it. "Don't speak to anyone, Christine—not anyone, mind. Some people are—well, you're old enough to know what some people are, especially men. Don't talk to any strange men, Christine, and, above all, don't give anyone a lift in the car. Terrible things are happening every day."

Chris listened, waiting for the familiar irritation to prick at her nerves. Strangely it did not materialise. There was a new feeling in its place, a feeling she had never before experienced in relation to her mother, a sensation she had not believed could be directed toward her mother. Pity.

"Don't worry, Mother," Chris said very gently. "I'll be careful, I promise. I'll do what I think is best all the time."

"I send you my love," her mother said. "You know I want only what is best for you."

"I know," Chris said. "Mother, the pips have gone and we're into our second three minutes."

"Telephone conversations are so unsatisfactory," her mother complained. "Telephone tomorrow night. Promise me faithfully."

"I promise," Chris said. "Goodbye, Christine. Take care, my dear."

Chris replaced the receiver and wiped the perspiration from her palms. "Take care, my dear." All her life there had been that familiar refrain.

"I just want to live a little," Chris muttered to herself. There was the old familiar feeling of guilt walking beside her. You're progressing, she assured herself, and that's the main thing. Remember what Fraser said:

a little at a time and each step meaning something worthwhile.

She went back to the restaurant, smiling brightly. Sanderson and his partner greeted her as if they were glad to see her.

"We thought you weren't coming back, after all," the younger one said.

"It was my mother," Chris said apologetically. "She is afraid I am going to do something silly. She just can't accept the fact that I am twenty-three years old and in possession of my senses. When she was my age, girls didn't cavort around the countryside."

Her mother had urged her not to speak to strangers, especially men. Could a policeman be classed in her mother's terminology of a "strange" man? She thought not, but she did not care, anyway.

"Would you order me a whisky and soda?" she said to Matt Sanderson. "I don't know how to cope with a drink waiter."

Matt coped with the drink waiter and, when she insisted, allowed Chris to reimburse him. He had not made up his mind about her.

She was a mixture of naivete and sophistication. He thought it possible that she had contended with a great deal more than the average girl of twenty-three.

He had no way of knowing how correct his observation was, so he thought about one of the possible alternatives.

One of the alternatives was that the boy called Remington had an elder sister. Whenever anything went wrong, and it had often gone wrong for the boy called Remington, he had gone running to his sister. His sister had always helped him. She had lied for him and cheated. She had loved him with the blind, all-consuming love of the childless woman.

For two years, from the time he was fifteen, the boy called Remington had kept out of trouble. He had worked as a storeman in a warehouse and he had boarded at the YMCA.

HIS sister had supposedly married and left the city.

Where was she now, the protective, loving elder sister? Had she left her husband at the first breath of trouble, and was she, even now, hurrying to succor her brother, who, this time, had not committed a mild misdemeanor?

Whisky and soda was supposedly a man's drink. Chris had, therefore, expected something bracing and exciting in the flavor. The drink tasted flat and rather sour. She wrinkled her nose.

"You should try it on the rocks," Matt said. "It is really the only way to drink whisky."

"Oh," Chris said. "Is it?"

If she were Remington's sister she was playing it smart. She would also have to be more than twenty-three years old. Her skin was fresh, but there were smudges of blue beneath the eyes.

"She was scared," the policeman at the roadblock had said to Matt. "A pretty girl, but scared. I thought she was going to pass out when I mentioned the boy."

"What is your destination, Miss Peters?" Matt asked.

She told him.

"My uncle lives there. He's quite old and—odd, but he's willing to board me for a few weeks. I haven't seen him since I was a little girl."

To page 67

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Those who find pleasure in plants will try to make a garden wherever life finds them



● A circular, colorful flower bed around a fountain, bowers of climbers, including roses, around the fences—this 25ft.-wide backyard garden won first prize in Waverley Council's 1965 competition for Mr. V. Hanson, of Bondi, N.S.W.

CITY GARDENS

By R. H. ANDERSON

A GARDEN may be spacious, containing an endless variety of plants, or it may be a window-box. In inner city areas many homes have small backyards which are ragged and unlovely. But here and there one

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 325

This is only possible by hard work and planning. The chief difficulties in getting good results from city gardens are their small size, restricted sunshine through shading by adjacent buildings, poor soil, and air pollution.

Remember the following points:

Keep the centre of the area as open as possible, not cluttered with beds or other features. This can give a sense of spaciousness. (A possible exception is a garden in which sun reaches only the centre of the area and the owner wants to grow sun-loving plants.)

Ideally this central section should be grassed, as lawns give a restfulness of their own, but, for areas destined for considerable wear or where shade problems make grassing difficult, paving with stone, concrete, or bricks may be best.

A path leading from the back door, along one side of the garden to a feature at the back, has many advantages. A bed, 3-5ft. wide, depending on space available, can be left between the path and the boundary fence.

There is often room for one small tree in the city garden. This is best placed in the back corner opposite the feature to which the path leads. A deciduous tree stands up to air pollution better than an evergreen, provides restful shade in summer, and allows maximum sunlight in winter.

Suitable deciduous trees include *Crataegus oxyacantha* (hawthorn), *Prunus blireiana*, *Acer palmatum* (Japanese maple), and *Cercis siliquastrum* (Judas tree). Evergreens include *Bauhinia variegata*, *Pittosporum rhombifolium*, and *Hakea salicifolia*.

If the garden is to serve as a pleasant place for relaxation, then privacy is desirable. Unsightly objects also need screening. Tall shrubs, lattice work, or

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 326

battens can be used at strategic points, and climbers grown on trellises.

The feature to which the side path leads at the back of the garden can be a small shelter, a seat with a background of shrubs or trellis, a sun dial, bird bath, piece of sculpture, or small pool—all strictly in scale.

A small, paved patio at the back of the house is pleasant, particularly if raised a little above the general level.

The whole area should be well dug, limed if required, and any available compost, manure, or humus applied to the beds.

Tubs can be used to advantage.

They may be made of wood or concrete, should have adequate drainage, and a good soil mixture: a good general one is 2 parts garden loam, 1 part sand, and one part peat moss or similar substance. (If not on castors, stand the tubs on bricks to provide drainage and aeration.)

Plants used depend on space and aspect. Suggestions: *Ardisia*, *aucuba*, *agapanthus*, *azalea*, *buxus*, *fuchsia*, *hydrangea*, *geranium*, *coprosma*, *hebe*, and small-growing, colorful conifers.

Gay little windowboxes and hanging baskets widen the garden's effect.

The number of plants to be grown is limited, so only those which suit the conditions should be chosen.

These are hardy:

Shrubs: *Cotoneasters*, *abelia*, *oleanders*, *viburnum*, *aucuba*, *buxus*, *euonymus*, *hebe*, *ligustrum*, *nandina*, *pyracantha*, and *raphiolepis*.

Perennials: *Aster*, *hemerocallis*, *phloxes*, *lilium*, *limonium*, *centranthus*, *gazania*, *clivias*, and *agapanthus*. Spring-flowering bulbs can be used.

Climbers: *Akebia*, *antigonum*, *gelsemium*, *trachelospermum*, *stephanotis*.

Plans suitable for shady areas were discussed last week.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



New! Patons Moonbeam.

A supremely luxurious new mohair yarn that sparkles your hand-knits with silvery shimmer!



A romantic pullover in Moonbeam, from Patons Knitting Book 778.

Moonbeam glimmers, in a subtle sort of way; very softly, like moonlight: shimmering and silvery. Because it is enriched with an extra blend of sparkling nylon — to give it gleaming lustre, plus a firm and lasting hold on shape.

Moonbeam won't sag or stretch or shrink, because the nylon keeps it springy and supple.

Knit Patons Moonbeam to any pattern in any Patons Mohair Knitting Book. The instructions are easy to follow, and

Moonbeam knits up swift and shimmering.

This winter, knit something luxurious in Moonbeam — you can choose from eight moody, marvellous shades.

Knit it with **Patons** and you'll be proud of it.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their interesting and unusual antiques.

I WOULD appreciate it if you could identify this urn. It is 18in. high. I am unable to find any marking on it. It was, I believe, brought to Australia by the Beare family in the barque Duke of York, which arrived at Kangaroo Island on July 26, 1836. — Mrs. L. H. Beare, Victor Harbor, S.A.

This unique nineteenth-century English porcelain vase (left) is probably Bloor Derby. Robert Bloor took over the management of the famous Derby works in 1811. The productions are known as Bloor Derby from 1811 to 1848. The vase is surmounted on a square plinth base, and ram's head embellishments, together with the continuous bucolic panel, are painted in a naturalistic manner in enamel colors. This scene and the gilding serve

to exemplify the ceramic art of the early nineteenth century. The vase was made about 1820-30. The Worcester porcelain works also produced similar vases. Without handling and examining your vase, and studying the paste and glaze, I would favor the Derby attribution.

★ ★ ★
WOULD you please identify a vase that has been in our family as long as I can remember? It has two crossed swords above the numbers 3888 and some other markings on it.—Mrs. O. Weir, Wanganui, N.Z.

This unusual pottery vase (right), which appears to be faience ware (tin-glazed pottery), dates about 1875-90. The mark illustrated by your diagram does not appear to be recorded.

● Unusual pottery vase.



● Bloor Derby porcelain.



SEVERAL months ago I purchased a rocking-chair and I would like to know if its design has any special significance. I think the timber is walnut, but there is no maker's name on the chair.—Mr. M. Campbell, Gaythorne, Qld.

Your American rocking-chair was made about 1895-1905.

★ ★ ★
I HAVE two old vases in my possession. They are white and at one time had gold paint on the raised-up flowers. A little of the gold paint is still there, but over the years and the many cleanings it has faded. The flowers and leaves have a serrated edge. The only marks on the vases are a nine or a ten in red. They were reported to have been brought from Ireland by my great-grandmother.—A.M.L. Judge, N.S.W.

Your pair of vases are French porcelain altar vases made about 1865-75.

★ ★ ★
DO you know anything about a sideboard I own? It has a carved eagle on top of the mirror and it is made from solid walnut with a marble top. I have a circular table, too, with carved tripod pedestal base and a walnut veneer marquetry top. Would this table have been a piece which was used with my beautiful walnut sideboard, or do you think it is an earlier antique?—Mrs. K. Ingram, Tomong, via Delegate, N.S.W.

Your sideboard is English and was made from walnut veneer about 1875. The table is probably English, too. Walnut tables with tripod bases and marquetry tops were fashionable about 1850 up to 1900. I would have to see a photograph of yours to be more exact.

★ ★ ★
Is there anything special about this "Tam o' Shanter" pale blue jug? It bears the words "Published by W. Ridgway & Son, 1835." A story of Bobbie's "Tam o' Shanter" is in the middle of this pouring jug.—Miss B. Holman, Albany, W.A.

Your interesting pottery jug was made by William Ridgway & Co. some time between 1830-1834 at the Church Works, Hanley, Staffordshire. The term "published by . . . 1835" indicates the date when the design or model was made. I presume your jug is highly glazed.

★ ★ ★
CAN you tell me anything about a piece of jewellery my father-in-law gave me? It came from the Middle East during World War II and I had it hung on a chain to wear as a pendant. The head, the body, and the main carving are in silver, while some of the filigree work is gold and the links into the main horn piece are gold.—H. Hart, Canterbury, N.S.W.

It is a Florentine brooch, made about 1840-55.

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YOUNGER
LOOK
BRIGHTER**

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**TAKE
'KRUSCHEN'
DAILY**

FOR THAT 'GREAT TO BE ALIVE' FEELING

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Somewhere in Sydney tonight a family is having to hear about the awful day one of its members has had, and how abominably rude the younger generation are.

SOMEWHERE else in Sydney a young man is probably brooding about how rude *some* members of the older generation are, but, being young himself, he's probably tolerant enough not to generalise and blame the whole older generation.

How do I know this? Because of a scene I witnessed in the drycleaner's today. Ahead of me was an irritated-looking woman who'd been told she must wait, and a young man of about 19 or 20 who was collecting a pair of trousers.

Behind the counter was a pleasant-looking girl and a middle-aged woman with an ugly flush high on her cheekbones. Obviously, she'd had a bad day, she'd been rushed to death, and she was dying to take it out on someone.

The trousers were dumped unceremoniously on the counter in front of the young man, and his money was taken.

"Can I have them wrapped, please?" he said, letting his voice fall away at the end of the sentence in the way the young so often do. But I was standing beside him, and I heard what he said.

"Say 'please'," the shop assistant said in hectoring, schoolmarm tones.

"I did say please," the young man said, turning pink with embarrassment.

"I didn't hear you," the shop assistant said, using a tone which implied that he was not only rude but also a blatant liar. The wrapped trousers were dumped on to the counter in front of him and he departed never, I should imagine, to return to that shop again.

The woman ahead of me who'd been told to wait was now summoned to the counter with a peremptory "now," and a ding-dong battle began. The assistant absolutely (and rudely) declined to look for drycleaning for which the customer had mislaid the tickets. The customer was a match for her.

She tore a wide strip off her for being rude, and for being rude to the young man who'd been perfectly polite, and she departed in high dudgeon to ring the manager.

"We have to have the tickets," the younger assistant said to me in an undertone. She was embarrassed, poor girl, but I doubt very much whether they do have to have the tickets.

The clothes are yours, lost ticket or not

THEY are, after all, temporary custodians of your property and they have to return it, whether you've preserved the ticket or not. Certainly it makes more work for them if the tickets are lost, but, after all, nobody loses tickets on purpose.

However, that's beside the point. What did annoy me was the way she took her ill temper out on that entirely blameless young man.

I was telling Di about it over the washing-up. Di was not at all surprised. "Everybody knows her," she said. "She hates anyone young, she's always rude to them."

Diana was in there recently when an ultra-scruffy Beatle-type came in. According to Di, this woman turned to her assistant and said in a loud voice, "Some people ought to be made to get their hair cut."

"I just willed him, with all my power," Di said, "to say something equally offensive, like 'and some people ought to be made to go on a reducing diet,' but he just took it like a lamb, lifted an eyebrow at her, and walked out."

I don't suppose she'll last long—obviously she oughtn't to have the sort of job where she has to deal with members of the public, but it does make me mad to see people publicly taking out on the young irritations they're not game to take out on people who'll stand up to them.

We all do it to our own children, I suppose. I'm much more likely to snarl at mine over irritating things they do when someone I can't snarl at (like the plumber who promises and never comes) has put me in a poor mood, anyway.

"Please" can be in a smile, or a tone of voice

BUT the dignity of the newly adult is a precarious thing, and how are they supposed to deal with some middle-aged stranger who has the impertinence (and it is impertinence) to think that superior age gives them the right to tell the young how to behave.

Anyway, what a goat the woman is if she thinks that the mere tacking on of a "please" means that a request is necessarily politely made.

Politeness comes from the heart, and more often than not the word "please" is implied by a smile and a friendly tone of voice.

Personally, I'd settle any day for the smile and the friendly voice rather than for an abrupt order with an arbitrary and unconvincing "please" tacked on to the end of it.

The young may have their faults, but they are politer to strangers than older people are. In fact, I'd say a one-toed sloth could comfortably count on his foot the number of times in a week you'd hear a youngster begin the sort of unpleasantness I overheard today.



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In the red & gold plastic tubes, 65c or 38c everywhere.

BERLEI DESIGNS FOR THE IN-GROUP



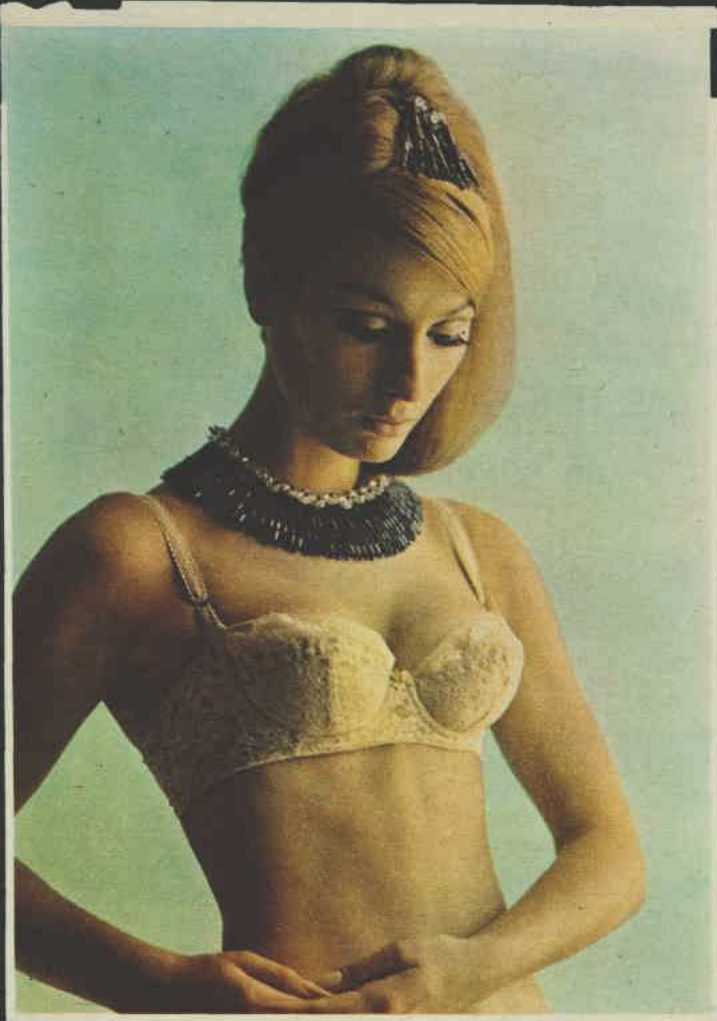
Gigi 5-way.826. A contour bra with straps that play hide and seek. \$6.00 (60/-).

**"THE IN-GROUP ISN'T
AN AGE BRACKET.
IT'S A STATE OF MIND. AND
A FIGURE BY BERLEI."**



Start making down, not up. Square your shoulders.
The man-tailored look. A Redingote coat.
Sleeves should be skinny. Skirts are for walking in.
Hemlines are still up, and still going.
Squat shoes. (It's fashionable to be comfortable.)

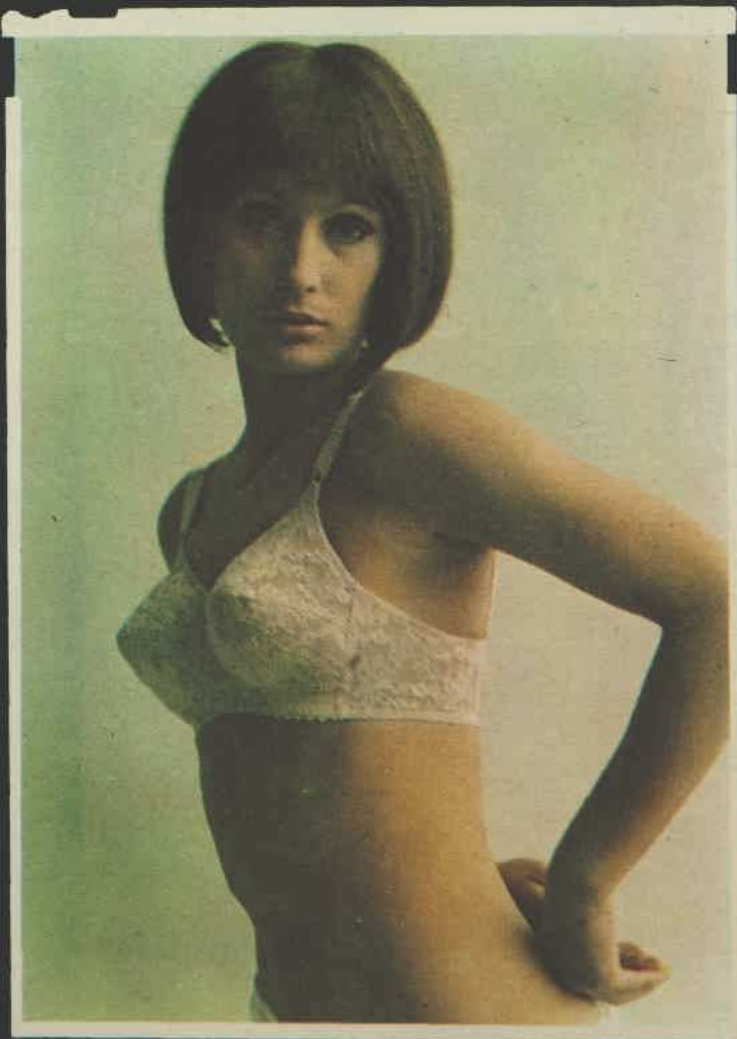
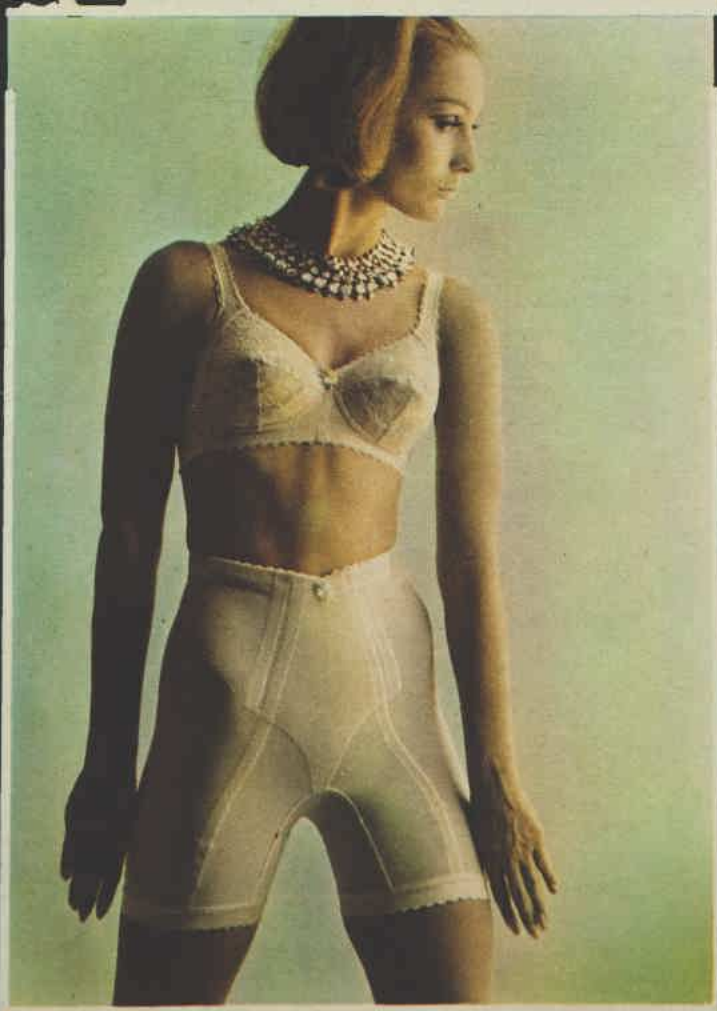
A Man-tailored, double-breasted suit, in Madison Avenue's grey flannel, by Estex Creations. Everything is geometric except the figure—that's Berlei.



Here are the clues:

1. Show off your figure, but hide your bra. One way: Berlei's 245 Temptress bra in Nylon Alencon Lace lined with Nylon Marquisette. Straps are wide apart, and the low-cut front does the vanishing act — leaving what's yours right where it should be. (With a little help from Berlei's feather foam.) Also comes in white and black. \$5.00. 2. How To Succeed At Slimming Without Really Dieting. Invest \$8.50 in a Berlei Skiotard 645. Wear it under anything that comes to your ankles — ski trousers and tight slacks. Or long evening dresses and hostess skirts when the climate is cold. 3. The bra is Berlei's new 200 in Nylon lace and Lycra. And the long 5" leg pantie is Berlei style 525, also in Lycra. And who does the figure belong to? It could be yours; for \$4.00 the bra, and \$10.50 the pantie. 4. From the Gothic range this time — a skintone version of Berlei's famous 990 bra. (You saw it last month in white.) Twinflex back for action. Stretch straps in nylon. Price? 4.25 in dollars.

BERLEI IN THE FLESH.





**WHAT'S GOING ON?
BERLEI POSES
THE QUESTION.**

AND SUPPLIES THE ANSWER:

1. By Triscosa of Paris; a tailored tweed country-look suit in 100% virgin wool. Worn over a Berlei stretch bra (see 4) and a Sarong girdle.
2. The bra is Berlei's 858 Temptress subtly underwired for added support. **\$5.00** (50/-). The girdle matches 4 and 8, and offers a little more persuasion around the hips. Fancy Free 550. **\$9.00** (90/-).
3. A long, slightly flared skirt in pumpkin-coloured wool with "wrought iron" embroidery all around. The top is severely plain. Under it? See left.
4. Berlei's famous four dollar (40/-) 200 bra again, cut way down low under the arms, and a Fancy Free pantie, this time with a 5" leg. Style 555. **\$11.00** (110/-).
5. Ski gear from Zurich designed by Geni Spietman. A waterproof, hooded ski parka with "cavalry" stripes down the arms, and tight elastic ski pants. A Berlei skiotard gives the pants the profile they need. (One page back).
6. An evening slack suit in the very-in material of gold lame. (Remember the in-group isn't an age bracket, it's a state of mind.) Trousers are flared terrace. The designer is Mona Crawford. The figure by Berlei.
7. Western Gear from the Far East; a heavily sequinned top over a short, semi-flared skirt, both from Hong Kong, and worn over Berlei.
8. The same Temptress bra you saw one page back, this time in white, and worn with a 3" leg pantie that matches 2 and 4. Fancy Free style 553. **\$10.00** (100/-).
9. From Israel comes this Aled Original day suit in blood red and black wool. Under the coat there's a black jersey blouse with a soft-tie neck, and under that: Berlei.

The innocent Gigi bra, 824. **\$4.75** (47/6).
And the look you want under any slacks. Fancy Free 557. **\$12.00** (120/-).

Look how versatile the new Fancy Free range is: Check out 2, 4, 8 opposite.





LOUNGE FURNITURE FROM MOBILIER PTY. LTD., REFECTORY TABLE BY DECRO PTY. LTD., LAMPS BY PHYL DREDGE, SETTING DESIGNED BY DAVID TILLEY OF MELBOURNE.

MARK STRICK

9 out of 10 interior decorators agree open-plan living calls for Westminster Carpet



It is possible to enjoy all the freedom and space of an open-plan house without feeling you live in some kind of barn!

Decorator David Tilley shows the secret with this modern interior based on "Willow" coloured Westminster laid wall-to-wall in living room and gallery. The plain Westminster makes it possible to combine simple Danish lounge furniture with the decorative Spanish dining suite without making either look out of place. Which sums up one important reason

why 9 out of 10 decorators prefer Westminster to more expensive carpets. Because Westminster goes with all types of furniture it adds warmth and interest to any room. If you're keen about open-plan living, why not follow the experts? Start with Westminster. It makes life quieter and more comfortable. And costs less than you'd expect because it's a full 40" wide.

You save on yardage, you save on laying costs (because of economical adhesive-seaming). But don't skimp on underfelt; the right underfelt adds years to a carpet's life. Any good store can show you samples of the 26 Westminster colours and give you a free quote. Why not ring now?

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Matt and his partner looked at each other. Her destination was Eden. The boy Remington had lived there as a child and still had relatives in the area. The police believed he was running for home.

"What does your uncle do?" Matt asked.

"Nothing," Chris said, and grinned. "He has a boat and when he feels like it, he fishes. He has a small annuity and if he overspends, he — she blushed — he applies for unemployment relief. My mother — my family is very ashamed of him."

Matt smiled. She was tall and blonde and beautiful and gay. There was also, way beneath the exterior, the suspicion of a vast reservoir of untapped feeling and belief. He was sorry that she might be Remington's sister.

"I don't think he's odd," Chris said staunchly. "When I was a little girl he built me a boat in a bottle. I still have it, and he doesn't try to live other people's lives for them."

"An admirable quality." He was laughing at her again. There was the same amused, wary look on his face which had been present when he had offered to help her on the road.

THE coffee came and Matt offered her a cigarette. She accepted it, although she rarely smoked. Her mother did not approve of the habit.

Matt watched the hand, small and square and very competent looking, playing with the coffee spoon. The third finger of the left hand was bare and there were no indentations left by a wedding band.

"I've got to take some tablets," Chris said.

She opened her handbag and took out the tablets. Frazee had given her.

"Have you been ill, then?" Matt asked.

"Not really." Was the hesitation real, or had he imagined it? "There was a motor accident and after it was over I was — sick for a while. It was nothing."

She turned her palm upwards. Matt looked at the tablets in the hollow of her hand, his eyes going to the thin, ugly scar marring her wrist.

"A souvenir of the accident," Chris said, following his gaze. "It's fading, fortunately."

Suddenly he felt tired. Remington's sister had made a suicide attempt three years previously, after the boy had been involved in his latest escapade. She had tried to slash her wrists.

Chris recognised Matt's diagnosis of the scars on her wrist. It had happened twice there.

"Do you enjoy a holiday on your own?" Matt asked.

"I like being alone," Chris said shortly. "Richard offered to come and I suppose it

Continued from page 57

would have been quite proper, but —"

"Richard?" he said.

"He's my — well, I suppose you could call him my boyfriend," Chris said uncomfortably. "We have an understanding, of sorts. He's a solicitor — very kind and good and steady. But I'm not going to marry him."

"You sound as if you have just made up your mind," Matt said, amused in spite of the fact he was convinced it was all lies.

"I have. You see I don't feel any passion for him, and if I don't feel it now it's unlikely I'll feel it after we're married."

He was silent. He wondered what it would be like to share passion with this girl.

"I beg your pardon," Chris said, very formally. "I talk too much. Mother always said I showed an inclination to confide in complete strangers."

"Sometimes strangers talk well together," Matt said.

"Yes." She looked at him and smiled. Her eyes were very brown and warm and there were little gold flecks in them. "I think I should go to bed now. The tablets will make me quite drowsy."

"I'll walk you to your room," Matt said.

He had to make sure that she went to her room and stayed there. He thought of his partner who would be in the booking office, checking by telephone with headquarters on a girl who looked so innocent and behaved so guiltily.

She turned to face him at the door of her room, and she held out her hand.

"I want to thank you for waiting along the road this afternoon. It was kind." He felt the veneer tremble and crack slightly. It was his protection and his weapon.

All right, Matthew Sander-son told himself, she is a very attractive girl. The world is full of attractive girls. She could be Remington's sister. Deep down inside yourself you know she is Remington's sister, otherwise it would be too good to be true.

"It was nothing," he said. (She must know that he and James had waited, because she could have been keeping a rendezvous with her brother.)

"It was something," Chris insisted. She unlocked the door of her room, and paused. "There is something else," she said. "What is scotch on the rocks?"

"It is straight scotch poured on to ice-cubes," Matt said.

"Well, I may try it next time. Good night."

"Good night," Matt said. Chris woke, smiling, to a fine clear day.

Before she had dressed there was a knock on the

door. She put on a housecoat and went, hairbrush in hand, to answer it.

"Did I wake you?" Riven asked.

"My wife's niece has been staying with us," he said. "She is going on to Eden. Would it — well, I thought as you were going that way. That is —"

"You want me to take her in the car?" Chris asked. (Don't give anyone a lift in the car, her mother had warned. It seems there just aren't any nice people left any more.)

"I told my wife I'd ask," Riven said, as if he didn't much like the idea. "Lil, my

wife, feels kind of responsible for her, and she's, well — unpredictable."

"How old is your niece?" Chris asked, feeling sorry for Riven's discomfort.

"Eighteen. We thought, well, if a lady like yourself would take her along we wouldn't worry about her meeting any — any mishaps."

He means men, Chris thought. He sounds just like mother.

"I don't see why not," Chris said. "The car is big enough."

"This is very kind of you." She decided she would be glad of the company of Riven's niece. She wondered

what she would talk about to an eighteen-year-old girl who was unpredictable.

"I was planning to start immediately after breakfast," Chris said to Riven. "Will that suit your niece?"

"It'll be fine," Riven said. "Her name is Lesley."

As she dressed, she hummed a little tune. Even the dressing-case had lost its power to alarm her. She looked at it and actually smiled at the suspicions of the previous night. She was glad she had not mentioned the suspicions to Matt Sander-son.

To page 77

FLY AWAY LITTLE BIRD

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"I wouldn't let a doll of mine date a type like that!"



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Dulux Spring is just starting.

What do you do when you come to the last colour in the card and you still haven't found the one you want? Turn to Dulux Spring (the flat plastic wall paint that covers like a coat and a half). There are 66 exciting wall and ceiling colours on the Spring colour card, but it's still not big enough. Your Dulux Dealer has a big display board with dozens more shades in the colour you want. So when you can't find the colour you want, see the Dulux display board. Better still, see it first. It may save you all the trouble of looking at colours you don't want on colour cards.



CONTEST-WINNING PROJECT HOME



● This house was the winner of a small homes competition sponsored by the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects and the Gas and Fuel Corporation. It was designed by young Melbourne architect Peter Vaalburg. As a gas project house it is now one of a series of display homes on A. V. Jennings "Cooinda" Estate at Glen Waverley, Victoria. Ideal for family living, the house requires hardly any maintenance or housework, is exceptionally smooth-running, and has extremely well-planned relaxing areas.

To page 71

GAS PROJECT HOME, 1966. The winning design in a contest entered by 140 Victorian architects. Above, the exterior of this flat-roofed house of bleached oregon weatherboard. Below, the living-and-dining room, which opens on to an insect-proof courtyard (closed in by the roof and one wall and door of plastic flywire) through large sliding glass door.

● HOUSE of the WEEK



Page

THAISHEEN...
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Continuing . . .

● HOUSE of the WEEK



KITCHEN (above) is small but efficient. It has work corridor dividing food preparation area, with sink and built-in cupboards, from cooking area, which includes gas hotplates and a wall oven. Hot-water system and central heating unit are in large cupboard.

FREQUENTLY described as an "inside out" house, that title is illustrated at night, with the view through open glass doors to insect-proof courtyard. In wet weather, a marquee on pulleys can be erected over children's and living-room courts.



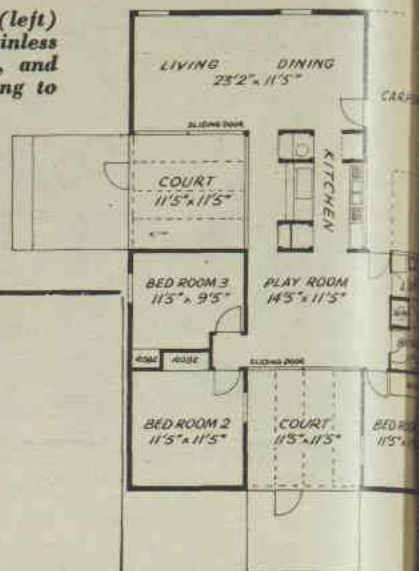
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Continuing . . .

● HOUSE of the WEEK

BARBECUE area (left) has a built-in stainless steel gas barbecue, and paved terrace leading to fly-wired courtyard where guests can have their meal. At right, floor plan.



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(That's why it's a better camera)



Perfect colour every time because it's got a built-in exposure meter
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No need to watch the toast, your Sunbeam watches it for you. **Never burns toast.** Just as the exposure meter in an automatic camera measures light reflection to give colour-perfect pictures every time, the Radiant Heat Control unit in the Sunbeam Toastermatic measures heat reflection to give colour-perfect toast every time. Knows exactly when the

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TOASTER

IDEAL for the family who enjoy outdoor living and entertaining, this 11.53-square-house, winner of a small homes competition, cost \$12,500 complete with gas appliances.

This price, of course, does not include the cost of land, furnishings, or light fittings.

It's a gas house in the true sense of the word, because all the appliances it contains run on gas—the refrigerator, wall oven and hot-plates, clothes-dryer, space-heater, garden lights, hot-water system, and barbecue.

It is one of a series of display homes on A. V. Jennings' "Coindia" Estate, Glen Waverley, Victoria, where it has aroused such great public interest that it has been decided to keep it on exhibition for another five months.

The cost of building a similar house would be \$11,000.

From the outside it looks a stark, simple, square house of bleached oregon weatherboard with a flat, steel deck roof.

But inside it comes to life. Warm red clay bricks cover every floor surface—except in the bedrooms, bathroom, and laundry. The bricks are waxed to give a soft finish, and the only care they need is an occasional mopping and buffing.

Long-lasting floors

They will last a lifetime and, strangely, they seem to make little noise underfoot.

The bricks extend from inside the house to two outside courtyards and terraces.

The 11ft. 5in. x 11ft. 5in. courtyards are a feature of the house. "They bring outdoor living inside and indoor living outside," said the architect, Mr. Peter Vaalburg.

And they are the most sensible type of outdoor entertainment areas we've seen in years. They are entirely insect-proof—a blessing for Victoria's fly-plagued summers.

Like monster meat-sals, the courtyards let the air in but keep insects out. They have ceilings of plastic fly wire and an outside wall and door of fly wire.

On the east side of the house a courtyard adjoins the living room.

In wet weather, a marquee, worked on pulleys, can be erected over the courtyard, which opens on to the barbecue area.

Lifesaver for any mother is a children's playroom close to the

kitchen so she can keep an eye on things. The playroom opens on to a children's insect-proof courtyard (which also has a marquee), where children can play in the fresh air and sunshine.

Surrounding the playroom are the bathroom, with floor and walls covered in vinyl tiles; laundry — with all-gas equipment, including washing-machine; and three bedrooms.

The living-room courtyard opens out to a brick-paved barbecue where an encompassing high screen fence gives privacy.

The general layout of the house permits a relaxed sense of living. Life revolves round the kitchen, which is centrally situated.

The kitchen — small, but functional — is designed round a working corridor. Food preparation is done on one side and cooking on the other. Food is then moved over a bar into another small corridor.

In the adjoining playroom a small table and two stools are set up for children's meals and play.

Walls and ceilings in the house are all painted a creamy-white, and every piece of wood (whether kitchen cupboard, door, or beam) is painted an attractive and practical licorice-brown.

All doors are ceiling high — eight feet — to permit a movement of air throughout the house.

Thousands of people have seen through the house since it was opened to the public recently, and

most have been impressed by the way it solves housework problems and gives an illusion of spaciousness.

Although only 36ft. x 48ft., the house seems much larger. The design is perfect for a narrow block. Most suburban houses with a 50ft. frontage rely on outdoor living at either the front or back.

With its insect-proof courtyard, this house has "side-life."

— Claudia Wright

MAIN BEDROOM, overlooking the second courtyard, has built-in wardrobes, low-level bed with a surrounding platform, and attached bedside tables of slatted wood.



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about?"**

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HOME HINTS

• Readers win a prize of \$2 for each of these household hints.

INSTEAD of bread, add 1 tablespoon self-raising flour and 1 teaspoon baking powder when making rissoles. They will be much lighter and really delicious. — Mrs. W. A. Sinton, 9 John Bright St., Moorooka, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Don't throw away your old plastic raincoat. Remove sleeves and collar, cut neck lower at back, and stitch belt to centre back, leaving ends free. Put it on back to front and you have an excellent over-all for painting, washing, gardening, or springcleaning. — Mrs. I. Purvis, 1 Bellevue Rd., Eltham, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Store your coffee jar in the refrigerator. This will help prevent the oil in the coffee becoming rancid, which is what happens when coffee goes stale. — Mrs. K. G. McPhee, "Cressfield," Parkville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Keep an old string shopping bag to use when making steamed puddings. Put the pudding basin in the bag and you will be able to lift it out without difficulty or scalded fingers. — Mrs. P. Wagner, 38 Gormanston Rd., Moonah, Tas.

★ ★ ★
When growing plants from seeds, use your clothes sprinkler to keep the soil moist until the seedlings appear. This is gentle, and soil and seeds will not be disturbed. — Mrs. C. H. Wheatley, 27 Penrith St., Salisbury, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Do not peg corsets or step-in or the line after washing, but attach them by the suspenders. The garment will dry quicker and there will be no peg marks. — Mrs. Mary Smith, 39 Elizabeth Bay Rd., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Make sausage rolls the length of your oven slide, then cut them into desired lengths before cooking, but don't separate them. The filling won't get hard and dry at each end, as it does if cooked separately. — Mrs. W. Rollinson, "Boortkoi," Hexham, Vic.

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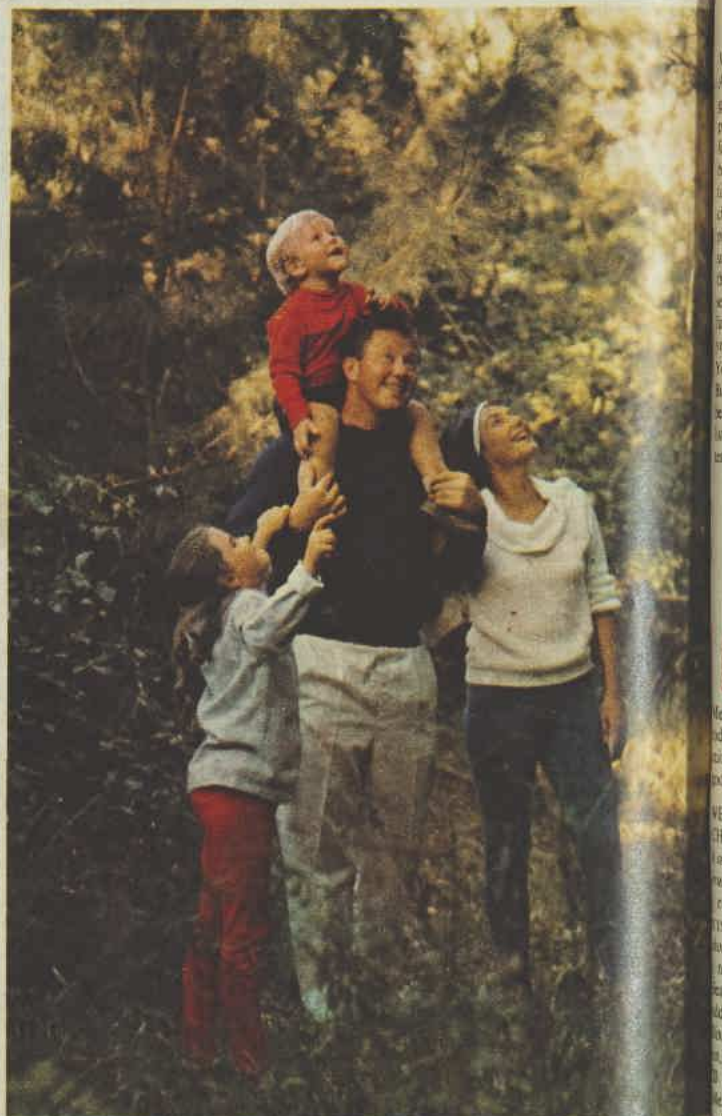
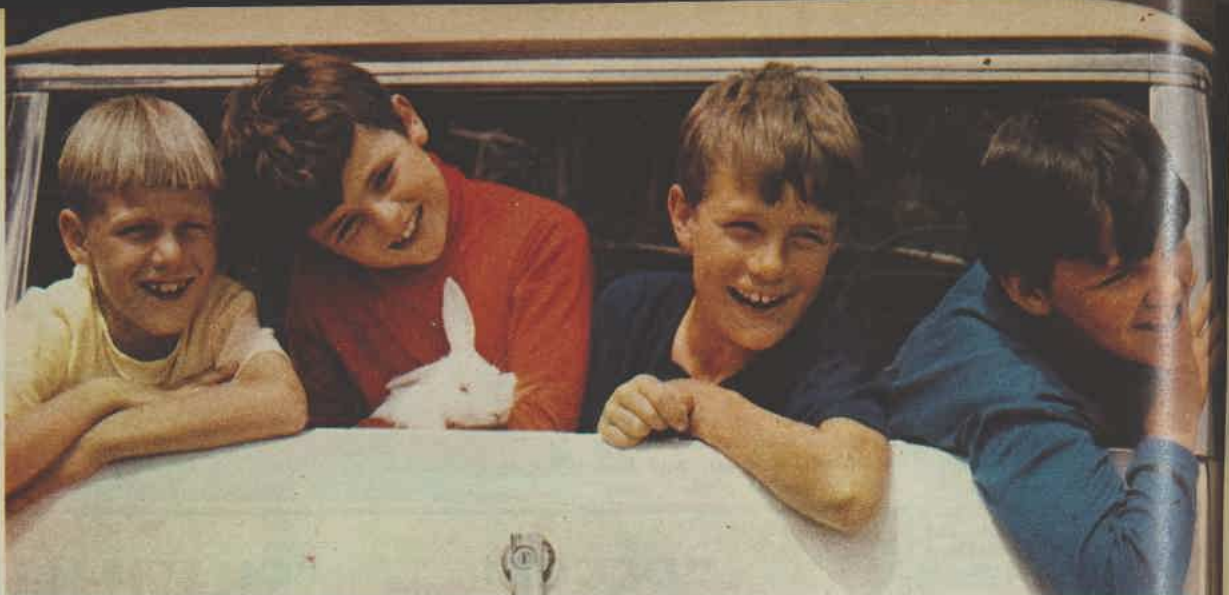
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Do you know Weet-Bix and Marmite? Have you tried the other members of our food family? Check the list on this page — and try our best recipes.



Children of tomorrow need Weet-Bix today. These golden breakfast biscuits give them all the build-up goodness of whole wheat.

WEET-BIX HOC-MINT SLICES.

2 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup of Weet-Bix, 1 cup S.R. flour, 1 cup coconut.

Prep: 3 oz. solid white vegetable shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drinking chocolate, 1 teaspoon peppermint.

Melt butter and sugar till creamy; sifted flour, coconut and Weet-Bix. Press into greased lamington tin; bake in moderate oven approx. 15 minutes; leave in tin till cold. Melt shortening over gentle heat; stir over chocolate, add peppermint, mix well; cool slightly. Pour top of biscuit base; spread to top evenly; refrigerate till set. Cut in slices to serve.



Our new Skippy Corn Flakes are wonderfully crisp, firm and satisfying. The 'eatiest' corn flakes ever made!

SKIPPY COCONUT MACAROON CRISPS.

3 tablespoons melted butter, 3 cups Skippy Corn Flakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 2 egg whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, few drops vanilla.

Combine butter, corn flakes, cornflour and coconut. Beat egg whites till stiff; then gradually beat in the sugar; add vanilla, combine with cornflake mixture. Drop by teaspoonsful onto greased baking trays; flatten slightly. Bake in slow oven 20-30 minutes. Loosen, then cool on trays. Makes approx. 4 dozen.



Marmite is a rich source of Vitamin B₁ and a wonderful appetite builder. Young lions roar for it!

MARMITE 2-MINUTE WELSH RAREBIT

3 oz. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Marmite, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon tumeric, 1 tablespoon cream or milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 6 slices hot toast. Cream together cheese, butter and cream; add tumeric and Marmite; beat well. Spread evenly on toast; place under hot grill; cook until brown and bubbly on top. Cut into fingers, serve hot.



This whole wheat cereal has an appetising difference — it's puffed to many times its original size and toasted to tempting crispness.

CERIX CHOCOLATE CHERRY CRUNCH

3 cups Cerix Puffed Wheat, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 6 oz. sifted icing sugar, 6 oz. solid white vegetable shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped glace cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed fruit.

Place in basin Puffed Wheat, cocoa, icing sugar, coconut, cherries and mixed fruit. Melt shortening over gentle heat; cool. Pour onto ingredients in basin; mix thoroughly. Turn into greased lamington tin, which has strip of greased paper over base. Spread mixture evenly, allow to set. Cut into squares. Keep refrigerated.



We start with the pick of the wheat crop. Puff each grain many times its original size. Sweeten them deliciously with maple syrup flavouring.

WEETA PUFF HONEY BALLS

3 oz. honey, 1 oz. butter, 6 oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped marshmallows, 4 oz. Sanitarium Weeta Puffs. Place honey, butter, sugar and marshmallows in saucepan; cook gently until sugar has dissolved. Set aside until almost cool. Pour over Weeta Puffs; stir, coating well. Shape into small balls, refrigerate until set.



Made from plump, golden peanuts, 'Betta' Peanut Butter is a real storehouse of energy. Two tempting varieties: Smooth and Crunchy (studded with peanut chips).

"BETTA" PEANUT BUTTER BARS.

1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup 'Betta'



Crunchy Peanut Butter 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour and salt twice. Cream butter and peanut butter, gradually add sugar. Add well-beaten eggs and beat well. Sift in dry ingredients, add coconut and vanilla. Spread into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 30-35 minutes. Cut into bars while still warm, dust with sifted icing sugar.



Blend honey and glucose together, and you have a superb natural energy builder. Sanitarium Honey and Glucose.

SANITARIUM HONEY-GLUCOSE TOFFEE

2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon Sanitarium Honey & Glucose, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon butter.

Grease saucepan well with butter. Place all ingredients in pan; bring to boil. Boil steadily until a little dropped in cold water becomes hard; do not stir at all. Pour into patty cases; leave until set. If desired, sprinkle coconut or nonpareils to decorate.



Free from alcohol, Sanitarium Grape Juice gives you the goodness and flavour of choicest South Australian grapes. Light or Dark. In bottles or cans.

SANITARIUM FROSTED GRAPE SHERBET

2 cups hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ can Sanitarium Grape Juice, 1 egg white, 1 extra tablespoon sugar. Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in hot water; add grape juice. Cool, then pour

into refrigerator trays. Freeze, stirring occasionally until mixture is mushy; remove from trays. Beat egg white stiffly, beat in extra sugar. Fold into grape mixture. Return to refrigerator trays; freeze. Flake lightly; pile into glasses.



Here's high protein that's good to eat, interesting to cook — and surprisingly moderate in cost.

NUT MEAT PIE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sanitarium Nut Meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced onions, 1 tablespoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon shortening.

Melt shortening; fry vegetables brown; add salt. Cover with vegetable stock; simmer with parsley and lemon juice for 20 minutes; add minced Nut Meat, herbs, cornflour blended with water. Roll wheatmeal pastry; line small pie plates with half pastry. Put filling in pies; top with remaining pastry. Bake 15-18 minutes in hot oven.



We distribute world-famous Swedish Ry-King crispbreads because they're made to the same high ideals as our own foods — putting health first.

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2 Ry-King crispbreads spread with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and Marmite (120 calories). 1 hard boiled egg (80 calories). 1 sliced tomato (30 calories). 1 piece fruit (apple or orange — 70 calories). Plus your favourite hot beverage without milk or sugar.

THE WONDERFUL FAMILY OF



AP7.6

Page 75



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that's so often boiled away. This wonderful taste is one good reason you should try KRAFT pure Sweet Orange and Seville Orange Marmalades.

Another is that now you can buy them, and eight other KRAFT Conserves and Jellies, at new lower prices. Why not try them all?

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

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FLY AWAY LITTLE BIRD

He was waiting for her in the restaurant.

"Good morning," Chris said. "Good morning," Matt said. "Did you sleep well?"

"I haven't slept so well for a long time," Chris said truthfully. She studied the menu with the interest prompted by hunger.

"Isn't your partner eating?" "He's waiting for a telephone call," Matt said.

The description fitted, as he had known it would. There might have been a slight difference in weight, but the color was identical — the blonde hair, the blue eyes.

"I'll have sausages," Chris said to the waitress defiantly, thinking of her mother's warnings about restaurant food, "and a fruit compote. Can't you compote a lovely word?" she said to Matt. "And tea, please."

When the waitress had gone, Chris looked at him, smiling. He had seen them like this before, so brazen, so very assured. This was no different, and yet there was a difference, so slight he could not pinpoint it.

"Tell me about the boy," Chris invited him, "or isn't it allowed?" "I can tell you what you can read in the newspapers," Matt said smoothly.

"Why did he kill someone?" "There was a robbery at a jeweller's, and when the night-watchman came and disturbed him he panicked."

"Then he didn't mean to do it?" "Perhaps not," Matt said. "Does that lessen his guilt?"

"Yes, I think so, a little." "I'm sure the watchman's wife will be very glad to hear that," Matt said. "The watchman was unarmed. All he was carrying was a torch."

She flushed. Ah, he thought, that touched you. Maybe it even hurt a little.

"I didn't mean he was guiltless," Chris said. "I meant his guilt was not as great as if he had planned to commit murder."

"The law recognises the difference," Matt said.

Well, Chris thought wryly, we are not progressing so well this morning.

WHEN her breakfast arrived she had lost her appetite.

Matt knew she would not try to make contact with her brother while police were watching her. The relief man from headquarters would arrive that morning. He would follow Remington's sister.

The relief man was practised at undercover work, and would arrive at the motel dressed for a fishing expedition. He would be a man young on early middle age with a face and figure, voice, and appearance which, if anybody thought about them, could well be described as average.

He would follow Christine Peters, and when she made contact he would make the arrest.

"I'll be leaving just after breakfast," Chris said.

"Already?" "Yes," she said, wondering whether to be flattered or surprised at the concern she felt rather than awe.

Hell, Matt thought. He was tempted to book her then as a suspected accessory. If he did, the chase could go on for days and if he allowed her to leave without the undercover man they could lose her completely.

"I'm taking Mr. Riven's niece with me," Chris said.

"What?"

"Mr. Riven's niece. I'm taking her with me as far as Eden. He asked me and I said it would be all right. You do think it's all right, don't you?"

"I don't see why not," Matt said, puzzled.

Why take a passenger on a trip such as she was making? For the sake of appearances, perhaps? As a blind? Or was it that she knew they were aware of her real identity and, all the time, that had been the sole purpose of her journey, to lead them to Remington's hometown while he himself went in the opposite direction?

He lit a cigarette. He was tired.

He had slept badly, as you did when you were on a job and knew you could be awakened any time.

He had meant to telephone Linda last night, not because she expected it, but because she did not expect it.

A man was always more thoughtful about flowers and telephone calls when the object of his interest made it plain she did not expect special attention. He had not made the telephone call.

She was a nursing sister. They were not engaged, but they both knew the time was approaching when something definite would be decided.

Linda considered two children, a boy and a girl, the ideal family.

She held very positive ideas about budgeting, bringing up children, planning for the future. She would make some man a wonderful wife.

I am not going to marry her, he thought, and knew how Christine Peters had felt the previous night when she had said, "I am not going to marry him." He had to remind himself that Christine Peters probably did not exist, and Remington's sister, for some reason of her own, had handed him a line about a good steady boyfriend for whom she felt no passion.

Instructions from headquarters had been brief and explicit: Stay friendly with the suspect.

To page 78

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Whatever the topping, whatever the bread... Naturally Butter's the spread

FROM THE DAIRY FOODS TEST KITCHEN



Butter belongs with breads! And with crusty rolls and crisp cracker biscuits! They all taste twice as good when you spread with Butter, for no substitute can match Butter's smooth texture and delicate flavour. Remember Butter is a natural food. It adds nutrition as well as enjoyment to eating. Try topping Butter with a fine Australian cheese and a savoury garnish.

Cool, smooth, golden Butter enhances the flavour of these combinations. Certain kinds of bread are suggested, but you may substitute any type you fancy. Butter it generously.



ON BUTTERED CRUSTY WHITE BREAD...

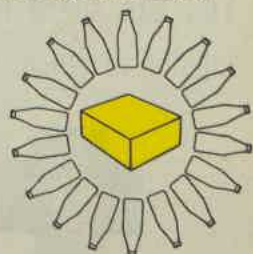
place 2 rolls of sliced ham with slice of chicken between. Place hard-boiled egg slice and a prune between meat slices. Garnish with gherkin.

SPREAD CRACKED WHEAT BREAD WITH BUTTER...

pile with cole slaw and top with Australian Swiss cheese. Garnish with onion rings and green pepper strips.

SLICE A BROWN SANDWICH LOAF...

Butter it, place lettuce leaf topped by 2 corned beef rolls made from thin meat slices filled with creamed cottage cheese. Place 2 egg slices and onion rings between rolls.



IT TAKES CREAM FROM 18 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE ONE POUND OF BUTTER!



Inserted in the interest of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

"What do you do for a living, Miss Peters?" Matt asked.

"I'm a secretary," Chris said. "A very good one, too — steady and reliable, never forget appointments. You know the type." There was a wealth of boredom in the voice. "I wanted to do something else, but I could never decide what. Teaching, maybe. I like children."

It was odd, Chris reflected, that Matt should take so much time from his duties to talk to her.

She was flattered, but there was also a nagging little suspicion. She had always supposed policemen on duty were busy detecting or being friendly only to those they suspected of being implicated in a crime.

MATT walked with her to the booking office. While she paid her account another traveller entered. He carried fishing gear, and there

Continued from page 77

was more gear roped to his car, parked outside.

He inquired about obtaining a cup of coffee in the restaurant. Riven assured him they would be happy to serve him with coffee or a three-course breakfast.

"Coffee will be fine," the traveller said. "I'm in a hurry to go farther south."

Everybody is going south, Chris thought. The fisherman is in such a hurry that he can only spare time for a cup of coffee. She stood with her receipt in her hand, trying to localise the cause of her suspicion. It was without reason.

She turned to Matt. "Well," she said. "Good-bye."

"Good luck," Matt said. "Thank you." She favored him with a cool little smile and went to collect her car.

The girl was waiting by the car. She was leaning against the driver's door. She wore a

linen skirt and a cream-colored car coat with a small fur collar. Above the collar her face looked pinched.

"Hello," Chris said. "You're Lesley, aren't you?"

"Yes," she had a low, husky voice, a little uncertain. "You're Miss Peters. I'm grateful —"

"It's nothing," Chris said. "I'll be glad of the company. Please call me Chris. We'll both look silly calling each other Miss Peters and Miss —"

"Smith," Lesley said. "Carl — Mr. Riven is my uncle."

"I know. He told me. Have you much luggage, Lesley?"

"Only one bag. Uncle Carl is bringing it out. He got tied up with your policeman."

"My policeman?"

"You know," Lesley said. "Your boyfriend in the restaurant."

Chris felt her cheeks color. "We only met yesterday."

"I know." The girl's eyes ran over Chris. "He certainly made the most of his time. Not that I blame him."

"Thank you," Chris said, gravely.

They were studying each other covertly, the way people do when they know they are going to spend a certain amount of time in each other's company.

Chris saw a slim girl, perhaps a little taller than average, with a regrettable tendency to slouch in an effort to minimise her height.

Her hair was short and fair, curled forward over the forehead and teased over the ears. There was too much make-up on the young skin, and the eyelashes were so long that, Chris decided enviously, they must be false.

"Let's get started," she said. Riven came out, carrying a bag. He put it in the boot with Chris' luggage.

"You two be careful," he

said to Chris. "Don't stop for anyone on the way."

"We won't," Chris assured him.

They both got into the car. The driving seat felt familiar and comforting. She leaned from the window and smiled at Riven.

"Don't worry," she told him.

She looked beyond Riven and saw Matt and his partner standing at the entrance to the motel. The fisherman walked past them and down the steps to his car. She had the strangest feeling he would stop and speak to Matt, but he didn't.

She started the car and Riven stepped back. Before the motel vanished behind a bend in the highway she looked in her driving mirror. Goodbye, Matt, she thought, sentimentally.

They stopped for mid-morning coffee at a small cafe.

"Would you like something to eat?" Chris asked the girl.

Lesley fumbled in her purse. "I'll have some doughnuts. I have to pay. Uncle Carl told me I have to pay."

Chris said, "If you wish, but it isn't really necessary."

"You certainly have a la-de-da way of talking," Lesley said. "Do you always talk like that?"

"I — I suppose so."

"Uncle Carl says you're a real lady. That's why he picked you."

"Picked me?" Chris said.

"You know — to chaperon me. Uncle Carl, knew I wouldn't get into any mischief with you."

"Uncle Carl's faith is very flattering," Chris said.

"There's the fisherman from the motel."

LESLEY turned her head, watching the fisherman's progress into the parking area.

"He's following us," Lesley said.

"Oh, honestly," Chris said impatiently. Was this the girl who needed chaperoning, this girl afraid of the imagined attentions of a dull, middle-aged fisherman?

"He is," Lesley insisted. "I want to go."

"Finish your coffee, and don't be silly," Chris said.

She saw that the girl's distress was real, and it added to her own vague uneasiness.

"I'm sorry," Chris said. "I didn't mean to snap at you like that. Who told you strangers couldn't be trusted?"

"Nobody," Lesley said. "Who told you they could be trusted?"

"A friend," Chris said. "He taught me at least to give people the benefit of the doubt."

Lesley sat hunched on the bar stool. "Tell me about your boyfriends, Chris. I bet you have a lot."

"No," Chris said, smiling, even though she resented the question. "My boyfriend's name is Richard. He's a solicitor."

"You going to marry him?"

"No."

"You mean you're not crazy about him?" Lesley said. "I watched you with Mr. Policeman in the restaurant last night. You glowed for him."

"I didn't see you in the restaurant," Chris said.

They were spying on me, she thought, not knowing who they were, only knowing that the fear, the reasonless, nameless terror was upon her again.

The coffee in the cup halfway to her lips trembled and sloshed on to her skirt.

"You've stained your skirt," Lesley said. "What a shame. I wasn't in the restaurant. I was helping in the kitchen."

Uncle Carl told me you were the lady who was going to give me a lift."

He didn't ask me until this morning, Chris thought. The old slyness was back, the slyness born of fear. She knew it was ridiculous, but she could not bring herself to argue with this girl. She could not look her in the face and say: "Your uncle did not ask me until this morning."

"I think we should be going," Chris said. "Another hundred miles and we'll stop for lunch."

"Would you like me to drive?" Lesley asked.

"No," she knew how it sounded, but she did not care. She had an awful presentiment that she was fast losing control of the situation. She did not know what the "situation" was, but she knew she had to maintain some sort of control, preferably over the car and herself. "No, thank you, I like driving."

She had checked her driving mirror frequently, and the car was still in sight. She would not have thought it suspicious, except for Lesley's fear of the middle-aged fisherman in the cafe.

Deliberately she let her speed drop until the needle barely hovered on thirty. The distance between them did not diminish.

He was pacing her. She acknowledged the fact and accepted it, surprised at her indifference. It was as if she had run as far and as fast as she could, and now she just had to stop.

She looked at Lesley. The girl was gazing out of the window, her shoulders slumped.

"You were right," Chris said. "He's following us."

She was not prepared for

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Lesley's violent reaction, for the frantic changing of position, the craning of the neck to obtain a better view, or for the plain, unadulterated terror on the young face.

"You should stop that," Chris said. "I know. You'll drive yourself into a first-class breakdown..." She stopped. Lesley was looking at her, and the frantic eyes could have been her own three months previously.

The capacious handbag opened and the gun was palmed as swiftly as a magician's trick. The steel was black and lethal-looking. The weapon was held within inches of her throat.

"Don't stop. Put your foot down and keep on going," said the harsh voice.

The car swerved, recovered.

"You're," Chris gasped, not wanting to believe. "You're—"

"Yes," he said. "That's right. The Remington boy..."

At the Palms Motel Matt took the telephone call in the office.

"This is Mrs. Peters," the voice said. "I wish to speak to my daughter. I am informed she has already left. Who is speaking?"

Matt replied, "Detective-Sergeant Sanderson."

Continued from page 78

"I knew something would happen," Mrs. Peters said. "I know something has happened. She said to me: 'Mother, someone has been using my cosmetics.' We had a bad connection and I didn't quite catch it the first time, but I puzzled over it all night."

"And why are the police at the motel?" Mrs. Peters inquired. "Something has happened, hasn't it? Where is my daughter?"

"Your daughter is perfectly safe," Matt said.

There was silence while he tried to evaluate the situation. If there was a Mrs. Peters there must be a Christine Peters.

The word "cosmetics" rang in his head. They had to be the right shade and the right brand and the right texture. They were not the sort of things often borrowed. Sometimes they could be used for disguise.

He closed his eyes and there was a funny, sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. He thought, quite simply: Riven's "niece."

"You don't understand," Mrs. Peters said, and her voice had become embarrassed.

singly confidential. "Christine is—*disturbed*."

"What?" Matt said. "Christine has been—sick. There was a dreadful accident—an accident, but she felt guilty or so the doctor insisted. Don't you understand? My daughter is *mentally disturbed*."

"I don't believe it," Matt said.

"Neither do I," Mrs. Peters said approvingly.

"Who is her doctor?"

"Maxwell Frazer, but why—"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Peters," Matt said. "Your daughter will probably telephone tonight."

"Perhaps so. She promised faithfully to telephone each night. If you assure me everything is as it should be I suppose I shall have to be content. It was just that I had such a strong feeling. Mothers do, you know—have these presentiments, I mean."

You should not have let her go, Matt thought. You let her drive off with a "girl," who has already killed once.

"Isn't compute a lovely word?" she had said. He could see her in his mind the way she had looked then, so pleased with the great adventure of travelling.

When Mrs. Peters, mollified and reassured, had finally terminated the conversation Matt dialled the local exchange.

"This is a police emergency call," he said to the operator. "I want Dr. Maxwell Frazer in the city. He's a psychiatrist."

He waited while the seconds lengthened into minutes. Riven's wife was a brunette. She had to be, otherwise why run the risk of borrowing cosmetics designed for a blonde.

HAD they experimented with the vivid make-up designed to complement black hair, only to discover that the boy looked impossibly theatrical?

Had they decided in a last-minute panic to avail themselves of blonde Christine Peters' cosmetics and send the boy on his way with a second victim?

They had bargained without the knowledge that Chris Peters was "disturbed" and perhaps more than ordinarily suspicious. For some reason she had suspected a stranger of using her cosmetics and she had been sufficiently alarmed to mention the fact to her mother.

"Go ahead," urged the operator's voice. "I have your party."

Matt began to talk. He talked well, surprised at the conciseness of his explanation. When he had finished, the voice, slow, thoughtful, as if there were all the time in the world, at the other end said: "I am very sorry to hear this. In a way I feel responsible. I told her to go forth and explore."

"How is she likely to react to a real emergency?" Matt asked.

"I don't know," Frazer said truthfully. "It would depend on what triggered the emergency."

"Her mother has just been on the telephone," Matt said to Frazer. "I didn't tell her."

"Good," Frazer said. "That could do a lot of harm. I'll come myself. Right away."

The brightness of the day had gone. Had the day ever been bright? Chris doubted it. Her foot was down hard and the car was responding. They had turned off the highway suddenly, taking their pursuer by surprise, for he was no longer following.

The boy was close beside her. She had believed she

FLY AWAY LITTLE BIRD

knew the meaning of fear. This was an extension of her knowledge. This was terror beyond terror.

She was functioning well. She knew it and the knowledge gave her courage. Many "normal" people would not have withstood such a shock with such aplomb.

She should have known. Everything about "Lesley" was unfeminine, the lazy slouch of the shoulders, the ungainly way of sitting, the starkness of cosmetics on the young face.

The way the "girl" had inspected her when they met had been essentially masculine. The final verdict, "He certainly made good use of his time, didn't he? Not that I blame him," had been a male verdict.

attendant said. "Barely took three gallons. It's the petrol gauge, lady. They don't work properly."

She handed him a note, staring at him, willing him to look at her.

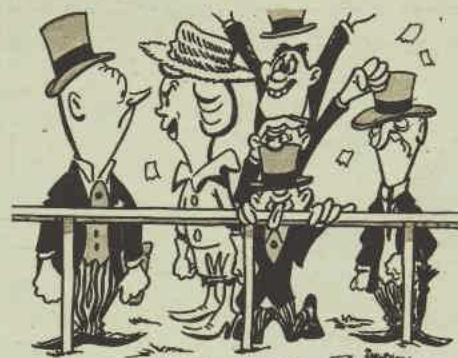
He looked at her. It was unbelievably difficult to signal with the eyes without also moving the head. The attendant looked away. He was young and good looking. Perhaps he was accustomed to girls using their eyes to gain his attention.

"Let's go, go, go," Lesley said.

The movement at her side was sharp and vicious.

She slid the handbrake free and the car moved off. She watched the attendant in the rear-vision mirror. He was looking after them, then he turned away.

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Don't just stand there, do something!"

"Is your name really Lesley?" Chris asked.

"Yes." "You may as well stop running, Lesley. They are going to catch up eventually, so we may as well stop now."

Her foot eased slightly off the accelerator. The reaction was instantaneous. The gun came up to her throat again and the steel actually touched her skin.

For a moment she thought she was going to faint.

Then her vision steadied and the deserted road stretched out before her like all the years she might not be allowed to live.

"Don't do that again," he said. "Next time my hand might slip."

"If it did the car would crash," Chris said calmly. "Is that what you want? Have you ever seen a car crash at seventy miles an hour? I have."

The dirt road abruptly gave way to macadam. There was a petrol station ahead.

"We need petrol. Look at that gauge," she said.

He looked. The needle flickered on "empty." He looked at her and then back to the gauge. Slowly, tentatively she eased her foot off the accelerator. He made no comment. "Don't let him know," she prayed. "Oh, don't let him know that the gauge doesn't work."

Relief, so sweet and unexpected, unsteady her. She drove into the garage, braked, and went to get out of the car.

"Stay where you are." She stayed, looking at the attendant as he approached.

"Fill her up," Chris said.

"Check the oil and water—"

"Never mind the oil and water," Lesley said.

"Never mind the oil and water," Chris said to the attendant, signalling with her eyes.

The attendant nodded, not looking at her.

"She wasn't empty," the

Tears stung her eyes.

"That was a very dangerous thing to do," Lesley said.

"You shouldn't tell lies."

The tension was beginning to exact its toll. She was shaking, and the old familiar nausea was there in the pit of her stomach.

You are on your own, she told herself, and the traitor within laughed mockingly. You wanted to be free. Well, you've done it. You picked up a stranger and your mother was right. You flew away, little bird, and now there is a wild bird sitting right beside you, and he will probably gobble you up.

"We can't just keep on driving aimlessly," Chris said. "You know we can't."

"A few more miles, and then we'll turn back on to the highway. I've got the key to the shack. I'm going to wait there and Lil will pick me up."

"What makes you think so?" Chris asked.

"She said she would. She's my sister," he said. "She comes when I need her."

"You should wipe off some of that lipstick," Chris said. "It looks ridiculous."

He flushed. "It was a good idea. The police were looking for a boy, not a girl."

"Yes," she admitted wearily. "It was a good idea."

After turning on to the highway they came to a town. "We need some food," the boy said. "Park here opposite the supermarket and get out and get it for us."

She was free. Fly away, little bird, into the supermarket and gasp out your story to the manager and use the telephone and watch the police cars congregate along the highway.

"See that kid there," he said, "the one in the pushchair."

She nodded.

"If you do anything silly, like using a telephone or talking to anyone in the supermarket, I'll shoot that kid."

"You wouldn't." Even as she said it, she knew that possibly, he might. There was no predicting what he might or might not do.

She got out of the car, her purse in her sweating hand.

"Get salmon," he called after her. "I like salmon."

In the supermarket she went blindly along the shelves, reaching down tea and butter and coffee and bread and eggs. She added two cans of salmon to the wire trolley she was trundling. She stumbled into people and apologised.

She delved into her purse and her fingers closed around a lipstick. Wildly she looked along the shelves. There were packets of sugar, pristine in their white covers. Frantically, laboriously she printed her message:

Remington boy in blue-white car across road.

Telephone police. NOT until car gone. Shack somewhere along coast.

VERY carefully she signed her name, Chris Peters, and in the thick lipstick it looked alien, like the signature of a stranger.

She joined the queue at the checking-out point. She turned the packet of sugar printed side up. The girl looked at it and her hands momentarily stilled their dance across the cash register.

She looked at Chris, started to laugh uncertainly, saw the expression on the face at the other side of the counter, and did not laugh at all. Quickly she put the sugar to one side. Then money changed hands.

"Thank you, madam," the girl said politely.

Chris walked back to the car.

"Did you talk to anyone?" the boy asked.

"No."

"Do you swear it?"

"I swear it."

She pulled out into the line of traffic, not daring to look back.

"I blame myself," Matt was saying to Frazer.

"It was an understandable mistake," Frazer said quietly. "There is a resemblance between Chris and Mrs. Riven. You weren't to know that Mrs. Riven had dyed her hair, or that Chris had felt guilty so long that sometimes she still acts as if all the crimes in the

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No colic for this baby



Maw's Anti-colic teats see to that! Recently, a world-famous baby health authority declared a Maw's teat the only entirely satisfactory teat for bottle feeding. This isn't surprising, because Maw's teats are made by an exclusive 'dipping' process to give the resilient softness which allows baby to control the flow of milk at will. Avoid digestive upsets. Always use a Maw's teat. Maw's standard teat is in four single hole sizes. For baby's 'little' drinks—try Maw's Dinky Feeder.



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world are her sole responsibility."

It was late afternoon. They drove slowly along the coast road, which ran parallel with the highway, but on a lower level. The ocean stretched away to the east.

"He probably had a gun," Matt said. "That's why she was afraid to speak to anyone."

"Retaliation," Frazer said. "People in the street, perhaps. He is going to stay in his shack, wherever it is, and when his sister doesn't come he is going to be very frightened."

He was afraid. She had sat with him all the afternoon, seeing his fear grow. He was very restless. He moved from the table to the stove, from the window to the door, peering fruitlessly up the rocky path which led to the road.

Following his instructions, she had parked at the edge of the road, where the land beyond the safety fence fell away in a sickening drop. Obediently she had left the

Continued from page 80

car, carrying only her purse and the bag of food.

He had followed, carrying her dressing case, jumping clear as he released the handbrake. With gathering speed the car had veered toward the edge of the cliff, broken through the safety fence, and disappeared over the edge. She heard it bounding and bumping its way down the cliff side.

"Someone will see the broken fence," she pointed out.

"The fences are always breaking," he had indicated a notice on the far side of the road where the cliff rose steep and sheer. "Beware of falling rocks," warned the notice.

It might be days before the broken safety fence was investigated, and what would the searchers find? A wrecked car, already beginning to rust, with luggage strewn across the rocks and in the

glove box a driver's licence, a mute epitaph.

From the top of the road led the track, precipitous and nerve-shattering, which had brought them, eventually, to a position where they had looked down upon the shack.

He had waved the gun at her in a negligent, impersonal way.

"You go down first, and remember, I'm right behind you."

Now he stood slouched against the single window, looking out. "Your sister won't come, you know," Chris said quietly. "Whoever was following us will have made their report by now."

"I've been thinking about that," he said. "I couldn't understand it, because, don't you see, if they knew who I was they would have picked me up before I left the motel."

Why hadn't they picked him up at the motel? Why

had they allowed him to run? There was only one explanation. The police had been unaware of his identity.

It was possible, then, that Lil would come. Christine Peters would be expendable. She would have served her purpose.

The boy began to laugh.

"Don't you see?" he said to her. "They weren't following me. They were following you. What have you been up to, Chrissie?"

"What do you do for a living, Miss Peters?" Matt had asked, and all the time there had been that wary, measuring look on his face. She could not imagine who he believed her to be, but she knew one thing. He had not believed she was Christine Peters.

"I wondered why you stayed so cool," the boy said. "I thought I was using you, but it was the other way

round, wasn't it, Chrissie? You were using me."

"No," she said, knowing all the time it was useless to deny it.

"A girl like you could be up to almost anything. A real lady can get away with murder." He put out his hand and jerked her head up. "What's your name, your real name?"

The panic she had fought so successfully engulfed her completely. She was the little bird and she was closed up in a cage with a wild bird. She lashed out at him, catching him off guard.

There was a weeping and a wailing in her ears, she knew it was her own voice, but she did not care. She made a dash for the door, and he was there before her. Now the table was between them, and she was leaning on it, waiting for him to move again.

"Take it easy," he said. "You're acting like a crazy woman."

SHE collapsed in a shuddering heap on the floor. He was standing over her, not touching her. Through the tangled untidiness of her hair, which had escaped its thick roll, she looked up at him. He was regarding her with the wariness people usually reserve for wild animals.

"Where were you going?" he asked. "Straight out of the door and into the sea?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes."

"I'll make you a cup of tea," he said.

"I don't think the water's too good," he said. "But if we boil it it should be all right. Come on, now, get up. Make some sandwiches. Use the salmon. Get up, now, and wash your face."

Obediently she rose to her feet.

"You're as bad as Lil," he said. "Always having hysterics about something. You look a little like her, too. Like she used to look, I mean. Her hair was sort of long and shiny like yours, and the same color. But she won a beauty contest and then everything changed. She kept trying to improve herself. She hated me, then. I was always hanging around, getting in her way."

"I'm sure she didn't hate you," Chris said.

"Yes, she did. You wouldn't know, but I know. Sometimes people keep loading you with love, because they think that'll get rid of the hate. It doesn't. She went off the deep end properly a few years back. She tried to kill herself. Slashed her wrists with a razor blade."

She remembered the embarrassment over Matt's silent diagnosis of the scar on her wrist.

She knew now who Matt thought she was. How he must have congratulated himself on his identification when she had made the mistake of seeming to excuse the crime of murder.

Let this be a lesson to you, mocked the traitor within.

Don't ever trust anybody again.

The gun was on the table. She reached toward it.

"Don't bother," he said over his shoulder. "It isn't loaded."

Her hand was stilled.

"I wouldn't have used it," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt the nightwatchman, either."

"I know you didn't," Chris said. "I think the police know it, too."

"It makes no difference." "It might, if you gave yourself up. There are degrees of guilt."

"It's too late," he said,

and for him, perhaps, it was. "What happened?" she asked. "What made you try to rob that jeweller's in the first place?"

"I don't know. It seemed easy, and I thought it would be fun to try. Even Lil was impressed. When she saw them — the diamonds, I mean."

"What diamonds?" Chris said.

"The ones in your case," he said. "All those lotions and creams and things. The diamonds are in the bottom of all those jars — three to a jar — eighteen unset diamonds."

He laughed at the shocked, comprehending expression on her face. "The nightwatchman had a gun, and he would have used it, too. I could see by the way he was holding it."

"Oh, no, he didn't have a gun," she said. "He was unarmed."

"I tell you I saw it," he insisted. "I could see the shine of it — even in the dark."

"He was carrying a flashlight," she said quietly.

"Then why didn't he shine it on me? Why did he stand there?"

"I don't know. Maybe he was afraid, too."

"You're trying to trick me. You're trying to make me believe I killed someone for no reason."

It was there in his voice, the realisation that perhaps he had indeed killed someone for no reason at all. He was not as bad a boy as she had thought.

"Look," he said. "I don't want you to say anything, not anything. You understand?"

She nodded.

"Wait," Frazer said to Matt. "I think I saw something."

Matt stopped the car and they both got out. They stood together peering over the safety fence. Far below, something glinted.

"My heavens," Matt said softly.

"I'm afraid so," Frazer said. "I think it's a car — or what's left of it."

Matt turned back to the car, reaching for the radio telephone.

"Attempting to climb down there would be a very foolish and dangerous thing," Frazer said, when Matt returned. "Much better to wait for proper equipment and the men who know how to use it."

"You're right, of course," Matt said, taking off his coat.

"There is a clearing a short way back," Frazer said mildly.

"I suggest we start from there."

"She isn't coming," the boy said in the shack.

It was six o'clock and the sun was low on the water. Less than an hour earlier he had insisted Lil would still come. Now the day was dying and his faith was fading with it.

"You don't need her," Chris said. It was the first conversation they had exchanged since he had forbidden her to speak.

"We'll go back to the road. We'll go together. Somebody is bound to come along and pick us up."

"You," he said. "It's all your fault. It wasn't me they wanted. It was you."

"They don't want me," Chris said patiently. "Don't you see? Matt, the policeman, thought I was Lil. That's why they followed us. They thought I was Lil and that I was going to meet you."

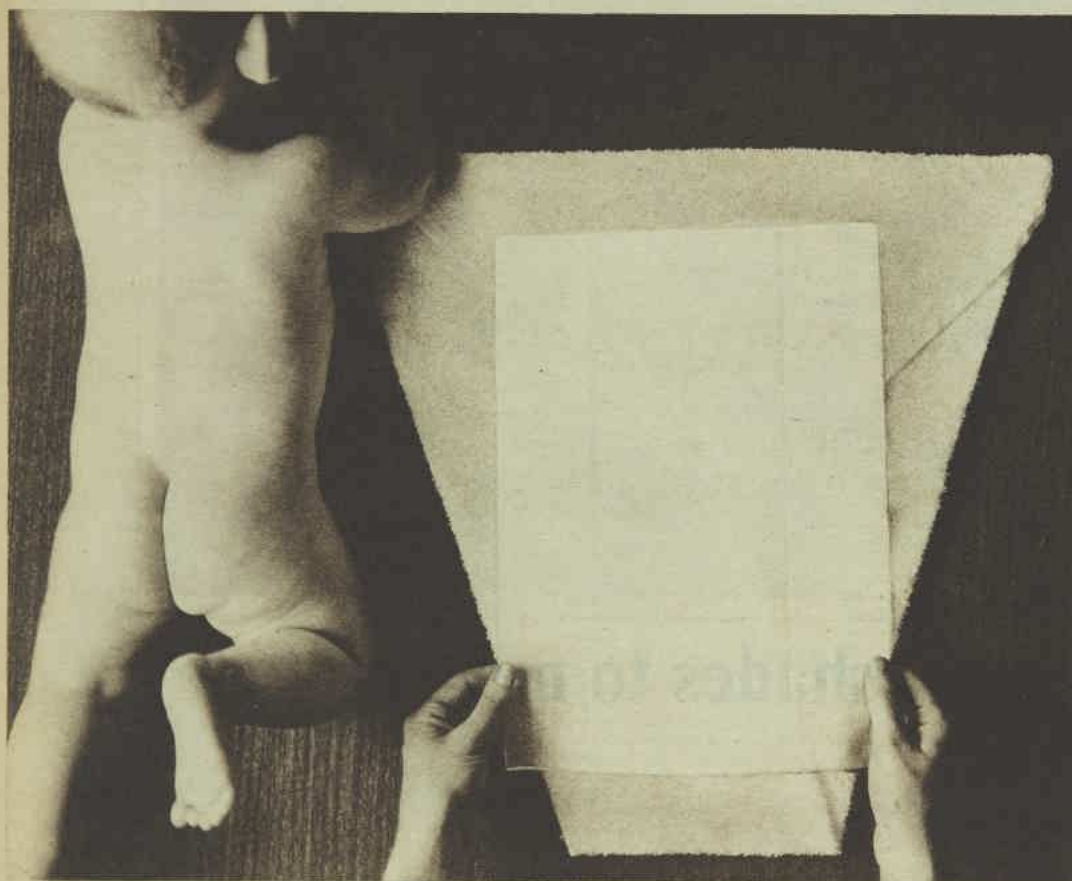
She exhibited her wrist where the scar marred the skin. "He saw that, and he must have had her description — the way she used to look, I mean. You said I look the way she used to look."

He looked at her uneasily. "I'm going up to the road. She could have slipped on her way down. She could be lying there. Well, she could, couldn't she?"

"It's possible," she said. "But you know it isn't so."

To page 85

FLY AWAY LITTLE BIRD



Cut nappy washing time in half — keep nappies cleaner with Chix Nappy Liners

(they're disposable!)

No more soiled nappies — ever! Soft non-woven fabric Chix Liners won't disintegrate when wet. So nappies stay cleaner. Washing is a breeze. (Nappies last longer, stay fluffier, too!) Chix. Gentle as a whisper on baby's skin — prevent chafing. Chix Nappy Liners are even medicated to check nappy rash. Enough Chix for 50 fuss-free change-times in every box. Hurray!

Johnson-Johnson



Chix Disposable Nappies for rainy days, travelling, etc.

Also available



BRIEF ENCOUNTER

Monica Ann, in my railway carriage,
Looks like the child of a normal marriage.

Monica Ann is a child of three,
More or less, as it seems to me.

Blue eyes, curls, a divine complexion,
Angelic smiles in my direction.

But I must say, to put things level,
Monica Ann is a little devil.

Monica's Mum is intent on knitting,
Monica Ann is tired of sitting.

Monica Ann is down on the floor,
Examines discarded apple-core,

Cigarette ends, an empty packet,
Scuttling spider . . . trying to track it.

"Monica Ann! Get off the floor!
Get up, quick, or I'll smack you, sure!"

Monica's Mum may be old-fashioned,
But I think Monica's smacks are rationed.

Monica Ann's been eating sweets,
Monica's fingers stick to the seats.

Monica Ann's in flirtatious mood,
It's on me her eyes are glued.

Monica's eyes put me into a stew,
I would fly . . . for my suit is new.

Monica Ann has said, "'ood morning,"
I've said, "Hrrrm!" by way of warning.

Monica Ann sees through that wile,
Parts her lips in a dazzling smile.

Monica Ann is drawing nearer,
Monica Ann's intention's clearer.

Monica Ann has designs on me,
Her soft arm has pressed my knee.

So I must, in desperate case,
Take my eyes off the witch's face.

Concentrate on these lines I write,
Monica Ann thinks that not polite.

Determined not to find me boring,
Monica Ann says, "What you droring?"

Must I explain I'm a foolish man
Scribbling couplets on Monica Ann?

Monica Ann's attained her ends,
Monica Ann and I are friends.

Monica Ann's persuasive force is
Such that I'm drawing cows and horses.

As for my knees where the child is leaning,
I guess suits are made for cleaning.

—N. J. WILLIAMS

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting April 13



ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.



TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.



GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.



CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, navy.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.



LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.



VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ The 13th could cause loss through crossed mental lines, but the rest of the week favors energetic enterprise. Good for job-hunting. This is your No. 1 cycle, so make an effort to get ahead.

★ For a while the affairs of Cupid are all snarled up. In business and financial matters, however, inspired ideas could mean a good pay-off, especially if a writer, etc.

★ Handle marriage matters as though delousing a mine for a while, but compensation should come through prosperity at home and with loved ones. The week-end good.

★ You'll have to use care in making even the simplest decision—and be vigilant. Otherwise, the stars encourage new projects; the turning over of a fresh page in your life.

★ Financial matters are still up in the air—and any business risks are dicey, especially on the 13th. Still there could be expansions in home affairs. Good for land deals.

★ Routine for the 13th. Walk quietly for a while, and be ready to cash in on a fortunate vibration that will help to hurdle conditions that fence you in at present.



LIBRA

SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tues.



SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.



SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.



CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.



AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.



PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ If you are contemplating a change in status, planning to mount a new step on the success ladder, act after the 13th. The nearer the weekend, the better it will be.

★ Some of you could tangle with friends and marriage partners on the 13th. But good influences could make it a success-week — lottery-wise especially with friends.

★ No doubt you're on the ball, but you'll have to curb the urge to pioneer new projects. Routine for a while. There's a felicitous assist, romance-wise, involving your career.

★ You could be plain unlucky on the 13th and lose something valuable. From then on, fortune favors you. Try a lottery ticket solo, or with marriage partner or married friends on the 16th.

★ Still be chary of forming new friendships for a while. Even old ones could prove ornery. However, the rest of the week favors romance and conditions on the job.

★ You're perhaps still out of kilter with the great, big world, and strange things could happen careerwise. But the week is good for romance, marriage, and finance.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



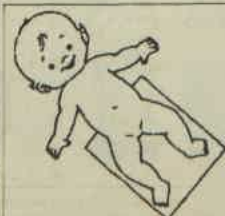
rainy weather? thank heavens for Chix Disposable Nappies

Trade Mark

(no panty needed!)

Let it rain, let it pour! No nappy drying problems when you have Chix Disposable Nappies. No drying, because there's no washing. Just throw them away. And downy-soft Chix are medicated to check nappy rash. Waterproof. No panty needed. For rainy days. For holidays. For visiting. Travel. Chix Disposable Nappies. A baby's dozen in every pack.

Also available — work-saving Chix Nappy LINERS.



Easy to use. Lie Chix Disposable Nappy lengthwise. Fold up bottom ends of nappy between baby's legs and pin corners together at sides.

Each nappy has three layers. A soft fabric, medicated to check nappy rash. Then a super-absorbent layer. Next — a polythene water-proof backing.

Johnson & Johnson





So crisp and light - brightens every bite!

Make meals brighter, hearts lighter with the sparkling-crisp taste of ice-cold Coca-Cola. Fun, food and you, all go better with Coke.

Thriftiest in
Big, Big
Family Size.



things go
better
with
Coke



COCA-COLA IS BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY INDEPENDENT BOTTLING COMPANIES UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.
"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

18/5079

"You stay here," he said. "If you go outside there's nowhere to go, anyway. I'll watch you before you even reach the road. If you try going down you'll end up on the rocks."

"I'll stay here," she promised.

It was the truth. Now that the long-awaited opportunity to escape had at last presented itself she doubted if she had the strength to take advantage of it.

She put her head down on the table and closed her eyes. She was so tired. She heard him leave the shack. She forced herself to her feet.

She knew what she had to do. She had to arm herself, remembering all the time that he, too, was armed. He had taken the gun, which he claimed was unloaded. She could not afford to believe that.

There was an old, disused stove in one corner of the shack. She approached it. On the dirty surface was an iron handle for lifting the covers from the hot-stoves. She took it up. It was rusted and heavy. A quick blow on the head, she thought, not enough to kill, but enough to stun and throw her momentarily off balance. She took up her position behind the door, her weapon held at the ready. Her heart was somewhere in her throat. She was choking her.

The door began to open. She lunged at the figure in the doorway. Her weapon lashed out his shoulder and he caught her, twisting her arm, so that she gasped at

Continued from page 82

the unexpected pain. Her weapon clattered to the floor. She fought wildly. A hand, hard and masculine, covered her mouth.

"Be quiet," the voice said. "It's Matt."

She stood rigid, not really believing, but knowing that it must be he. The voice was Matt's and the hand, biting so cruelly across her mouth, was not meant to harm but only to silence.

His hand came away from her mouth.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

She nodded. "He's gone," she whispered. "Up to the road."

"I know. Can you walk?" She was trembling. She doubted if she would ever manage the climb to the road, but she nodded.

He released her and they stood facing each other. He caught her arm and jerked her toward the doorway.

"Frazer is waiting for you behind those rocks," Matt said.

"Frazer," she repeated. "I don't need him."

"I can see that," he said. There was exasperation in his voice. He had radioed for help which had not yet arrived. He was responsible for a middle-aged doctor and a girl who seemed to take perverse pleasure in ignoring the danger of their situation.

He turned to look at her. The light from the fading sun was on her face. Her

hair tumbled in disorder around her shoulders.

Chris returned his gaze, seeing him as if for the first time. His face was dark and worried and now there was a gun in his hand. She recoiled slightly.

"Is he armed?" Matt asked. "Yes, but it isn't loaded."

His eyes narrowed. "How do you know?"

"He told me so," she said. Matt sighed.

"I think he could be helped," Chris persisted. "He didn't mean to kill the night-watchman. He saw the flashlight and he thought it was a gun."

Now that the sun had finally disappeared over the top of the cliff, Chris was cold. Matt had given her his coat, but still she shivered.

"I think I should give you something," Frazer said to her.

They were back on the coast road where the police cars had congregated and the stray traveller had paused to stand and stare. She leaned against Matt's car and shook her head.

"I don't need anything. Does mother know?"

"Sanderson didn't tell her and I didn't," Frazer said.

"I don't think I like him very much," Chris said, hugging herself hard, her hands lost inside the sleeves of the coat.

Frazer was looking at her and there was a half smile on his face.

"I look a sight," Chris said. "You do, indeed," Frazer agreed, and then, "Well done, Chris."

"I wasn't very brave," Chris said. "I was afraid."

"Courage isn't being unafraid," Frazer said. "Courage is fighting a war you believe you can't win."

Matt came up to them. He looked tired.

"Why did you have me followed?" Chris asked.

"We thought you were Remington's sister," Matt said. "Our man lost you when you made that crazy right-hand turn on two wheels. He telephoned in and we started searching. We knew something had gone wrong. Why didn't you tell me about the cosmetics?"

Why hadn't she told him? "Never mind about it now," Matt said, recognising her exhaustion. "We've recovered the diamonds and you can make a statement at the police station in the town. Then I'll have somebody drive you home."

"I'm not going home,"

"Come any closer and I'll jump," the Remington boy said.

"Don't be a fool," Matt said.

"Lil didn't come," the boy said.

"She couldn't come," Matt said. "We arrested her this morning."

"She wanted to come, though, didn't she?"

"Yes," Matt lied, knowing it was not the boy Lil had wanted but the dressing-case.

"One of us is going to get killed," the boy said.

"Nobody is going to get killed," Matt said deliberately. "There are people waiting to help you."

"The little bird who flew away — is she waiting to help me?"

FLY AWAY LITTLE BIRD

"Yes," Matt said, humoring him because he did not know about the little bird.

Now, Matt thought. He leaped upward and forward, catching the boy around the legs, using both arms. He waited for the boy's gun to explode, knowing all the while that if it did one of them would surely die.

They fell together, rolling perilously close to the edge. The boy was strong, but Matt was bigger and heavier. The ritual was over in a very short time. There were the arms pinioned behind the back, the click of handcuffs, and the metallic glint of a gun, forsaken, on the rocks.

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"I'm not going home,"

Chris said. "In the morning I'm going to Eden. My uncle expects me."

"Your car is wrecked," Matt pointed out. She was a most exasperating girl. "We'll try to salvage your luggage before the tide comes in, but—"

"I can hire a car," Chris said.

Frazer had turned away and was walking toward Matt's car.

Matt put a hand on Chris' arm and turned her to face him. "You are an infuriating girl," he said, and for a moment his arm tightened round her shoulders. Then he released her. "Let's go," he said.

THEN he was holding open the door of the car. Sae got in and rested her head against the back of the seat.

She was aware of Matt behind the wheel and of Frazer in the back seat. Her eyes closed. Matt lit a cigarette and handed it to her, as if he knew that the effort required for her to light it herself would have been too great.

"Was the gun loaded?" she asked, accepting the cigarette.

"It wasn't loaded," Matt said.

He had not lied. She was glad. He would not have shot the child in the street or herself or anybody else.

He had done a bad thing and he would have to pay for it, but at least he had told her the truth. Perhaps he had believed she wanted to help him. There was some hope for the wild bird.

"They said you could have shot him," Chris said, "but you didn't. How did you know his gun wasn't loaded?"

She opened her eyes to look at him. He was looking at her, too, his eyes were no longer wary.

"You told me it wasn't," Matt said simply.

She looked away from him and out of the car window. It was almost dark. There was great activity outside. Perhaps they had reached her car. Perhaps even now a hand was exploring the glove box, retrieving a driver's licence bearing the name of Christine Peters, the little bird who had flown away.

A flight of gulls, disturbed by the unwelcome activity, wheeled and screamed around the cliff. She watched the wild birds fly to the sanctuary of the dark sea and she was no longer afraid.

(Copyright)



I was asleep to Tampax



Then I woke up!

You've heard the phrase . . . "be the first in your neighbourhood to use it?"

I guess I was the last in my group to use Tampax internal sanitary protection.

The trouble was, I thought pads were a necessary bother. Why not? I'd never tried another way.

Then one time when I was complaining about those four or five days that happen every month, one of my friends let me have the straight facts.

"Look," she said, "why add to your problems? With Tampax, you feel almost as you do on normal days. Trying it doesn't commit you to it, you know. But you owe it to yourself to try Tampax this month."

So I took her advice. And all I have to say is, you won't believe the difference Tampax makes. The most wonderful thing is the personal feeling of cleanliness and confidence it gives me. Insertion is easy and hygienic with the silken-smooth Tampax applicator.

Seriously, girls, isn't it about time you woke up to Tampax? Listen to me! A user for two months—and suddenly I'm an authority!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Internal Sanitary Protection

TAMPAX

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 7d. (6c) in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

(Advertisement)

End Face Spots

The quickest and easiest way to remedy these little skin blemishes and pimples is to dab them over with lemon Delph skin freshener, and then, before powdering or making-up, see that they are protected against possible infection and the entry of acne germs by smoothing on a protective film of your oil of Ulan.

You will be delighted to see how quickly your skin will clear using this method. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener that beautiful women throughout the world are now using.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 403.—DRESS
Smart frock is available cut out to make in coral glow, green, and pretty pink wool flocking. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, \$7.00 (£3/10/-); 34 and 36in. bust, \$7.25 (£3/12/6); 38in. bust, \$7.50 (£3/15/-). Postage and dispatch 40 cents (4/-) extra.



403



404



405

No. 404.—APRON
Gardening apron is available cut out to make and embroider on wine, green, lilac, and blue cearine. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$2.45 (£1/4/6); 36 and 38in. bust, \$2.65 (£1/6/6). Postage and dispatch 15 cents (1/6) extra.

No. 405.—GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN

Pretty little girl's dressing-gown is available cut out to make in chocolate, red, blue, and gold corduroy. Sizes 4 and 6 years, \$2.95 (£1/9/6); 8 and 10 years, \$3.25 (£1/12/6). Postage and dispatch 30 cents (3/-) extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 144/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"Stop crying, Arnold! Every family has a skeleton in its closet!"



"Don't honk. I'll be down in a minute."



"Mum simply won't have a house without a fireplace."



How many for tea? One, two, three, four, five, six of us!



How many teaspoons? One, two, three and a half!

INCREDIBLE? NO! With fantastic new 'quick tips', you cut the golden rule of tea-making in half! **Count one for each person and one for the pot — THEN HALVE IT!** Thousands upon thousands are proving it every day — you can save real money yet enjoy **more** superb, true tea flavour than ever before! Prove it for yourself — very soon.
P.S. It will take you just **one minute** — 'quick tips' draws **that** fast!



'QUICK TIPS' — CUTS THE GOLDEN RULE IN HALF!



Lipton — Tea merchants to the world for almost a century

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1964

SHADOW MAN

And at last it really happened. Charles was given a directorship of his company and supervision of a group of factories in various parts of France.

So we gave up all hope of his ever having time to visit Yorkshire, and humbly decided that, even if he did have time, far more glamorous places than our small town would have first claim on him.

Stephanie was covered with a reflected glory. It was as if she, too, knew secrets of the big business world, which naturally she would not share with us, but more and more the mystery intrigued us. What sort of a man was this Charles Hanon that he could change a simple girl like our Stephanie into such an assured, self-confident woman of the world?

"Some day," Stephanie said, "I hope he will take a long rest. I would like us to live in Yorkshire — I mean, make our real home here. I'd like to find a lovely old house on the hilltop overlooking the moors.

"Charles loves the hills and the heather," she went on thoughtfully. There was a wistful look in her eyes. "I hope he'll like Yorkshire."

We saw less of Stephanie that dark winter. She'd gone down to Bordeaux because Charles had had to be there on business and you couldn't leave a man like Charles footloose in a city like that with so many pretty women. Not that he ever looked at another woman . . . He was a one-woman man, Stephanie said with a twinkle in her eye, and that made for romance. All of their meetings were honeymoons.

Was it possible we were all getting fed-up with Charles?

It soon became noticeable that women drifted away when Stephanie began to talk of him. He had been a shadow for too long. Other people besides myself began to suspect his substance. We had had too much of a good thing. No one could be less arrogant, but Stephanie was just too cocksure. She needed to be taken down a peg, but who was going to do it, and how?

ONE day that February I was sitting at my front-room window when I saw a taxi come down the street and stop next door to the Taggerts'. A man bundled up in a big overcoat climbed out, paid the driver, and dismissed him, then walked up the path to the door.

Our houses were so close that I could hear the bell ringing. I knew that Stephanie and her mother were at a charity meeting and I wondered whether to open the window and call out to the man.

But who was he? I leaned forward to get a good view, but he was hidden by the angle of the porch. Men don't arrive by taxi in the middle of the afternoon in our town without a very good reason. I decided to go out and speak to him, but even as I was looking round for an extra cardigan my own bell rang.

A few flakes of snow drifted down from a pale grey sky as I opened the door to find myself facing a smallish man who looked up at me with a placating smile. That was all I saw at first except the round end of a nose that was as red as a strawberry.

"Please excuse me," he said, "but I saw you at the window and thought you might be able to tell me where I could find Mrs. Taggart."

Nobody likes to be caught peering through a window at strangers. I was flustered. "That's her house — next door."

I opened my door a little wider. It was like finding a tame rabbit on the porch. I couldn't shut it out, but I didn't want to let it in. Mrs. Taggart is out, but if you'd like to wait here . . ." And then he was in the hall.

I am sure that I have never seen a less important-looking person. It was not only his pint size but his whole appearance. He was something like a schoolboy just going into long pants. Insignificant is the right word.

Grey eyes, fair hair, faded tan — what you could see of it. The oversized coat made him seem all the smaller, and he was wearing a quaint hat and a wool scarf.

I don't know why I noticed all this except that most women have a soft spot for such little boys — especially old maids like me.

I said primly, "I am Miss Julia Clifford," but my face must have asked questions.

"I am Stephanie's husband," he explained gently. You could have knocked me down with the proverbial feather.

"Come in to the fire," I said faintly, and was surprised by the sound of my own voice.

He didn't protest, simply hung up his coat, took off his hat, and accepted the seat I offered him, and I said I'd go and make him a pot of tea.

When I returned he was all ready to talk about Stephanie.

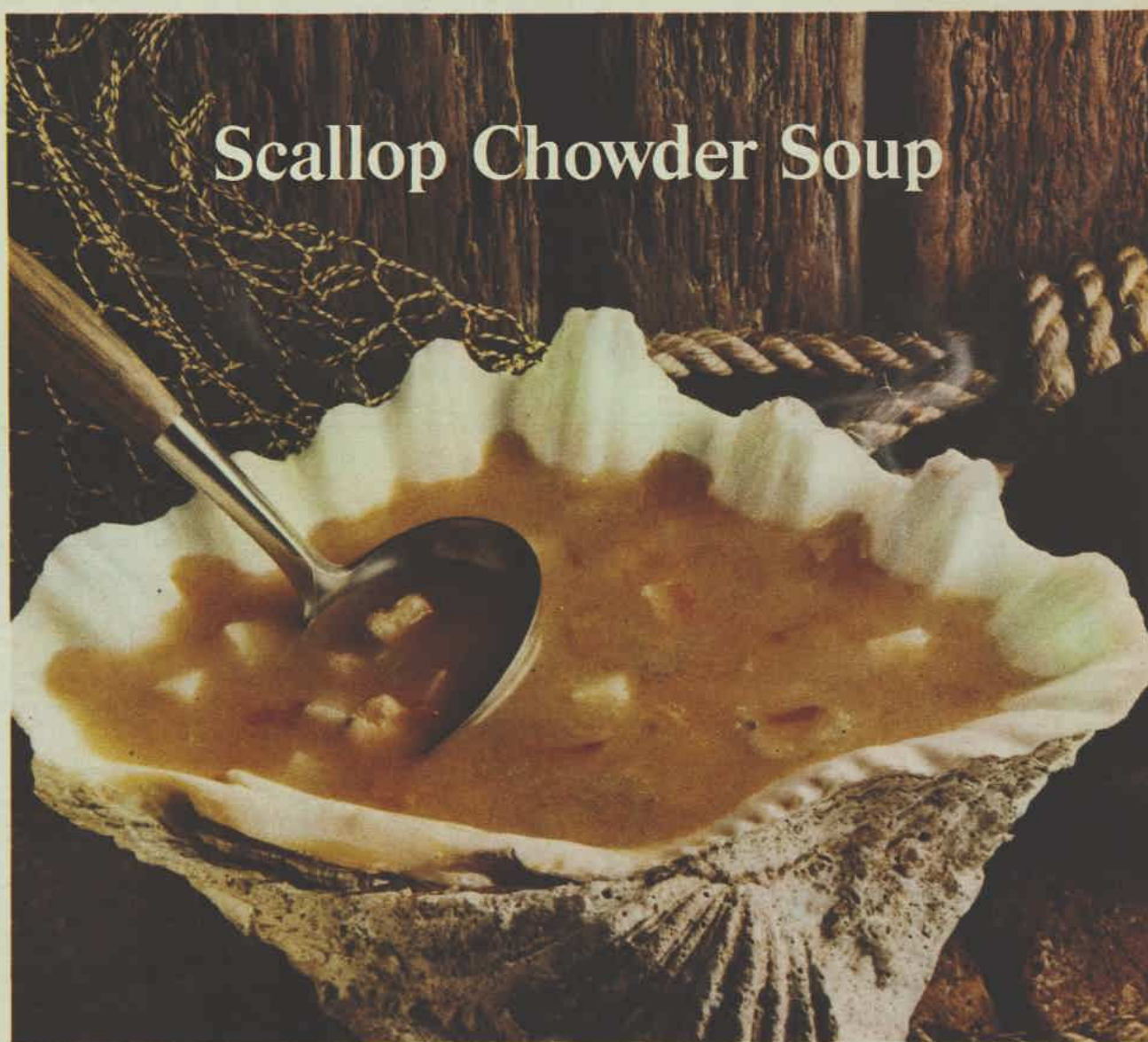
She wasn't expecting him. It was a surprise visit. For a long time he had wanted to see her mother and her hometown but had never been able to. Then, while she was over here, he had had an unexpected business summons to London and had decided on the spur of the moment to come on to Yorkshire and travel back with her.

To page 88

THE BOYFRIEND



"Wow! What a drive — did you see where it went?"



NEW from Campbell's

delicious new soup for sea-food lovers!

Fish for compliments! Campbell's Scallop Chowder. No one in Australia ever heard of it before today. By tomorrow, it will be famous. (Such a deliciously different taste can't go unnoticed for long!) We diced up the freshest, fattest scallops you ever saw. Added tomatoes, onion, celery, red peppers, to complement that fresh fish flavour. Be the first to introduce your family to Campbell's delicious new Scallop Chowder . . . before someone else takes all the credit!

Campbell's Soups
made to a recipe — not just a price!



*Res'd trade mark

He had stolen a march on Stephanie, I decided. For once she hadn't been able to arrange things with her clever efficiency. For I was sure the instant I set eyes on Charles that she had deliberately kept her husband away and had never intended us to see him.

And from this stupendous realisation, which grew out of my original doubts as to whether she had a husband at all, my mind darted to other angles. It could be that the whole story of Charles and his success was a hoax from beginning to end.

But before he had finished talking to me about himself, I had grown to like that little man so much that it hurt.

He'd had a job, he told me, in a small tool-making factory when he met Stephanie. She worked there, too, as a filing clerk, and she had realised at once how easily the factory's resources could be utilised to take over government defence contracts. Moreover, she had seen the possi-

Continued from page 87

bilities in Charles Hanon and made use of them.

Before he knew where he was, he found himself walking into the boss' office, telling him a lot of things he didn't know he knew and finding them true. It was miraculous. He was promoted to better and better things and nobody could understand how it happened, least of all Charles Hanon, for always before he had looked upon himself as a little fellow without much spunk.

He skipped quickly over the rest of his career and ended by telling how he had found the nerve to ask Stephanie to marry him.

When he spoke of Stephanie his eyes glowed. They were the eyes of a man in love. He couldn't praise her enough. But I didn't listen. I was seeing through what had puzzled me and what I saw was stark and beautiful,

yet pitiful, too. For I knew how much Stephanie had been hurt before she had become this.

I saw pride humiliated and love betrayed and a phoenix rising from the ashes. I saw Stephanie in action, stepping out with her proud head held high. The very core of her had been hardened to her defence and she had set out upon a vast hoax where she walked always upon the edge of disaster. And now disaster was upon her. The whole town would know of her make-believe.

I HAD seen disaster come to Stephanie once and now I would have to see it again. Anger flared in my heart, the angry impatience you feel for a child who deliberately disregards warnings and rushes into danger. What

made you do it? I asked an imaginary Stephanie. And I found I was far more concerned that Charles should not be hurt and humiliated than that Stephanie should be spared. But how could I help him?

And suddenly I realised I'd left it all too late, for I heard laughter and talk, and Stephanie's clear voice calling, "Julia, Julia. Here we are!"

I looked at Charles Hanon. His eyes were on the door, as expectant as if he had heard Gabriel's trumpet. What would Stephanie do—caught out like this, in front of everyone? Would her coolness and control give way? Would she turn her fury on this inoffensive, trusting little man, who could have no idea of the game she had played so long?

I am a big woman and I

stepped in front of Charles Hanon to hide him from view as the doorway filled with crowding faces, bright with friendliness and cold air—Stephanie, her mother, Mary Green, and four or five women from down the street. And the very last of them was Ellen Rogers, who had stolen her sister's lover and paid for it a thousand times. Now she would get her turn.

Clara Mason, the noisiest woman in our town, was carrying a madeira cake on a plate. She walked right past me and put it on the table before she saw Charles.

"My goodness," she said, and almost fell over.

So I stepped aside and let the skies fall, blaming myself because I had sat there gossiping when I could have got Charles out of the way simply by opening the Taggers' house with my spare key. I realised that it was my infernal curiosity that had made me want to be in at the kill and see the surprise meeting between those two. Well, I certainly had my wish.

Stephanie looked lovely. She had on a mink coat over a red dress and a gay bandana tied her hair. She looked twenty and I knew she was nearer thirty. I closed my eyes but silence forced them open. There was a whisper close to me. "Stephanie!" and she was crossing the room with the strangest look on her face. We might all have been sticks of furniture for all the notice she took of any of us.

And then, before us all, she took his face in her hands and kissed him on the mouth. "Charles," she said, as if she had found a goldmine, "Charles!"

A pin dropping would have seemed a loud noise in that room. We were goggled as she turned and introduced him with a proud radiance. "This is my husband," she said in a low, vibrant voice. "I've wanted you all to meet him for so long."

I still feel humble and ignorant, remembering Stephanie's face when she saw her husband. For that was real love. Not the feeling she had had for Bill Rogers, not playing-acting, not the deliberate edifice of deceit which I had credited her with building, but real love.

Understanding didn't come all in a minute or in an hour. It came slowly like the sun rising in a summer sky. Where was the tall, dark, handsome stranger or the stern-faced young businessman I had expected? What was love, anyway, and how did it thrive in such strange plantings? What deceit had I concocted in my own imagination?

Stephanie explained things to me the night before they left. "I know," she said, "he isn't what anybody expected." Her voice was calm and rich, and it seemed a little puzzled

that anyone could expect Charles Hanon to be any greater than he already was. "But would I be any happier if he had a film star's profile, or the shoulders of an athlete?"

"Would he be a better man? Do people only see the outside of things? A letter that can break your heart can come in a beautiful cream-tinted envelope..." Her face shadowed and I thought of Bill Rogers. He had been a cream envelope, of course.

She went on softly, "I was just like other people at first. I saw only the outside of him and that wasn't impressive. I was mean and hard and cruel and aching for revenge because my vanity was hurt, and in Charles I saw someone who could be hurt, too."

"So I played with him, trying out the silly flattery that every schoolgirl knows how to use. I told him he was a great, big, wonderful man, and do you know what happened? One night he turned on me and called me a liar. He said that he was a shrimp and he knew it, and that he never wanted to see me again."

"I was humiliated and ashamed then, not for him, but for myself. And suddenly I saw him as he was—under the envelope—strong, brave, incorruptible, and kind. I fell in love with him and without knowing it I gave him the one thing he had never had."

"And Charles went ahead and became as wonderful as I knew he was. Not because I made him that way, either. You can't be in a room with him five minutes without knowing he's genuine. Tricksters give him a wide berth and real men know he can be trusted."

SHE stood up, slender and graceful, with that radiant face, and I stayed huddled in my chair, looking at her. Was she telling the truth or was she just a beautiful liar able to put over her lies?

As if reading my mind, she said, "If anyone was made over, I was the one. I was a dominating, opinionated idiot, and that was why Bill walked out on me. We should have shown each other up, and perhaps we did—to each other."

For a moment there was a stillness in the room and then she kissed me goodbye. "Some day we're coming back here to live. We'll build that house on the hill and start our family. We want three children, or perhaps four. And I want..."

"What do you want?" I whispered. "You seem to have everything."

"I want every one of our children to look like Charles," she said. And I believe she meant it.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1966

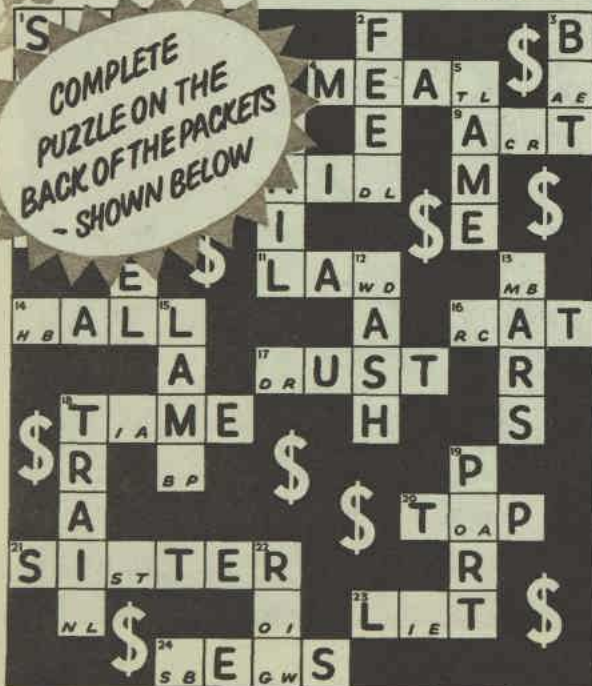
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MORE TIME! TO ENTER!

NOW THE DOLLAR-WORDS CONTEST WILL CLOSE ON MAY 14
(that gives you four more weeks) Due to shortages of Dollar-words packs in various areas many people have been unable to enter the contest. To give everyone a fair chance to enter, the closing date of the contest has been moved from April 16 to May 14. And if you've already had one try, now you've time to have another! Good luck!
Winners will now be announced in the "Women's Weekly" issue dated July 13

\$30,000 DOLLAR WORDS CONTEST!!

COMPLETE
PUZZLE ON THE
BACK OF THE PACKETS
- SHOWN BELOW



Have a try now! Use your wits and see what fun it can be (you'll find the full puzzle on special contest packs of Super Rinso, Omo, Persil and Surf).

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE

The idea is to complete the words in the puzzle by carefully studying the clues and then printing the missing letters in the spaces. The letters required to make up the correct word must be selected from the letters appearing in small print in the appropriate squares; e.g., the correct answer to 4 Across must be either "meat" or "meal." The solution to every clue is the only word which is truly appropriate.

SAMPLE CLUES ACROSS:

4. The would be eaten by any hungry animal.
9. Anyone on stage who can entertain an audience has an
11. The boy's parents were disturbed to learn that his girl friend hated the
14. Dancing sometimes takes place at a
16. Animal lovers prefer a dog to a although some homes have both.
17. A car loses its value when it becomes covered in
18. It's not necessary to have a knowledge of horses in order to one.
20. It's not unusual to see a golfer a ball.
21. You should be able to rely on one to mind the children.
23. The house was seldom and had never been tenanted.
24. She to clothe her children.

SAMPLE CLUES DOWN:

2. It is not dangerous to a savage lion if it is caged.
3. Some cricketers never
5. A bull can be ferocious at times.
12. The office boy who doesn't very often won't impress the boss.
13. Families of men who have been to are glad to see them safely home.
15. The shepherd could not locate a single sheep. Knowing a wolf must be near he kept a tight grip on his
18. He identified the marks on the ground as a wagon
19. A polite actor would not criticise the which was offered him.
22. He was told to the boat but not travel any distance in it.

1st PRIZE—\$15,000
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Over 900 other big cash prizes



LONG-HAIR STYLES

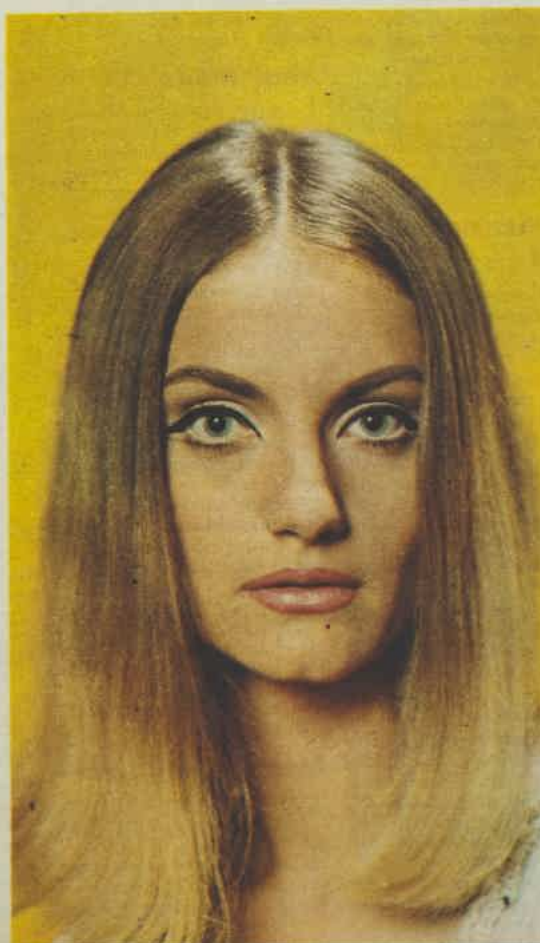
Teenagers
WEEKLY

● These days many of the under-twenties take refuge behind curtains of long, straight hair. They like to adopt a Mona Lisa look, and they let their hair swing loose for street wear, put it up at night, and tie it back in numerous ways for informal occasions. Here are five ways a French girl, Nadege, wears her hair.

LITTLE-GIRL look with ye-ye clothes (right). Parted straight down the centre and tied just over each ear with a ribbon. For an even madder look, tie the hair bunches higher up on each side.



ROMANTIC for evenings (above). Nadege pulls her hair up to the crown and anchors it with the inevitable rubber band, letting the ends fall wide to just behind her ears. The ends are slightly curled under and a top-knot of flowers added.



TIED BACK simply for riding and sports (above). Nadege wears a ribbon or Tom Jones bow to match her dress with this style.

LOOSE for any time (left). Nadege washes her hair every two days so that it can hang in heavy, gleaming, sculptured lines like this. She keeps it at just below shoulder-length.



BRAIDED for the beach (above). "This style keeps the hair out of the way of the sun," Nadege says, "and the pigtail can be tucked into a cap for swimming, and comes out perfectly neat."



For your most beautiful years

The woman in her mid-thirties starts on the most important age of beauty — the time of her greatest accomplishments. Now the complexion needs the added benefit of a rich tropical moist oil to beautify the skin tissue and banish tiny lines and wrinkles. After cleansing, tone and refine the skin with lemon Delph freshener and then smooth in a film of oil of Ulan to ensure a youthful line-free complexion.

... Margaret Merrill

'child not eating?'

Try this for overnight recovery

If your youngster picks at his food and is grouchy at mealtime, you can suspect childhood constipation. A simple answer is chocolate Laxettes, given at bedtime! Each square contains an exact dose of a mild laxative. Laxettes work gently to correct irregularity while your kiddie sleeps. Next day the constipation attack is over. Always keep Laxettes handy. Only 3/6 (35 cents). Always fresh in the air-sealed packet.

L.A. 12

Quick relief from HEMORRHOIDS

Pile Sufferers! Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid gives relief to any form of hemorrhoid (pile) misery. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that effectively treats hemorrhoids (piles) at the source of the complaint. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely. Chemists everywhere recommend and sell Vaculoid.

VACULOID

AMAZING NEW TABLETS STOP BAD BREATH

Do you suffer from bad breath? Many of us do from time to time; it can be most unpleasant for our friends. Don't chance offending others — get Amplex Deodorant Tablets today.

DON'T CUT CALLOUSES CORNS, WARTS USE NEW RUB OFF CREME

Get rid of laminae, corns, callouses, warts with a wonder-working creme called DERMA-SOFT. This unique formula softens & dissolves hard to remove growths so they rub right off leaving skin smooth & soft. So don't suffer another minute. Get DERMA-SOFT at chemists.

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The Bulletin

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EVERY WEEK, ONLY 20c

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

All about clubs

IN the late months of last year I lived in a small Queensland town where there was no entertainment for teenagers, the nearest theatre being seven miles away.

We approached the local Progress Association about forming a youth group, and it agreed with the idea. A chairman, secretary, and treasurer were elected, also a public-relations officer to supply the local paper with a monthly article to remind people of the club.

Subscription is 25 cents per annum, and at the time I was there threepence was paid each night of attendance. Small sums, but they all add up. On one night we would hold a record hop, and on another games.

The club had been in existence for three months when I left the area in January, and was a great success. — Gaye Cronin, Geelong West, Vic.

I AM a fairly liberal-minded person, who replies, "Who wants them? I certainly don't," to the question of why there aren't more clubs for teenagers.

Clubs mean additional organisation and added responsibility, which I as a teenager and schoolboy find unwarranted. Eight hours a day of school or work is enough organisation for anyone.

To develop into adulthood a teenager must spend a certain time trying to make his or her life run to a pattern, without other people's interference.

Clubs develop narrow-minded social societies and either crumble or turn into exclusive circles which cause the average teenager to rebel against them. — J. A. McCarthy, Brighton Beach, Vic.

MANY teenagers complain over the lack of clubs for teens, and yet neglect to do anything about it. Some of the young people at our church realised the need for a club in our district — so we did something about it.

Our club is for teens and is run by teens. The only adult who is ever present is our minister, and he only stays for a short time each fortnight.

We have many varied activities planned. Some of these are hikes, barbecues, judo demonstrations, camps, record evenings, and service projects. To begin the new year we duplicated over 100 copies of our first magazine, a leaflet which tells of our activities.

An average of 30 attended each of our meetings last year. So how about it? Stop complaining and start organising a club for yourselves.

After all, who knows better what teenagers want than teenagers themselves? — Shirley Williams, Semaphore Park, S.A.

SIX months ago we began a mixed club, and in that time we have called 20 meetings, played basketball, had tennis tournaments, barbecues, record parties, outings, and attended local activities.

All were inexpensive and



a lot of fun. We usually get an attendance of about 18 members. It is easy to start a club — just plan an outing and ask a few to come along. Then tell others about the club, and watch it grow. — Brenton Hutchens, Ashford, S.A.

AT school some of the matriculation students have formed a club known as P.Q.S. (Public Questions Society). It meets once a fortnight and the idea is to bring well-known people along to school so they may speak on some topical question.

Up to date we have had Mr. Arthur Calwell, athletics coach Percy Cerutti, and other personalities from all walks of life, including disc-jockeys, football writers, and two men, one for, and one against, Communism.

There is a full house every meeting, and I can recommend this idea to anyone interested in school life and the world around us. — Julian Martyn, Glen Iris, Vic.

Parents not at fault

I AM weary of teenagers who meet every criticism with the cry that we are living in a decadent and disrupted society. I am tired of hearing that the responsibility for wars past and present lies with our parents; that we, as "the adults of tomorrow," must suffer the consequences of their mishandling; that, all things considered, we're really rather marvellous kids, and above all — it was not our fault.

Our parents did not start the wars, but necessarily became involved in them. Nobody likes a war, and nobody starts one to spite the coming generation.

Our elders were also bound to shoulder the onus of an unhappy and unpredictable world, and this situation of accepting the repercussions of the passing generation has existed for centuries.

We now maintain a society where greater affluence,

population, and diplomatic tensions could result in a holocaust more devastating than any previous war. But we are still bound to carry on the unfinished business of running a world.

The self-righteous arguments from teenagers who adopt a defeated attitude are an embarrassment to any rational person under twenty. — Kate Harrison, Croydon, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



Pyjama party

NEAR the end of last holidays one of my girlfriends had a pyjama party as a get-together for five of us girls who go with each other at school.

We all took some supper and our bedclothes, and my girlfriend and her parents supplied the house, drinks, and more supper.

We entertained ourselves through the night and the early hours of the morning by playing records, dancing, and generally mucking around. We also had a good talk about things in general — which would probably be impossible on returning to school.

I think the party made us think more of each other as people and as friends. — J.B., Enfield Heights, S.A.

Mad mods

IF a few lines from "Hamlet," one of Shakespeare's plays, are (mis)quoted, a very apt description of one of the "in" trends emerges.

"Your noble son is mod: Mod I call it; for to define true modness, What is't but to be nothing else but mad?"

Polonius, Act II, Scene II. — Merilee Robb, Dee Why, N.S.W.

Not alone

RECENTLY I have come upon a fact of great importance to me, and thought others might be interested.

Looking around me, I realised that although I am not the best-looking person in the world, I am not the worst off. The world is a place filled with average people.

This single thought has overcome a shyness I once had, and I am no longer held back by self-consciousness. — Kenneth Fry, Manningham, S.A.

Intro meet Extro!

THERE they go their separate ways — one the life of the party, the cheerleader, the spokesman for the group, and, of course, in the social limelight. How-

ever, she has no close friends, although many contacts; is often lonely though seeming gay; is used to organising, therefore, inclined to be bossy.

The other? She has a small group of close friends, knows few outsiders, is shy, withdrawn, watching the world go by as she remains in a sphere of her own. She misses out on a lot of fun for she is afraid to join the rest or be made a fool of.

Why don't you pair get together?

The former can help to



bring the latter out of her shell, while the latter in turn can help the former to become more sincere.

Who are they, these two who need each other's help? Why, Intro and Extro Vert. You find them everywhere. Maybe you are one. See if you can find your partner — she needs you. — "Philosopher," Warwick, Qld.

Just opinions

VERY often in "Letters" we read a teenager's opinion of a singer, a group, or a fashion. The majority of times the writer ends up running-down the singer he does not like.

Opinions are fine. We all have opinions. But why can't we keep just to them. A terrible lot of feelings are hurt with the running-down of singers and groups. I feel that the people who do the running-down should think twice before expressing their feelings so strongly.

We should learn to respect another person's opinion, not laugh at it, even if we do disagree strongly. Let us think before we write.

We all like hearing others' opinions, but let's restrict it to opinion only and not to the running-down of stars and fashion.

I feel this running-down is the main reason for the group discrimination which exists now in the teenage society. — Annette Batten, Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

Fashion fads

PARENTS these days say any teenager following the fads, with long hair, Beatle boots, bell-bottoms, etc., looks mad and unruly.

But they dressed to the standards which were called modern in their teen years, so why shouldn't we dress up to our modern standards of the present? — Tony Cummins, Richmond, N.S.W.

ROUND ROBIN

OLYMPICS 'TRIPS' AFOOT

● I see that ballroom dancers are agitating to have their recreation included as an Olympic Games event.

IN 1968 there will be an "Olympic" ballroom dancing contest held near the site of the Winter Olympic Games.

Dancers hope this will lead to the inclusion of dancing at the 1972 Games.

I wonder if organisers would put the dancers in an existing Games group?

Would doing the foxtrot put a competitor in the athletics section?

Or, perhaps, the dancers' white ties, tails, and ballgowns would qualify them for equestrian events — in the "dressage" section.

There could be moments of high drama. Imagine the excitement when the first dancers achieve the four-minute mile!

Of course, if ballroom dancing makes the grade at the Games, modern pop dancers probably will want a go, too.

There could be an event for frug and watusi fans. Competitors would line up and the official would say, "Get on your mark, get set, go-go!"

The contestants would dance along to tape-recorded music.

There is no prize for breaking the tape. Then there could be the disc(othèque)us throw.

Of course, a jitterbug event would be one in which it would help a starter if he got the jitters before the start. Conservative Games followers should not fear that the inclusion of dancing would muck up the other events.

When the song is ended the medley will linger on.

— Robin Adair

BEAUTIFULLY CLEAN

● This is the fourth instalment of "A Teenage Guide to Healthy Skin and Hair" in which noted dermatologists give advice on skin beauty.

TODAY, we take cleanliness for granted. Soap, tub, and shower are so much a part of our lives that we rarely give them a thought. Yet the simple ritual of washing ourselves, our clothing, and the areas in which we live controls disease and wipes out germs and viruses by the millions.

Soap and water don't kill bacteria, all by themselves. What they do is to loosen grime and dirt that accumulate on the skin. When the dirt is rinsed away, harmful bacteria, skin cell debris, and the outer layer of skin oil are flushed away, too.

Bathing has many health benefits. Dust, smog, and other skin irritants are removed when you wash.

Warm water opens up the pores, dilates the blood vessels, and relaxes the body tissue. Soap and water are vital to the health of your skin.

And speaking of soap, what is it? It is a mixture of alkali and fats. When boiled together, they produce glycerin and fatty acids, which combine to produce soap.

By
IRWIN I. LUBOWE, M.D.,
and
BARBARA HUSS

You have literally hundreds of soaps from which to choose. The important thing is to choose the one that's right for you.

Among the basic types of soaps are antiseptic soaps that have an ingredient such as hexachlorophene to inactivate germs, acne soaps that contain drying agents such as sulphur and salicylic acid, and abrasive soaps for heavy scrubbing.

Highsudsing soaps contain added amounts of detergents. Perfumed soaps contain fragrant essences and oils that are pleasant to the nose. Super-fatted soaps have oil or lanolin added, and hypo-allergenic soaps are cleansers that contain no irritants to cause possible allergies.

Now let's turn to the other half of the combination: water.

How can water help your skin most? Some of the answers may surprise you. First of all, you can bathe

too often. In winter, especially, too-frequent bathing can make the skin dry, flaky, and itchy. In cold weather we perspire less, spend more time in dry, heated buildings and our skin supply of natural oils decreases. If your skin tends toward dryness and irritation in the winter, substitute a shower or sponge bath for the daily tub bath.

A good deal of the benefit of a tub bath is psychological. In relaxing the body, it relaxes the mind. It can make you feel less tired, and

lure you toward a good night's sleep. For women, it's a beauty-treatment time, too. But a word of warning. Moderate water temperature is most healthful for the skin.

Extremes of very hot water and very cold water can cause damage to the skin and reduce the natural oils that keep the skin soft and supple.

Bathing regularly is an essential health habit for cleanliness. The techniques are pretty much up to the individual, though obviously it makes sense to work from the top down!

Cleanliness brings us to a problem that troubles many teens. We're talking about perspiration. Profuse perspiration and perspiration odor do cause many young people a lot of worry. Many of them have discussed it with us in the office. We explain that, first of all, perspiration is not really a problem at all. It is a normal and important body function.

For many people, the teen years are the years of heaviest perspiration flow and odor, because of the physical and emotional changes that occur.

If perspiration odor troubles you, or you feel you perspire heavily, is there anything you can do about it?

Obviously, the daily bath or shower is one step, and soaps containing hexachlorophene are good.

Use of a deodorant chemical between baths is another

step. There are three main types that can be used by a teen of either sex.

Anti-perspirants act by closing the pores and preventing the sweat glands from secreting perspiration. Because anti-perspirants do interfere with a necessary body function, they should be used only under the arms and never on any other part of the body. If you want to use an anti-perspirant, follow the directions carefully and stop using it immediately if your skin becomes itchy, sore, or inflamed.

Use with care

Deodorants neutralise the odor of perspiration on the body with ingredients such as hexachlorophene, neomycin, bithionol, and chlorophyll. They do not close the pores, and are generally good for those who do not perspire heavily.

Perspiration checking deodorants are a combination of the two types above. If they contain active aluminium salts, they should be used with care.

A third step in dealing with perspiration is to be sure that your clothing is clean and well aired after wearing. Perspiration odor can linger in a shirt, jacket, or sweater unless you keep the garment as crisp and clean as you are.

NEXT WEEK: Hair care and decoration.

Make-up for misses

● Make-up is here to stay! And why not? It makes you look prettier, helps minimise less-than-perfect features, and, most important, makes you feel prettier.

LET'S cover a few special tips that you might find helpful:

- Make-up darkens on the skin. The combination of natural skin oils and cosmetics turns powders and foundations gradually darker the longer they remain on the skin.
- You can test a powder shade by rubbing it on the inside of the arm with a cottonwool pad. If the powder is too light in shade and texture it will disappear into the skin. If it is too dark, too heavy, or the

wrong shade, it will show up startlingly on the skin. The "right" shade is the one that blends into the skin with a flattering, soft finish.

- If you wear glasses all the time, adjust your make-up to them. Your eyes should not be too "made up." Go easy on eyeshadow. Liner along upper lashes is sufficient. Ensure that the line of the eyeglass frame and your brows are in proportion. And to balance your face, use a light, bright shade of lipstick.

- Make-up should never look "hard" or overdone. Learn to use cosmetic brushes for applying rouge and powder and for blending them into the skin.

- Keep your make-up tools and accessories scrupulously clean. A dirty powder-puff, for instance, can spread dirt and oils over your skin every time you use it. Combs, brushes, and other implements you use on your face and hair should be washed regularly, too.

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



IF I DID I'M AFRAID HE MIGHT BREAK YOU!



PONYTAIL IS GOING TO THE DANCE WITH ME.



WHY, YOU LITTLE...



LOOK IN MY EYES, ROCK...



PONYTAIL IS GOING TO THE DANCE WITH ME.



PONYTAIL IS GOING TO THE DANCE WITH YOU.



YOU WILL DRIVE US TO THE DANCE IN YOUR CAR. BE READY BY SEVEN.



PENROD. HOW ON EARTH DID YOU DO THAT?



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Stockings not allowed

"I AM 16½ and my mother will not let me wear stockings. This has become very embarrassing, as I have very hairy legs and I am scared to shave them because they say if you do shave them the hair grows thicker. My mother says I have beautiful legs and I shouldn't hide them with nylon stockings. She also says they are a waste of money and I can't wear them until I go steady. But how will I ever find a boy to go steady with! Do you think my mother is unfair?"

"Hairy Legs," Vic.

The hair may grow more strongly if you shave your legs (but not more thickly — you still have the same number of hair follicles)—but this hardly matters if you keep your

legs smooth all the time, as you should. An abrasive mitten is better than shaving, and these are available from chemists. With or without stockings, hairy legs look awful, even if they are beautifully shaped.

Un-steady vow

"I AM a boy of 16½. I have made friends with a boy of 17½, who is very good looking. At first we were good friends, until he met a girl. She told him that I was juvenile, which I am. We both share the same interests and are both interested in girls, but I have made a vow not to go steady with another girl, because I have been hurt and made fun of. Now I can't get out of this vow. My

friend just walks up to any girl and starts a conversation. I can't, because I don't know how. I just say hello and try to look interested. How can I act less juvenile? How can I talk to girls? How can I seem more friendly?"

"Frustrated," Vic.

Though I think the vow not to go steady is quite a good one for a 16-year-old boy, you have not made a vow not to go out at all with girls. Instead of looking interested, try to be interested. I can't tell you how to be less juvenile—that will come with time. Talk to girls exactly the same way as you would talk to anyone else (an occasional compliment will please them). Don't try too hard, and don't be too boisterously pally—just be quite normal and relaxed, and don't feel sorry for yourself.

No kisses till 21

"I AM nearly 14 and I have had a bet with two of my three brothers that I won't kiss a boy before I am 21. If I don't, they have to buy me a \$2 box of chocolates, and vice versa. They are 21 and 22. Who do you think will win the bet and why? I still think I won't."

"Boy-hater," Qld.

I'll also bet very high odds that you won't. Why? Just because...

Love or security?

"MY problem is a complex one and I hope you can help me. I am very much in love with a steady, reliable man (he is 23, I am 19). Just lately, however, he has had an urge to join up with a team of professional showmen. He is already a trained tradesman on a very good wage and I cannot understand why he wants to leave this for a life of insecurity and constant travel. I love him desperately, but should I keep his ring and remain true or allow him to go out of my life? We were to have been married soon, but I feel I could not raise a family under such conditions."

"Blushfire," Qld.

I sympathise with you — but also with your fiancé. A boy of 23 is usually not so concerned with "security" or raising a family — and rightly so. It seems a pity to tie him down to these things so early in his life — especially if he has a hankering to try something else. For one thing, the fact that you forced him to give up his adventure would always stand between you, especially if, and when, things get tough. You will have to decide yourself whether you love him enough to keep his ring and wait until he is ready, or whether your prime object is marriage and a family.

Helping the Forces

"A GROUP of my friends and I often don't have anything to do. We wonder if there is some way we can put our spare time to use for a good cause. We have thought of doing something toward helping our soldiers in Vietnam, but don't know where to start. Some of us would like to write to any soldiers who don't get very much mail from home."

"Idlers Five," S.A.

The Australian Forces Overseas Fund raises money for amenities and to pay the fares for sending voluntary entertainers to Vietnam and Borneo. The Fund would welcome any donations toward these costs and teenagers can assist by holding functions, dances, or theatre-nights, or selling things they have made. Any money you collect should be sent to The Australian Forces Overseas Fund, Anzac House, 26 College Street, Darlinghurst, N.S.W. The Fund cannot handle penfriend mail, but suggests that you address penfriend letters to "An Australian Soldier at Bien Hoa, Australian Armed Forces, Vietnam, c/o G.P.O., Sydney."

STOP Spoil-Sport HEADACHES



TAKE VINCENT'S POWDERS

Get relief. Get fast relief from spoil-sport headaches which come so often with sun and excitement. Take genuine Vincent's Powders — the safest, surest way to comfort whenever headaches strike, because Vincent's (with its better-balanced prescription) goes to work immediately, soothing even severest pain. Next time headache or sudden pain upsets your day, be prepared — have Vincent's handy.

For safety's sake, for sure relief...



TAKEN AS DIRECTED VINCENT'S POWDERS
BRING FAST AND SAFE RELIEF FROM
HEADACHE NEURITIS
RHEUMATISM INFLUENZA
LUMBAGO NEURALGIA
SCIATICA TOOTHACHE
COLDS and SORE THROAT

You can **always** take **VINCENT'S** with Confidence
and be free from **HEADACHE**...free from **PAIN**.

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1967

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3515.—Attractive short-sleeved dress with shallow, open keyhole neckline, bodice eased in front, fitted in back, and A-line skirt with inverted centre-front pleat. Sizes 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65c includes postage.

3750.—Lined, long-sleeved A-line coat with notched collar and fake pocket flaps. Pattern also provides short- and long-sleeved, low-waisted dress. Sizes 4 to 12 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Price 6/- or 60c includes postage.

9818.—Toddler's pinafore, dress, and panties. Front-buttoned dress is yoked, with Peter Pan collar, puffed sleeves, and lace trim. Panties are lace-trimmed, with elasticised waistline and legs. Sizes 1 to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Price 4/6 or 45c includes postage.



3204.—Sleeveless shift with waist-length V-neckline and armhole, braid trim. Bust sizes: Sub-Teen, 28, 29, 31, 33in.; Young Junr., 30½, 31½, 33in.; Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.

3766.—Young dress and jacket. Jacket has scalloped front hemline, saddle-stitch trim. Dress has shallow square neckline with saddle-stitch trim; sleeveless, or long-sleeved with high-line back belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65c includes postage.

3769.—High-necked shift with yoke cut on the bias, self-tie belt. Sleeveless version also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65c includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE will no longer wait for the Cobra to destroy Xanadu—he wants to destroy the Cobra. He is off to investigate all possible leads, when a police officer stops him. NOW READ ON:



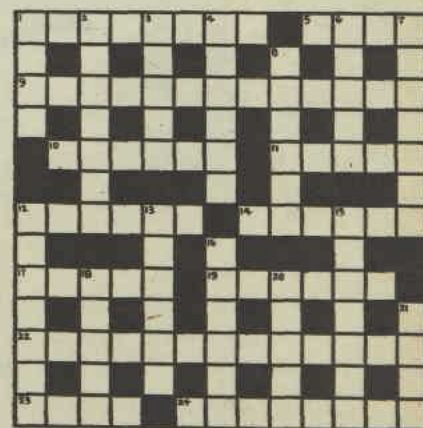
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Spirit in an insect has power of chewing the cud (8).
- Dish to be served in a mess (4).
- The most fantastic vessels (6, 7).
- This kind of fish can't write, but has plenty of ink (6).
- Cave obtainable for a rent (5).
- Corrects (6).
- Discover by the eye (6).
- Pure and mostly lean (5).
- No isle (anagr., 6).
- It is made for keeping glasses in (9-4).
- Situation of building has it in the centre (4).
- This Norwegian is not a nobleman (4, 4).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Flat, floating mass produced by a popular afterthought (4).
- This aristocrat of a month is a sour cherry (3-4).
- No meshed fabric can be a composition for nine musicians (5).
- Well-known modern Arab leader (6).
- Later becomes watchful (5).
- Knitted goods (7).
- Sunrise song, which is bad inside (6).
- Approaches and addresses (7).
- Give no date (6).
- Place of the crucifixion (7).
- A French cab (6).
- Set upright (5).
- Guide a young ox (5).
- Stew comes from this direction (4).



A happy thought . . . and all the more rewarding with Cream Biscuits by Arnott's. Your happiest choice of flavour-true creams—Monte Carlo, Orange Slice, Custard Cream and other favourites.



Arnott's
famous
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality



FOR A REFRESHING CHANGE

All through your home

Watch your home come alive with the most exciting new range of decorator ideas from Grace Bros! Everything designed to get the most out of living . . . in the home!

You'll be amazed at the ingenuity in obtaining an incredible selection of merchandise . . . some specially imported . . . all with the Jet Age approach to 'easy living' and a fabulous new feeling for the unusual, that's nice to come home to!

It's time for a refreshing change at your place . . . and Grace Bros can show you just how it is done!

GRACE BROS

Broadway • Bondi • Parramatta • Chatswood • Brookvale
Top Ryde • Roselands • Newcastle • Cessnock



EASY-CARE ELEGANCE FOR THE BEDROOM

The secret behind the luxurious look
of effortlessly elegant Bedrooms!

G.B.'s range of Dakota Bedspreads and Curtains are styled in the famous carefree "Beta" Fibreglass . . . a remarkable fabric that can never lose its looks. Guarantees you longer wear . . . easy-care all the way . . . because it won't stain and washes . . . drip dries and never needs ironing . . . holds its elegant good looks forever! Bedspread features tailored saddle pleated corners for snug fit and ever perfect appearance. In Gold Oyster, Melon, Aqua, White, Rose, Blue, Avocado. £19/19/- (\$39.90). Ready-made drapes with pinch pleated headings 84" drop. \$17.90 (£8/19/-). Quilted pelmet to match, \$1.50 yd. (15/-). Centre Drapes in white Terylene are priced at \$6.50 (65/-) ea.

QUILTAIR



'Rosmarin'



FINNISH STONEWARE COMES TO DINNER

Completely Ovenproof — Glazed to Perfection!

G.B.'s Kosmos Dinner Set provides a new mode of eating pleasure . . . bringing an entirely new look to the dining decor, right 'with it' in detail and design, inspired by Art Nouveau's influence on the home. That's why G.B.'s chose it. 36-piece set **\$67.50 (£33/15/-)**. **ARABIA**

The Australian Women's Weekly, April 20th, 1966



FLUTED PORCELAIN WITH A DASH—

A new design on elegant After-dinner Tables!

'Delphi' is the name of this refreshing design . . . elegant in every way, from every angle! This fine translucent porcelain is expertly fired to resist chipping. The rich exotic colours are designed to please seekers of the unusual change! 17-piece coffee set **\$32.50 (£16/5/-)**. **Arzberg**

Page 3, Grace Bros



LIVE LIKE THE LATINS WITH PACIFIC STYLED FURNITURE AT G.B.'s

Latins have different blood. It's strongly linked with lush, luxurious style. From Pacific emerges a highly detailed, stylized baroque Latin movement. Strongly defined Sheraton-Spanish influence to give a warmly comforting imagery to any decor, modern or classical. Pacific furniture have the vogue in a 3-piece set of 4-seater sensually comfortable settee and 2 matching chairs, 2 or 4 set cocktail chairs, cocktail table. All covered in revised damasks and matelasses in decorator shades with jacquard striped or plain designs.

Pacific



IT'S NAMCO FOR COOL, SUAVE STYLE

The Trend to '66 is with Namco! You've had Swedish, Danish and Colonials, too, but it's time for a refreshing change . . . time to turn to Namco, from G.B.'s! Yes, Namco for cleanly elegant, uncluttered furniture. Every basic design craft has been adapted to give a serene blending ability with distinctive glamour and decorator imagery, too. See at left, Lisbon set, 5' x 3' oval or 48" round table and solid polyurethane foam cushion chairs, swivel base, chrome, bronze, black or bone frame, £75 (\$150). Regal, below, Oval or round table, £45 (\$90).

namco



Page 5, Grace Bros

The Australian Women's Weekly, April 20th, 1966



Page 6, Grace Bros

IS $\frac{1}{3}$ OF YOUR LIFE TOO MUCH FOR BRADMILL?

Never. Bradmill has been called the softest insurance in the world. Looks after your sleep hours like nothing else can. Their sheets and pillow cases are finely made in soft, warm cotton or Terylene/cotton fabrics in either candy stripes (cotton) or pastel shades (Terylene/cotton). And now 'Echo Tone' stripes to mix or match sheets and cases. So, you see, Bradmill can assure you that $\frac{1}{3}$ of your life will be satisfyingly sound and deep, it's quite a refreshing change from the ordinary! All sizes at G.B.'s 19 stores. From \$6.95, £3/9/6.

Bradmill



The Australian Women's Weekly, April 20th, 1966



ITALIAN POTTERY FOR A SPECIAL TOUCH

Italy is for living. 'Intuizione' meaning flair could be dropped from the language. They've flair for everything, with food, wine, women, fine fast cars and art, that's Italy. It's in every hand made pottery piece now at G.B.'s. All as Italian as your favourite olive. We've lamps for \$24.50 £12/5/-, shade extra; covered jars \$11.25 £5/12/6; group small bottles \$6.95 £3/9/6 or \$10.25 £5/2/6 large size. All in Regal Roman coarse earth material in deep orange, acid yellow, rich green or deep blue colours, signed by the potter on the bottom.



A MOST ELEGANT ASSEMBLAGE

Thousands, perhaps millions of people have made 'modern furniture'. There are thousands of names, too, such as Avantgarde and so on. But it took New Style to put the elegance in modern furniture. Not satisfied with having a pretty face, they put the beauty more than skin deep. Deep to them means sitting on the soft-cushioned Pagoda settee or matching chairs (\$415.50) or the Columbus chair (\$166.50) and matching stool (\$51.75) covered in tango wool fabric. Feature chairs, apart from having wing backs and swivel bases, such as the Gala (\$167.75) or the Tempo (\$147.75), which has buttoned back and swivel bases, have been known to steal money. They're so soft you sink in up to your pockets and out comes the small change! Balance them up with the marble-top table with metal legs (\$117) and the small oblong table (\$98.50) and you have New Style from Grace Bros, the refreshing change in furniture!

NEW STYLE

The Australian Women's Weekly, April 20th, 1966



NEW! EMBOSSED FLOOR and WALL TILES in 3 exciting patterns

The new look, and a wonderful design idea for beautiful floors—the natural textures of nature in vinyl tiles. New Vinylflex Embossed tiles are durable and easy to clean. Go for Vinylflex in your home: in shops and offices, too. Choose decorator colours in 3 patterns—**del Prado, Seastone** (both look seamless when laid), and **Travertine**.

Have a 12' x 9' room of CSR Embossed tiles on your floor for £13/9/-, \$26.90. Call at Grace Bros. and see our CSR range. From 22/6, \$2.25 sq. yd., 5/-, 50c wk.

CSR VINYL FLEX
FLOOR AND WALL TILES

Enjoy the spectacular beauty of del Prado—
an embossed Vinylflex pattern.



Seastone—an exciting embossed CSR Floor Tile pattern.



Page 10, Empire Bros

FASHION FIBRE 12-FOOT BROADLOOM

'Kosset' Carpet with Acrilan is made of something special. 100% miracle ACRILAN. Looks no different to wool, both are beautiful, warm, luxurious, it's just that Kosset carpet at G.B's have Acrilan, to wear better. It's springier, more resilient, repels liquids, ink and grease wash off. Just good decorator dyes and no trouble when it's down on the floor... G.B's call it a refreshing change! Made and laid for an amazing \$39.90, 19 gns. yd.

Kosset

The Australian Women's Weekly, April 20th, 1966



THE GAY WAY TO PUT EVERYONE IN THE SHADE!

Starlite Caribbean aluminium awnings are a shade better than the rest. They are the real thing. Really well constructed to stop all rattles, no rivets visible and guaranteed against winds of cyclone intensity for two years. That's the real thing. And they are coloured in cool Caribbean brightness with white underneath. See them at G.B's, also door canopy model available!

STARLITE
Caribbean

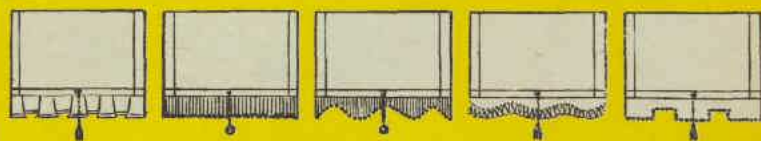
The Australian Women's Weekly, April 20th, 1966



WATERPROOF FASHION BLINDS

Now! The '66 trend for Holland Blinds. Have your own selected decorator material bonded to a fashion blind, an individually different way of dressing up your home. Shademaker blinds are dust-proof, colourfast and wipe clean!

Shademaker



Page 11, Grace Bros



WINDOWS CHANGE TO TEXTURES

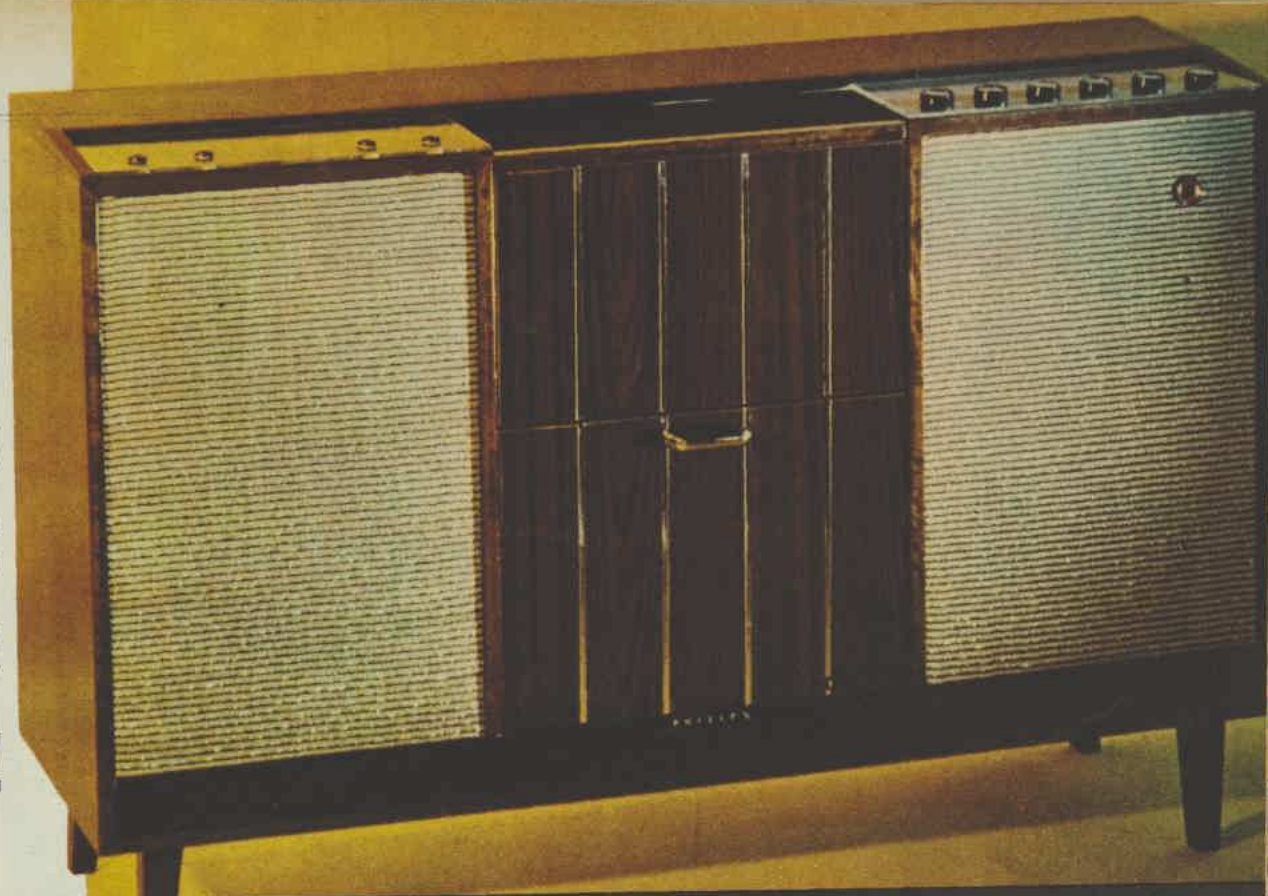
In a new wave of cool to vibrant easy-cares!

This is where G.B.'s 'Sheer Look' takes on an exciting texture story . . . a refreshing change in easy-care fabrics! The secret's in the Terylene . . . born to resist sunlight and mildew . . . can't stretch, sag or fade! The colour story is terrific, and see, too, Boucles, Slubs and Silks mixtures from

SKYLINER SHEERS



TODAY IT'S PHILIPS NOVASONIC SOUND!



'Opera . . . Mopera . . . Popera . . .' whatever the choice, it's time to meet a professional calibre, solid stereo. The Philips Music Studio from G.B.'s is NovaSonic sound. 13-valve function Hi-Fi sound developed to give perfect association and balance of reproduction, relayed through a full frequency 8-cone speaker system. The 4-speed automatic record changer with diamond stylus, ceramic head and featherweight tone arm ensures faultless tracking and pampers your records at the same time. All exactly controlled with a professional panel for precise tonal and level balance. It can mix perfectly (see illustration at left) through its own amplifiers an electric guitar, organ and a mike plus the radio or gram, and all sounding flawlessly, faithfully—truly a refreshing change in sound entertainment! List price \$333.90, £166/19/-; \$273.90, £136/19/- after trade-in on any old radiogram; \$1.58, 15/9 week at Grace Bros.



PHILIPS

Printed by Congress Printing Ltd. of 160 Castlereagh St., Sydney,
at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria.

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The Australian Women's Weekly, April 20th, 1966



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DON IS LEANING TOWARDS THE MODERN

What is American styling? It's a unique blend of Nordic understatement and lively downright comfortable Pullman luxury styling. It's G.B.'s idea of a very refreshing change, and it's the Don Showcase Lounge. A 3-piece set of 4-seater settee with 4 loose-back cushions and 2 seat cushions in Dunlopillo and 2 matching chairs. Fabric covering is a definite trend-setter in deep purple hues and underframe is blackwood. Nothing so distinctive should go unnoticed. See it at G.B.'s

£218/10/- \$437

DON

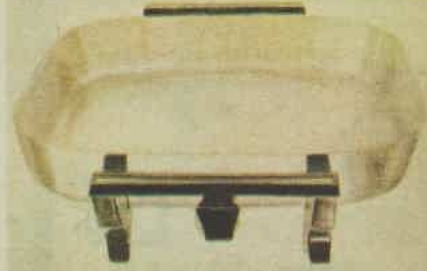
The Australian Women's Weekly, April 20th, 1966

G.B's INSIDE STORY ON SUNBEAM'S NEW TEFLON*



'TEFLON'—amazing new substance that nothing sticks to
'Smooth, easy-to-clean, non-sticky' . . . just 3 basic points about 'Teflon'* . . . and when you add the renowned Sunbeam 'housewife-in-mind' styling you have what Grace Bros call a refreshing change in cooking! Sunbeam's 'Teflon'* and gleaming stainless Steel frypans are the ultimate in designed convenience, and your guarantee for quality. All Grace Bros stores! Teflon \$27.95 £13/19/6 with trade-in. Stainless Steel \$30.55 £15/5/6 with trade-in.

* Teflon by Du Pont



FURNISHING TODAY IS A MOOD

Grace Bros always first with the finest home fashions, now bring you 'A Refreshing Change' in home decorations. Here we glimpse into a new mood of decor, showing at one distinctively succinct time the combined talents of Australia's greatest world-wide buyers and how they are channelled by the guidance of their prolific interior designers. Here we show the 'Opulent Mood', the grandeur of the past and the elegance of the future, scaled for the dreamers and collectors of today, the 'Gracious Mood', the teacup and whispered voice atmosphere with new function and sparkle and the 'Country Mood', the rustic farmhouse comfort look now in an International Status. These moods we believe combine with the strong contemporary mood of today to provide a new expression of our dynamic personality in every walk of life.



Your key
to a Refreshing Change is a
Grace Bros Credit Account

Page 16, Grace Bros



'OPULENT MOOD'



'COUNTRY MOOD'



'GRACIOUS MOOD'

The Australian Women's Weekly, April 20th, 1958